THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Weekly

nj. Franklin

Volume 197, Number 1

5c.

July 5,'24

JULY FOURTH

A verdict of profit rendered in terms of performance . . . Operators of buses and commercial cars have learned that they must rate pneumatic tires according to how they answer the test of profitable performance . . . Read the reports of Goodrich Heavy Duty Cords in the words of men who have invested in them and collected the profit . . . They say that Heavy Duty Cords answer the question of pneumatic truck tires . . . There is an underlying reason: Heavy Duty Cords are manufactured expressly for bus and commercial car service.

Testimony that proves the case of Heavy Duty Cords

Proved in Gruelling Work . . "We have been using this truck in road construction work, hauling over very rough roads, with large overloads, and especially bad pull out of a quarry . . . Road is hilly and full of flint stones . . . Tires still on and look good for many miles more . . . We have since equipped every one of our trucks with Heavy Duty Tires." **C. C. Vanderboom & Sons, Milwaukee, Wisc.**

* * *

Solve Stageman's Troubles . . . "The results we have obtained from these tires are very gratifying, having used them the past year with an average of 23,568 miles per tire . . . We recognize them as the tire to solve the stageman's trouble . . . Bigger mileage . . . Better traction." . . **Triangle Taxi & Stage Co., Yakima, Wash.**

* * *

Extraordinary Service . . . "Of the ten original tires, seven are still in service after the buses have covered some 70,000 miles . . . One ran over 40,000, and the other two close to 60,000 . . Buses make 200 to 225 miles a day." **. . . International Bus Line, Las Cruces, N. Mex.**

* * *

Long-time Service . . . . . . "Using Heavy Duty Truck Tires two years . . . One pair on 2-ton Velie Truck has had more than twelve months' service . . . Best truck tires we ever used." . . . **Ft. Worth Poultry & Egg Co., Ft. Worth, Texas.**

* * *

Reduce Operating Costs . . . "Your new Goodrich Heavy Duty Pneumatic Truck Tires tried on one of our trucks, stood up better than any pneumatic tires we have been able to buy . . . Our deliveries require going over newest roads and into construction roadways, and our pneumatic tire costs were exorbitant until we tried your Heavy Duty Tires . . . Our foreman has been instructed to purchase only your Heavy Duty Tires for all our pneumatic truck tire requirements." . . . **Bowen Brick & Supply Co., Cleveland, Ohio.**

* * *

To round out economical and efficient service in the operation of Trucks and Buses, Goodrich also provides the famous De Luxe Solid in Smooth and Tractor Types, and Goodrich Semi-Pneumatics.

Goodrich *Heavy-Duty* CORD

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio

In Canada: The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Ltd., Toronto

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

FOR COMFORT AND FOR LOOKS
THE CUT'S THE THING IN SUMMER CLOTHES

Many well dressed men still hesitate to buy hot weather clothes because they do not know they can get the cut and tailoring to which they are accustomed. The fact is that Society Brand Clothes, made up in fine summer fabrics, are correctly cut and smart in every detail. They combine the comfort of cool fabrics, the comfort of proper cut and the satisfaction of thoroughly correct appearance.

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS · CHICAGO NEW YORK · IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED, MONTREAL
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"She is gloriously paintable, Mrs. Jollyco. I've never seen a more beautiful complexion!"

Let this simple truth guide you to natural beauty

EVERY woman should rightly make a special effort to maintain a beautiful complexion. But this effort may cause you to overlook one simple truth—soap's function is to *cleanse*, not to cure or to transform.

Dermatologists agree on this important point: Only by cleansing the skin thoroughly, yet gently and safely, can any soap help to promote beauty. And only pure soap can cleanse thoroughly and safely.

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But perhaps it may surprise you to know that simple washing with Ivory is the very finest treatment you can give to your skin.

A face-bath of Ivory and warm water, once or twice daily, gently removes the film of dust, oil or powder and thoroughly cleanses the pores. Then a quick dash or two of cold water brings a fresh, lovely, natural color. For unusually dry skins, the use of a small amount of pure cold cream is recommended. This simple treatment is effective, safe and economical.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

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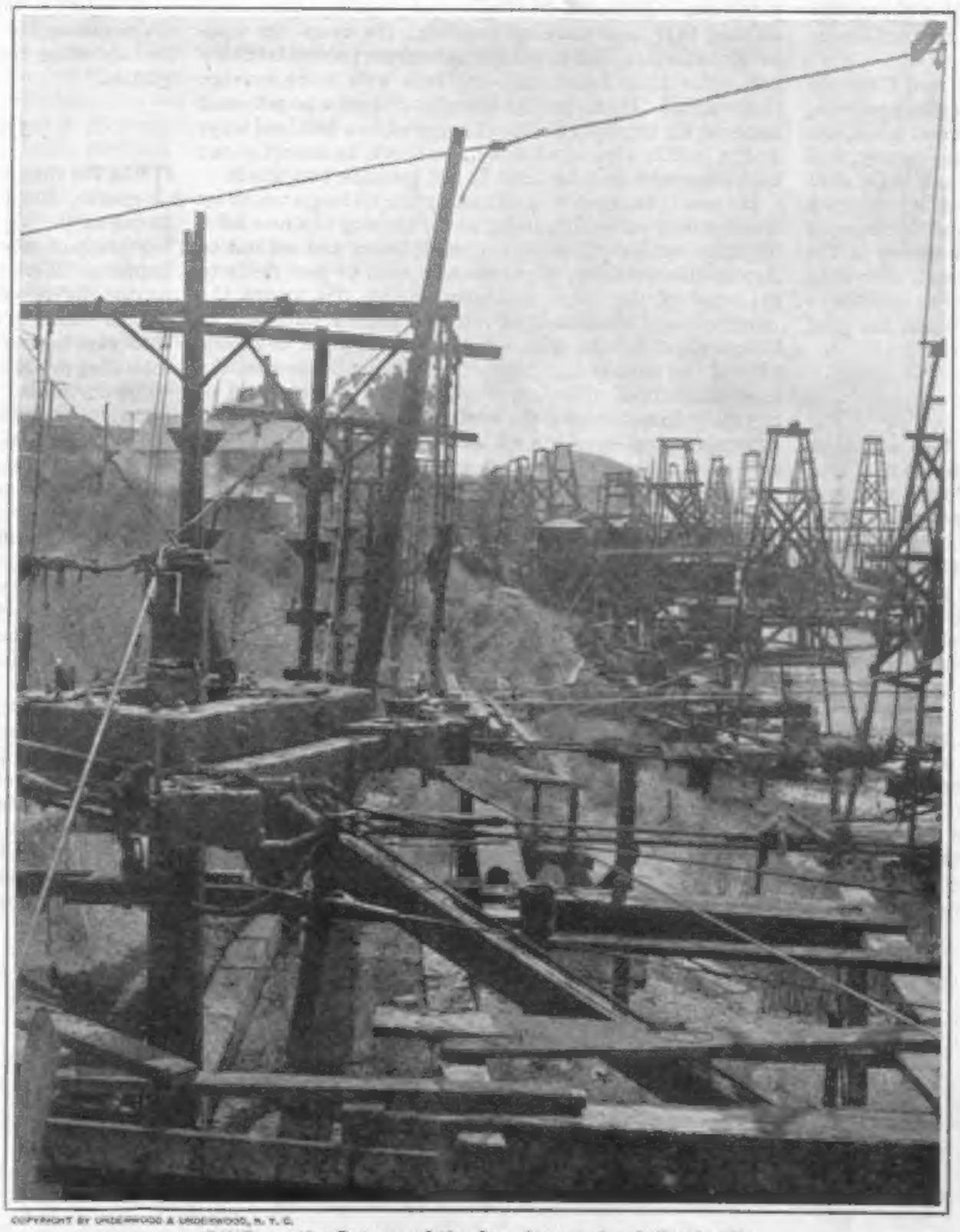
GAMBLING WITH GRIEF

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE are more danger admonitions in the oil game than there are along the lines of the transcontinental railroads; more advice beginning with "Don't" than there is oil. I could fill two pages of this journal with wise warnings and cautionary cracks concerning the difficulties and disasters attendant on the enterprise in getting, and trying to get, oil out of the ground; but what would be the use?

Undoubtedly two days after they were printed some intrepid gambler would bring in a wildcat well in some hitherto undrilled territory, and for sixty days thereafter the heavens would be obscured by the dust kicked up by the thousands of oil lunatics rushing thither to throw their dollars into the oleaginous maw of the new field—rushing thither more or less laden with new oil money, and later walking painfully back heavily upholstered with experience that has no collateral value at the bank.

The greatest and most fascinating gamble in the world is the gamble of drilling for oil. More money has been lost in searching for oil—and in finding it, too—than in any other single enterprise man has engaged in since the dawn of time. Everybody who has dabbled in oil production knows that. Yet at the moment of writing, undaunted and untaught by the melancholy experiences of the vast majority of oil seekers, great numbers of wild-eyed men are tearing up the turf to get to the new fields discovered in Colorado. And so it will be until the last drop is brought to the surface and sold to the big companies at whatever price the big companies deign to pay.



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Oil From the Bottom of the Sea, Summerland, California

Let George Do It

THE man who said that a sucker is born every minute underestimated the supply. At least two oil suckers are born every minute, to say nothing of the other kinds. There isn't a community in this country that hasn't its quota, and the amazing thing about them is that they never grow out of it. The oil sharks know this. If they can get a bite they can land and keep the fish. Once an oil sucker, always an oil sucker, because there is always the lure of sudden and easy wealth. An investor may have had his money down on a dozen dry holes, and money down on dry holes is farther down than any other money whatsoever; but the next one—the next one! Lookit the fortunes that have been made in oil! Sure! Look at them!

There's John D. Rockefeller, a good and pious person, and worth $1,000,000,000; maybe more. Richest man in the world. Well, he got his in oil, didn't he? And this is a free country and any man may do the same. There's plenty of oil. Right! There's no end of oil, if you can find it, and John D. certainly did get his billion out of oil. But there are a couple of qualifying details, mere trifles, of course, but existing. The first is that our mass production of people since we began to populate produced only one John D. Rockefeller, and the second is that the bulk of John D.'s billion didn't come from producing oil, and did come from manufacturing oil, which is quite another story.

The wonder is not that Rockefeller has one billion, but that he hasn't ten. John D. originated and operated the only sure thing in the oil game; which is, let George do it. George represents the tens and hundreds of thousands of investors who gambled their money on production, took the big risk, spent the big money, and discovered and dug out the oil. Thereupon, John D. bought it and fixed the price himself. If you can beat that game you are on your way to a billion yourself.

Not that a great deal of money has not been made in oil—not that. Vast amounts have been made and will be made; billions, probably, in addition to the Rockefeller one. But that, if you could round up on one side of the oil ledger the amounts spent in the endeavor to produce oil since Colonel Drake got his first well on Oil Creek in Pennsylvania in 1859, and on the other side the amounts realized from the oil produced by the producers until this present moment, you would find that more money has been put into the ground than has been taken out of it. That stops nobody. Indeed, it excites everybody. Why worry about the bad luck of others? Potentially, there is a 5000-barrel gusher at the tip of every drill, on the next spin of every rotary. It may be our turn now. Dig up a few more thousands and sock her down 100 feet or so. The treasure sand must be just below.

The Only Sure Way

THERE is one sure way of making money in the oil-producing game—one—count it. That way is to own or have a lease on a piece of ground that has good oil in good quantities beneath it and to contract with some responsible producer to drill that ground at his own expense and to pay you a royalty on all oil produced, or to sell the land outright to some producer at the fancy price that will be paid for oil land. Either way you win. If you strike oil you get a share of it without expense; and the first share if you know your business. If you sell outright you get anywhere from ten to a hundred times what the land is worth for any other purpose, because there is no frenzy comparable to the frenzy of the oil man who wants a piece of land in producing or proved territory, and no situation to which a buyer and seller can come where the buyer loses so completely the sense of money values. Oil territory, and especially new and promising oil territory, makes men lunatics in a money way. They throw thousand-dollar bills around as if they were worth only a nickel apiece, which is as much as a lot of them are worth so far as results are concerned.

That is the one sure way. All other ways are gambles, even with the big companies. Occasionally the big companies lose money. It doesn't seem possible, but it is. That adds to the lure of it. When you see a herd of high-priced geologists employed by one or the other of the big companies—experts, you know, who can tell where the oil is—inciting the big companies to the drilling of mile-deep holes in territories where there is no more oil than there is in the corner pocket of a pool table, you say, "Well, by gosh, even the big fellows are not infallible! They don't always find it, and my luck is likely to be as good as their experts'. Let's go!"

Occasionally the big fellows lose money. I recall a most sorrowful tale related to me by an official of one of the biggest oil companies in California.

"Where do these independents get off with their eternal grousing about the big companies?" he asked. "It's frightfully unjust. You fellows don't know the half of our troubles," he continued, and there was a plaintiveness in his speech that wrung my heart. "Why, only this year our company has spent $7,000,000 drilling dry holes. Think of that!"

I thought of it, and it almost made me cry. I was overcome with a deep and sympathetic emotion. I pictured this big company spending $7,000,000 in drilling for oil where there was no oil, and I also pictured this big company, which fixes the price of oil, and—with the four other big companies—is practically the only market for oil, in my state cutting the price to the independent producers three times in a year and fifty cents a barrel a time. Again, I pictured this big company with its own oil wells shut in and its own oil conserved in the ground, while it grabbed up the oil of the independents at whatever price it chose to pay. I pictured that, and, believe me, my tears fell, not because of the $7,000,000 lost in dry holes, but because it wasn't $17,000,000.

They must have heard about this, for the next day they cut the price of oil again.

As in every other gamble, the oil investor never hears of, nor considers, the losses. He hears of the winnings. The fact that Jim Bell got $12,000,000, or some such sum, for his little orange grove down at Santa Fé Springs in Southern California, probably cost oil investors three times $12,000,000. There was that conductor on the Santa Fe Railroad who had paid $5000 for a piece of land in that Santa Fé Springs town site that, in a year, was transformed from a sleepy community of little orange groves to a roaring, hissing, frenzied oil district with more than 500 derricks on it, and was getting an income of $95,000 a month from it; and the florist who had twenty acres right in the middle of it, and got $1,000,000 an acre, and the rich strikes on Signal Hill and elsewhere.

These are what the investor hears about, and these are what he gambles on. He's just as lucky as the next one, and his well may hit it—may. Oil, in the broad sense, has always been synonymous with quick and easy money, and tons of it. It is the general public opinion and belief that to strike oil means to become rich. So it does, if you strike enough of it; but, on the expensive other hand, to strike oil means to spend money; and there is no business in the universe, none, where so much money is spent, where the procedures are so wasteful, where the gamble on profit is so great, where the hazards are so desperate, where the grief is so abundant.

Bitten by the Oil Bug

IF YOU happen to think that to drill a hole a mile or more into the ground after oil is an undertaking that does not require great capital, skill, pertinacity, luck and providence, you are misinformed. If you are under the impression that all that is necessary in getting oil out of the ground is to set up a derrick and hurry a hole down to the oil sand, with the certainty of golden returns as soon as you hit that sand, you are in a haze. If you think that having struck oil your troubles are over and you have created a balance at the bank, the continuity and consequence of your thought will be disrupted rudely when you talk to the banker about it.

Drilling for oil in territory where the oil sands are deep is an enterprise that costs incredible sums in terms of the ordinary investor. Depending on luck and skill, a hole that goes down to, say, 4500 or 5000 feet will cost at least $100,000 and may cost $200,000. It takes a lot of oil at eighty cents a barrel to pay that first expense, and a lot of very costly equipment to drill it. And after you get an oil well, as will be shown later, you may not be able to maintain it as an oil well. An oil well is a tricky and malignant object. It has more ways of getting into nonproductive trouble than an oil-stock salesman has excuses for not paying dividends—which is an infinity.

"It is my opinion," said a man who brought a small oil company up through the various stages of development until it now has a record of having paid more than $70,000,000 in dividends to its stockholders, "that there are only two classes of people who should engage in oil production. These are rich men who have enough money to enable them to stand losses and not suffer from those losses, and poor men who have little to lose and must take a chance to get more than they have."

That, perhaps, draws the line too sharply, but the general idea is correct. When this man said "oil production" he meant the actual work of drilling for oil, getting oil out of the ground. He did not mean investing in oil stocks in good substantial oil companies that have capital, facilities, properties, equipment and a record for dividends. He did not mean those favored of fortune who discover themselves to be the owners of land that has oil beneath it. He did not mean those experts in location who can get leases on land that has oil underneath and who collect royalties on the work of others in development. He meant those others—those fatuous and frenzied others—who rush in to get all the money and attempt to do the drilling themselves. He meant the small producers. He meant the weaker independents. He meant the individual gamblers who shoot all they have, and more, on one hole. He meant the wildcatters who stray out to far distances from proved territory and make their hundred-to-one bets with more courage than capital. He meant the town-lot drillers who get small leases in big territory and are hampered in a hundred ways and ruined in a hundred more. In short, he meant about half those who seek fortunes in oil; perhaps two-thirds.

He meant the men who, bitten by the oil bug, excited by the stories of oil wealth, living in the vicinity of a new field, organize small companies, get small leases and set out to become Rockefellers; or those who rush to new fields to get some of the quick and easy money. He meant the hundreds and thousands of men, with their hundreds or thousands of dollars, who, without experience in or knowledge of the most complicated of all mining businesses, the most difficult of all enterprises requiring the removal of anything from beneath the surface of the earth, the most expensive of all combats with the reluctant hidden treasures of Nature, the greatest gamble for concealed and unknowable stakes, foolishly think because they have enough capital to build a derrick and get a string of tools they can become oil millionaires.

And he meant those millions of others who back these brash adventurers, these simpletons who try to play the most intricate of production games without knowing the rudiments of it—the millions who buy stock in and units in and shares in these small companies, to say nothing of larger companies organized by professional seekers after and finders of sucker money. But there is nothing to be done about these. So long as every man is looking for easy money, so long will stock in oil companies find ready sale. It is idle to discuss that phase of human nature. Oil stock has been the flame in which the small-moneyed moths of this country have burned their wings for more than sixty years. As often as a new field is discovered, a new flight of moths develops. There is no end to them, nor any cure. They come back for more and more.

Any person familiar with the facts would think that enough people in California had lost money in oil stocks, oil promotions, oil fakes and oil disasters during the past two years forever to estop any further sale of oil stocks in that territory. But they are gayly selling oil stocks there today; not in the near-by fields, which are dwindling, but in other fields. There's no way to cure them. Once an oil sucker, always an oil sucker.

I was having my shoes shined in Los Angeles at a stand facing Pershing Square. This was at the height of the Signal Hill, Santa Fé Springs and Huntington Beach excitements, and the oil stock and oil unit sellers were running big rubberneck wagons out to the fields, filled with prospects to show them their wells and get their money. These sucker conveyances were lined up along the curb in large numbers.

"Many people go out in those busses?" I asked the negro who was shining my shoes.

"Yes-suh, right sma't goes out every day."

"Do they buy stock?"

"Oh, yes-suh, they suttinly does."

"Do they get any oil?"

"Yes-suh, they gits oil. My boss here has three of them units in three wells, and one done struck oil."

"How much did the units cost him?"

"A hundred dollars apiece."

"How much does he get?"

"Well, suh, he figgers he'll make a dollah an' fohty cents dividends on his payin' unit this year; but he's savin' up to buy some more in another well that's sure to be a gusher."

Spudding in With Prayer

THAT'S the story. The next one is always going to be the gusher. But the next one rarely is. Or if it is, it belongs to one of the big companies; or when it begins to gush the big companies cut the price of oil; or something else happens. More things can happen to keep an oil well from paying dividends than could be tabulated on a page. It's a hard death to die. In reality, the most merciful thing that can happen to the small oil investor or the small intending producer is to have the oil wells turn out dusters—to be dry holes. Then it's all over when the hole is abandoned. Otherwise, in most cases, the misery is dragged out for months. The well is producing some oil, but there are no profits for the owners. Successful oil production requires highly specialized knowledge, exceptional skill, shrewd marketing, tremendous luck and a dozen other things entirely apart from the equipment of the ordinary small attempts at production. That is, all these qualities, and many others, are required after oil has been struck. The qualities required to drill a well successfully and strike the oil come in another category; and those are numerous, and exceptional also.

The methods of the stock sellers and the unit sellers are familiar. Mostly, the old stuff is used over and over—newspaper advertisements, circulars, solicitors, and so on. They introduced a new wrinkle or two in the latest California excitement. One was the taking out of prospects to the fields, showing them wells that were producing, giving them barbecued meals and selling stock right under the shadows of the derricks. One enterprising company hired a minister to bless the well every time they spudded in for a new hole. One of the mangiest of the fakes was to sell

(Continued on Page 71)

Wildcatting is a Crazy Enterprise for Any But the Big Companies. The Little Fellow May be Able to Horn in on a Field Where There Has Been a Discovery, But if He is Wise He Will Not Attempt to do the Discovering

THE GATE IN THE WALL

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

FLORENCE is a city where, if the stars be right and if your luck hold good, anything may happen. Events breed in the stones of her ancient palaces and lie in wait for you down the dark narrows of her byways, and it is right that this should be so. It is a heritage.

Because he sensed something of this, Alden Ware crossed the seas to Italy hopefully. He came from Boston, where, no matter what the position of the stars in their houses, nor how splendid your luck, nothing can happen, for it is regarded as bad form. This is especially true of the first families, who inhabit a region known as the Back Bay.

Ironically enough Alden Ware had entered the world accompanied by a powerful desire to experience the romantic, and no amount of Harvard or of Commonwealth Avenue had been able to abolish it. From the very beginning he had yearned for it, and in his somewhat timid and stand-offish way, had searched for it; but early in life he came to know that the commodity he desired was not to be found in the markets of his native city, so he took up the reading of books and the cultivation of his imagination.

The most critical could not deny that he was handsome in a restrained, patrician way; you were perfectly aware from his appearance that he could tell you who his great-great-grandfather was; and nobody need inform you that his family had been wealthy for more than a generation. In short, he was quite the best Boston could turn out—and Boston can do well when it sets itself to the task.

There is no pride like the pride of a family such as the Wares, which is a fact to bear in mind as you go along; and Alden had been instructed in this pride by a mother who was a mistress of the art and by a father who was qualified to be dean of a department devoted to such instruction. It was the kind of pride which is so proud it is wholly unconscious of itself; which, as anybody will admit, is the worst possible kind.

Alden graduated from Harvard University, where he had been a very great man, and, bearing in mind certain admonitions of his father and voluminous warnings by his mother, engaged passage for Italy, hopefully, as was said in the beginning. Hope was all he had. There was no certainty, but he knew if romance and adventure persisted on an earth which seemed utterly prosaic it must be in the land of Beatrice and of Benvenuto and of Lorenzo the Magnificent. In order to miss no opportunities he had equipped himself with so exhaustive a knowledge of the language of the country that he could read Fogazzaro in the original and carry on conversations with men who sold fruit on the streets of Boston.

He took train from Naples to Rome and thence to Florence, where he arrived in the evening and was driven in a decidedly commonplace auto bus through cobbled streets to the Grand Hotel, which is on the Lungarno and from whose windows he could look across the river and, in the distance, see lights twinkling high above him in lofty Fiesole—all very promising. But when he descended to the dining room and found himself in a welter of Germans whom the war had so impoverished that they spent hoarded American dollars like lumberjacks just down with the drive, he experienced a setback. From that hour he had breakfast served in his room and took the two other daily meals in crowded restaurants unknown to tourists and where the *minestrone* was a dish to recall with pleasure even in the midst of a symphony concert.

For several days he prowled about the city by day and by night, making intimately the acquaintance of Della Robbia, and of *fritto misto* of Chianti served in huge *fiaschi*, and of Cellini's Perseus hard by the Uffizi Palace and facing the square where Savonarola died of the greatness which resided in him. He glanced cursorily at acres upon acres of canvases in the Uffizi and Pitti palaces, and more or less agreed with a weary Cook's tourist who mopped his brow and deplored that so much fabric which might have been used to make circus tents was wasted upon pictures which the tourist would not give to an enemy as a wedding present. He was charmed with the library and impressed by the statues of the Medici by Michelangelo, and mused upon the peculiarities of that family whose supreme magnificence was the erection of a great chapel to be the mausoleum for themselves and their posterity. But all these things—excepting the Chianti and the *fritto misto* and the tourist—were of the years which were dead, and did nothing but sharpen his appetite for romance, which was becoming brisk.

Alden Ware Was Lost. He Followed; Without Shame He Followed. The Way Led Back Into the City and Away From Traveled Streets

In all that week he saw no lurking assassin in black cloak, nor did he hear the cry of beauty in distress. The background was there, the stage settings, but not the actuality; nothing but a peaceful, rather humdrum populace which went about its business with many gesticulations, a host of German tourists peering seriously at art and architecture, and numerous fascinating shops where antiques of authenticity for those who knew, and decidedly apochryphal for those who did not know, might be bargained for. It was discouraging, but Alden was not discouraged. What if the Arno were an unappetizing stream whose sole purpose seemed to be to furnish water over which bridges might be built? What if very modern posters signed with Mussolini's name testified from every ancient wall to a new day in Italy? In spite of all, he knew that romance lived and that, if he persisted, it must pass his way.

It was of a Friday and he was standing at the foot of that famous monstrosity, Giotto's Tower—for want of a better occupation—watching the passers-by in the *piazza*, and now and again turning his eyes toward the immense bulk of the Duomo and wondering at the florid taste in marbles of its architect, when, of a sudden, the day changed. It leaped backward from 1924 to a long-dead century—and all because Alden Ware saw a face.

An old woman of comfortable girth and severe countenance emerged from the door of the great church, holding aside the heavy quilt which so efficiently keeps cold and dampness inside cathedrals and prevents warmth and spring from entering them. It was apparent she was a servant, but, thought Alden, her companion could be nothing less than a princess, and he looked about for waiting coach and four and retinue, but these trappings were lacking. The girl and her companion descended the steps and passed on foot within a yard of Alden, exactly as ordinary human beings might do—so that Alden was able to scrutinize the face of the girl at his leisure. He made the most of his opportunity.

At first he thought her tall to stateliness, but found this was but in appearance; her bearing, the unconscious carriage of her chin, the splendor of her movements deceived him. She was slender and graceful with a grace hitherto unknown to him—so that he was close to the error of studying it and not her face; but he avoided this pitfall, and all was well—or ill. He did not guess her age, except unconsciously to arrive at the decision that she was exactly young enough and exactly old enough. Her skin was of a curious, lovely whiteness, yet there was upon her cheeks so dainty a tinting of color that one was inclined to deny its presence until verified by a second glance. Her brows were dark, arched, slender and perfect, and her eyes were of liquid blackness. Her profile, he thought, might have been the model for some button done by Cellini in an inspired moment, and Leonardo da Vinci himself might have dreamed the full oval of her face. None other could have dreamed it. . . . Alden Ware was lost.

He followed; without shame he followed. The way led back into the city and away from traveled streets; it wound and seemed to turn upon itself, as streets in Florence seem to have a way of doing, until it brought the two women to an arched gateway, through whose old-time gates of wrought iron they disappeared. Alden sauntered past, spying out the land and observing that the gate opened upon a small but charming walled garden. He walked fifty paces, turned and slowly retraced his steps. As he reached the gate again the serving woman emerged and stationed herself across the narrow walk with evident intention. Alden paused.

"The signor followed us," said the woman in an uncompromising voice.

"It is true," said Alden; "meaning no harm and intending no offense."

"Are you German?" she demanded.

"American."

"So." She drew out the word slowly and gave to it a wealth of meaning. The Americans—they might do anything and with no purpose. One could never tell about Americans. "Then why?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "the *principessa* is beautiful."

"It is no answer," she said, beetling her brows. "And, then, you know the *principessa?*"

So she was a princess! Somehow he was glad of that. It was not right that she should be anything else.

"No," he said. "I called her princess because she looked like a princess."

"At least the signor has eyes," said the woman; and then, startlingly: "Is the signor rich?"

"I suppose you would call me so."

She sighed, shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. "It is as God wills," she said; "but, none the less, you must not follow. For me, I say it is too bad, for the signor is pleasing to the eye. You followed, meaning no offense. So. Then continue to mean no offense by following no more. When one has a pigeon to guard from prowling cats ——" She left the sentence unfinished.

"I shall not follow again," said Alden.

"Then," said the old woman under her breath, "you are indeed a fool—but what can one hope from men nowadays?" Lifting her voice she snapped her eyes at him. "Remember, if you follow again, ill will befall you." Whereupon she turned on her heel and retreated through the gateway, and if he could have heard the words she muttered to herself as she trod the graveled path he might have been more than surprised—he might have been enchanted. "American, rich, young—and handsome," she said, and sighed again. "Well, I can do no more. I have ordered him to follow no more; I have threatened him. In my day that would be enough to set a young signor upon his way. When my eyes were bright nothing could stop him after that. But times have changed. Times have changed." Which from the guardian of so sweet a pigeon was a strange and incomprehensible saying.

Alden retraced his steps toward his hotel, but hotels were not for him that day. No, he would saunter along the Lungarno and dream a conclusion to his romance, for now he was sure romance-beckoned. But what to do! True, he knew where the lady lived, but he was unacquainted with her name or anything about her, save that she was a princess. And he had promised not to follow again. How could he win to her; by what makeshift penetrate the defenses which guarded such as she? It is true he might procure himself a guitar and sing under her window, but somehow he could not see a Ware of the Back Bay taking on a contract of that sort. He could imagine his mother's lifted eyebrows if word should reach her that her son stood in the streets and sang love songs under a barred window. Nevertheless, there must be a way; even a commonplace, conservative, conventional way would answer.

And then it was that he saw Mrs. Jack Gilbery approaching in her carriage, and his heart leaped.

He had not known Mrs. Jack to be in Florence, but, then, one should never be astonished to find her anywhere. She was as much at home in Italy as in Boston, and in France as in London. She was credited with giving her permanent address as the Atlantic Ocean, because, said she, it was upon its bosom she spent the greater part of her life. Her younger sister had married an Italian of ancient family and title, and the circle did not exist to which the entrée was denied her. Her particular penchant was for buying large and important objects of ancient art, and then making life miserable for American consuls because the Italian Government refused permission to take them out of the country.

Alden advanced to the curb and lifted his hat, but she had seen him even before he recognized her, and her horses drew up beside him.

"My dear," she said, "get in first and tell the particulars afterward. You're a veritable fin off the sacred codfish."

"Mrs. Jack," he declared, "I have never been so glad to see anybody in my life."

She peered up into the air pensively. "Can the child be intending to make love to me—at my age? No, it can't be that. He's homesick or he wants to know the Italian for beefsteak."

"Wrong," said Alden. "I am more than contented to be in Florence and I can argue with a coachman in his own vernacular, but there's one thing I can't manage."

"You've bought something the government won't let you take home!" she exclaimed. "Well, I hope you didn't pay too much. You can present it to the American Academy in Rome—the dears."

"Worse than that. How do you meet a princess?"

"Just a princess or some particular princess?"

"A very special one, Mrs. Jack."

"Um. What's her name?"

"I don't know."

"Now," she said, "you become interesting. Make it clearer."

"I saw her coming out of the Duomo with a duenna or some such dragon—the most beautiful girl in—in ——"

"The world," said Mrs. Jack, and nodded her head vigorously. "Go on."

"And I followed her home, and the dragon caught me at it and warned me off."

"The name is Ware, isn't it? Commonwealth Avenue, Boston? Are you, by any chance, spoofing an old lady? But naturally. The Ware never existed who could trail an unknown inamorata through the streets. Unless"—she spoke hopefully—"you've escaped from your keeper."

"I'm alone, and it's true; and if you don't find some way to help me out I'll buy a guitar and have my voice trained."

It Was a Glove, Still Warm and Fragrant. He Held It, Unbelieving, in His Palm; He Stared Upward Unavailingly

"That doesn't work out the way it used to," she said. "The local police force might chase you away. What like was she to look at?"

"Beautiful!" said Alden.

"Perfectly clear and recognizable description. Photographic, one might say. Beyond that, the particulars are that she had the usual number of arms and legs ——"

"She is beautiful."

"At any rate you retained presence of mind to note her address?" asked Mrs. Jack. "Stopping at the Grand, I suppose? After we drive a bit and I extract all the home scandal from you I'll drop you there. You're dining at my house tonight; you know I have a house here."

"I didn't know, but if you told me you had one in the Forbidden City I shouldn't be amazed."

"Alice will know who she is," said Mrs. Jack. "Boston and Florence!" She chuckled. "I can see you leading a *principessa* up the front steps to your mother. She'd probably fumigate her. . . . Isn't the Arno an especially messy-looking river? Been absorbing culture in the galleries? Whatever became of Ethelberta Brown after she divorced ——" And so on, with the most remarkable inconsequence. Mrs. Jack set about it to prove herself a mistress of the *non sequitur*.

Alden dined with Mrs. Jack that evening in what she was pleased to call her house, but which was a structure only less pretentious than the Pitti Palace. She wrung him dry of Back Bay news, to his vast but courteously concealed impatience, and then casually, as if it were not the one vast overshadowing question of the hour, reverted to the unknown *principessa*.

"By the way," she said, "I scampered off to Alice as soon as I left you, and her name is Faustina—imagine it!—and her father is Prince Rienzi de' Billiati, which is a mouthful, and he's a tremendous scholar and a thumping aristocrat, and one of his ancestors eloped with a daughter of a Venetian doge, and the family tree is spangled with cardinals and dukes and princes until it looks like Christmas Eve—and they're queer."

"Queer!" It was a word Alden resented as applied to his princess.

"Nobody sees the old prince; though within the memory even of young things like Alice and myself he was the life of the party. He's simply never seen by day or night, and as nearly as Alice can guess, your little *principessa* is worried to death. Alice guesses the old gentleman is a button short, but it's not the sort of thing one bandies words about in Firenze. Your Faustina seems to have dug herself a hole and crawled into it, and to all appearances is all glazed over with melancholy. But Alice promises to excavate her for you if it can be done. She's going to throw a dinner Friday night and you're bid, and Alice promises to have the Principessa Faustina there if she has to bribe a company of Fascisti to drag her out by the lovely hair. And that's that. I dote on romance," finished Mrs. Jack. "I'm doing this so I can see your mother's face."

"It sounds difficult," said Alden.

"That's what you want, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Jack acutely. "Romance with all the trimmings."

It was not yet ten when Alden took his leave, but instead of walking directly to his hotel he strolled through dim winding streets, drinking in the fascination of the city, its glamour, its softened beauty. His mood responded to it; it lifted him above himself, and he felt that, at last, he really lived. Presently he sauntered across the Piazza Victor Emmanuel, and with aimless steps passed closed shops, skirted the massive stone walls of ancient grandeurs which had looked down upon Medici and Sforzas, which had echoed the steps of Michelangelo and Ghiberti, the words of Savonarola, the ringing of those city bells which in time of danger called the citizens to arms. Embassies from Charles V, ambassadors from Venice and from Genoa had passed here in their splendor of color. And Alden sensed it all. Here, in this city, beauty, the arts, learning had been reborn to a darkened world, and he thanked old Cosimo, *pater patriæ*, from whose blood and wisdom and strength so much of glory and beauty and death and evil and madness and immortality had sprung.

Of a sudden he paused, interrupted in his dreaming by the sound of that instrument which in his ignorance of such matters he named an accordion. It, accompanied by a guitar, was playing a strain from Lucia; then two voices, a barytone and a tenor, took up the business, and Alden listened, enthralled. The sounds came from a basement window, from the cellars of a palace erected when Columbus had freshly discovered America, and he drew nearer, crossing the pavement and peering through a barred window to satisfy his curiosity. Below he saw tables, well filled—a café—and before he had time to take the resolution he was seeking for the entrance.

This, under a dim light, was located in a sort of alley, and at first he was in doubt if this were the proper means of reaching the room below, for it led past the scullery, where a fatigued elderly man with a wisp of mustache was washing dishes, down four or five steps, through the kitchen, and so to the outer room of the restaurant proper. He cast an appraising eye at the tiny kitchen space, where a couple of charcoal braziers seemed sufficient to cook for many guests, and then was greeted by an affable young man who led him to an unoccupied table in the room beyond—a room with vaulted ceiling upon which had been affixed posters advertising *spumanti* and motors and other matters of trade and commerce. In the arch between the rooms sat the musicians, a droll trio, and Alden studied them with satisfaction. This, he said to himself, was the real thing at last.

It was not, he observed at once, a place frequented by tourists, but was of Florence and for Florence. A dozen young officers with swords tucked across their knees were laughing and talking and drinking, each from a huge *fiasco* set before him, the fine Chianti of the city; each making love after his individual fashion to the young woman whose dark eyes had attracted him for the evening. At other tables sat staid families or little parties of older men or of younger men, all in the excellent evening humor

which seems to characterize the Italian; and all apparently *habitués de la maison*, for they flung light conversation to one another, called out directions to the musicians and spoke familiarly with the waiters. These waiters, four young men, seemed never to progress at a rate of speed less than a run, and their enjoyment was as quick as that of any patron. And why should it not be, for they were the four Brothers Molossi, who, with their mother, who cooked, were proprietors of the establishment?

The name of the place, Alden learned from his *carte du jour*, was La Buca, which he correctly translated as The Hole. Already he felt singularly at home and welcome—it was a peculiarity of the place. Having given the necessary order, he turned his attention to the musicians. The first, sitting in the archway, was a heavy-set man with a stolid face and enlarged nose who seemed to take little interest in the proceedings, but who fingered the intricate keyboard of his concertina with all the skill and feeling of the true artist. Alden gave him scant notice in the beginning, nor did he bestow more than a glance upon the guitar-playing barytone with the drooping features. All the lines of his face were outward and downward curves, as if he had been drawn by a freakish artist who wished to see what he could accomplish with parentheses.

It was upon the tenor that Alden's eyes rested and stayed. Already he had heard the man addressed familiarly as Caruso, and that, through the length of his acquaintance, was the only name he ever heard applied. This individual was fat. His most marked characteristic was his trousers, which would have made his fortune on an American vaudeville stage. They were describable only in terms of acreage; fold upon fold of them fell to the floor and cascaded over Caruso's shoes. They were without form, but not void, for exceedingly sturdy legs did what they could to fill them. After his trousers, ranked the man's chins. He was festooned with chins, above which was a rosebud mouth, a minute nose of the pug variety, and then great round staring onion eyes. When he sang he became very red indeed, and from time to time, when his endeavors failed to suit his own taste, he would smile deprecatingly at the audience and wriggle between thumb and finger that part of his throat where the Adam's apple was deeply embedded. But he could sing. Or at least he could have sung. Even now, in the years past middle age, after much abuse and hard usage, there were glorious notes, a marvelous timbre and a power to astonish. Alden, who had listened to the golden voices of the world, said to himself that here, gone to waste and weeds, was a voice which might have equaled or surpassed any of them.

The song ended, Caruso passed a plate about the audience, and when Alden tossed upon it a veritable ten-lira note the little fat man tossed up his hands, seized his plate and rushed off to his companions to exhibit the treasure. From that moment Alden was his friend. He returned to the table and chatted.

"Signor Caruso," said Alden, "you have a voice."

"Once—ah, once, that is true. But the damp and the cold are in my throat. The voice I have I ruined, signor, singing to the sheep in the neighborhood of Leghorn."

"You were a shepherd, then?"

"Signor, I have sung to sleep more sheep than there are human beings in Naples. It is the truth."

Of a sudden there arose from all parts of the room cries of "The Cavalier! Here is the Cavalier! He is here at last!"

Seeking the cause of this demonstration, Alden saw enter the room a little old man dressed in a shiny frock coat, carrying a tray upon which were offered for sale a number of tiny gayly colored dolls. The old man bowed graciously with a sort of benignant dignity and walked about, shaking this and that hand offered him in welcome. It was a fine old face he wore beneath his shock of snow-white hair, a face set off and distinguished by the whitest of mustaches and imperials. His smile was ingratiating and he offered his wares here and there in so ridiculously embarrassed a manner as to constitute a salesmanship of highest rank.

"Cavalier! Cavalier!" Demands were shouted from all sections of the restaurant. "Twelve Mothers! Sing Twelve Mothers."

The old man paused with a deprecating gesture, as if taken utterly by surprise, but responded to the shouts by walking toward the musicians and there taking his stand. A hush fell, and then, to the accompaniment of the guitar, he began to sing. It may be he once possessed a voice; it might even have been truth that a voice was still his, but none was aware of its presence or its lack. Alden leaned forward after the first few words, gripped, amazed, for he perceived that he was listening to a great mimic artist. In all that merrymaking crowd was not a whisper or a rustle.

The Cavalier sang that song, so well known in Italy since the war, the song of twelve mothers of twelve babes, of how the babes were born, of how the twelve mothers watched them come to manhood, of how the twelve mothers watched them go to war—and of how not one of the twelve sons returned to his mother. It was consummate artistry.

There followed a hush and then a thunder of applause.

"*Bis! Bis!*" shouted the diners. The Cavalier shook his head deprecatingly, and spread his hands with a fetching gesture of helplessness and embarrassment. Caruso seized a plate and canvassed the room, returning to his place with the dish heaped with lira notes—no great taking when one considers that ten lire are today less than fifty cents.

Again a hush fell, for the little old man stepped away from the supporting table and once more faced his audience. Alden watched his face, saw it change. It shed its dignity and kindliness, became vacant—an ancient Bacchus. Without uttering a word, without a movement which spread beyond his features, the Cavalier passed through preliminary stages of drunkenness until he reached garrulity. And then he commenced to speak. Not elevating, perhaps, but none the less art. From the high pathos of the song he passed to the low comedy of the intoxicated, and for ten full minutes the room rocked and held its sides and shouted, and as the illness of the wine drinker began gradually to master, the audience became unrestrained in their delight.

Alden was seeing a genius of the theater who, incomprehensibly, had never risen higher than to be a mountebank in a lesser wineshop!

Again the plate was passed, and again and again. The versatility of the Cavalier was astounding. And then, suddenly, he was gone.

"It is always so," informed one of the Brothers Molossi. "He comes; he sings or recites; then he goes."

"Who is he? Some great actor fallen upon hard times?"

"Who knows?" said the Brother Molossi with a shrug. "It is enough that he favors our place. He is an asset. He is welcome." *(Continued on Page 40)*

She Glanced for an Instant at Alden With a Look in Her Eyes Which He Would Never Forget. In Them He Read Horror

PEP LETTER NO. 3

By Robert R. Updegraff

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

IT WAS that hour of a rather sultry early summer afternoon when the merchants along the west side of Main Street in a certain Western town are wont to emerge from their stores, one after another, and lower their awnings against the glare of the afternoon sun. Down the street hurried a young man, perhaps twenty-three years of age, youthfully tall, dark haired, earnest of countenance, carrying a sample case in one hand and a grip in the other. Arriving at the double screen doors of the Franklin House, unforgettable by virtue of their illusive decoration of Swiss Alpine scenery, he bumped one of the screen doors open with his sample case and entered.

"Any mail for Arthur Donaldson?" he asked the clerk at the desk as he put down his luggage.

As though he didn't know by heart the names on the dog-eared envelopes in the Hold pigeonhole, the clerk thumbed them through with a great show of importance and finally handed out a baronial envelope inscribed in an unmistakably feminine hand.

"That's all," he said briskly. Then with a professional glance at the grips, "Staying with us tonight, Mr. Donaldson?"

"Not sure yet, Mr. Wright," replied Donaldson, catching the name from the little Clerk-on-Duty sign hanging over the key rack, the name in which hadn't been changed since Mr. Wright's departure three months before. "Like to leave my grip with you"—and he passed a cigar across the desk—"until I make a call down the street."

"Sure. Just shove it under the desk here. There, that'll be safe enough."

His grip disposed of, Donaldson picked up his sample case and stepped quickly over to the row of deserted leather armchairs in front of the big plate-glass window overlooking Main Street. Perching himself transiently on the arm of one of the chairs he tore open the baronial envelope.

"I'll just stop long enough to glance through this letter from mother to see if there's any special news," he informed himself.

"Father is better but still has to watch his diet. . . . Orville Chase was elected president of the tennis club Tuesday night. I understand your new boss, Mr. Wainright, has joined. He's a bachelor and is boarding at The Oakley, on Greenwood Avenue. . . . Fred Drew is home from college. . . . Eleanor Wheeler stopped on the porch for a few minutes last evening. She wanted to be remembered to you. . . ."

He read this last over three times, and experienced a tingling sensation at the roots of his hair each time. The fact is, he read it "Eleanor Wheeler stopped on the porch for a few minutes last evening. SHE WANTED TO BE REMEMBERED TO YOU!" Then Doubt arose in his mind, and as he read it again it seemed to sink into a conversational commonplace. Then Hope whispered, "But she mentioned you."

He looked up from the letter, and between his eyes and the workaday Main Street outside the window there spread a magic film which changed Main Street into Greenwood Avenue, two thousand odd miles away, of a Sunday morning—his last Sunday before he came West. He saw himself walking home from church with the bobbed-haired, brown-eyed girl, becomingly slender, smartly dressed, exceedingly self-possessed, whose bewitching face had been traveling with him all through the West all these months, a face that somehow seemed always to be just on the verge of disappearing two or three blocks away as he hurried over his territory. It had a trick of moving along just in front of him—then of suddenly starting to fade away; and he would hurry faster, as though to catch up. To catch up somehow with the future. The future and the face—they both kept fading.

If only he dared write her—that is, really write her. Not just send perfunctory notes and picture postcards of Main Streets and Soldier Memorial Monuments and Dellwood Parks. (How was he to know that under that protective veneer of calm self-possession and breezy independence beat the heart of a girl who was wishing he would?) But gosh! A girl like Eleanor. Brought up with everything. Half the fellows in town crazy over her. Kind of a girl even older men fell for, too, which was worse—in fact, dangerous to the prospects of young fellows with their futures still to be worked out. What chance had he, two thousand three hundred and eighty-five miles away in point of distance, and just about four thousand dollars a year away in income?

He glanced at the letter again, then out of the window into the summer-afternoon sleepiness of Main Street. The magic film was gone; the picture had faded. Slipping the letter quickly into his pocket he grabbed his sample case and bolted out through the swinging screen doors.

This being his second trip over the territory, he knew just where he was going. Two short blocks distant, facing the

He Saw Himself Walking Home From Church With the Bobbed-Haired, Brown-Eyed Girl, Whose Bewitching Face Had Been Traveling With Him All Through the West All These Months

head of Main Street, stood the New York Furniture Store—A. Katzenberger, Prop.—Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Pianos on Easy Terms. In front of this store, its big round face turned toward Main Street, stood a giant sidewalk clock whose dial, bearing the letters of the proprietor's surname—happily twelve in number—in place of the customary roman numerals, informed all who looked that way that the hour was almost T minutes after Z.

It was toward this store that Arthur Donaldson bearing his weighty sample case had turned his footsteps. And as he hurried down the street there arose, in place of the front of the New York Furniture Store, the face of a girl with bobbed hair and brown eyes, and the expression on her face seemed to say to his anguished spirit, "You'll have to hurry up, Mr. Salesman, if you expect to sell yourself to me." Again, how was he to know that the dropping in on his mother's porch had been anything more than the casual thing it had seemed?

He lengthened his steps. The picture began to fade, and in its place stood the sidewalk clock with its hands now registering exactly T minutes after Z.

"Ten minutes after three," he said to himself, and quite automatically took out his watch by way of verification.

The aproned proprietor of Waite's Market, its display of green groceries extending well out on the sidewalk, straightened up at this moment from reaching for the particular hook-necked summer squash indicated as the choice of one of his most particular customers. In doing so he backed into Donaldson and jolted his elbow with such suddenness and force as to knock the watch out of his hand.

"Beg yer pardon, young man. Did it break?"

"Seems to be ticking," said Donaldson, as he picked up the watch and instinctively placed it to his ear. And he hurried on, his mind filled with his mission. "Now if I can finish with Katzenberger in thirty-eight minutes I'll be able to pick up my bag at the Franklin House and catch the seven-minutes-to-four interurban car and get the Crescent Furniture Company in to-day's calls and keep up my new average," he informed himself earnestly.

By this time he had reached the New York Furniture Store, entered, and was making his way briskly toward the steep little stairway at the back of the store leading to the low-ceilinged balcony which served as the proprietor's private office. As the third step squeaked to his tread A. Katzenberger, seated behind his forbiddingly high roll-top desk, looked over his spectacles and assumed his best commercial frown, a frown so thoroughly seasoned by years of exposure to the trade winds of retailing as to be read as irritation in case the caller proved to be a salesman or one of his own clerks, or troubled solicitude in case the caller was a valued customer.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Katzenberger," said Donaldson, setting down his sample case.

"Vell?" replied Mr. Katzenberger, which word in some one of a dozen tonal variations ranging in significance from ill restrained impatience to warm and friendly interest, constituted his invariable greeting to callers.

"Remember—not whether, but how many?" Donaldson coached himself by mental reference to a certain letter received recently from Wainright, the new sales manager at the home office back East.

"Mr. Katzenberger," he began, opening his sample case and lifting out a sample square of linoleum, "how many rolls of this special new gray-and-blue Wedgwood pattern could you sell if the price was right?"

Mr. Katzenberger grinned a slow mirthless grin. "A garload," he said—"eef the price vas right. But id ain't."

"Maybe it's nearer right than you think, Mr. Katzenberger. You see, we've put one whole battery of special high-speed machines on this pattern and we're turning it out at a price."

He lowered his voice and spoke confidentially—as another of Wainright's letters had suggested.

"How many rolls could you use if I told you it would cost you just fifty-four cents a square yard?"

"Who said I can use some at all?" demanded Katzenberger.

"Say ten rolls?" suggested Donaldson, ignoring the question. "As a special—to sell at seventy-nine cents a yard, laid?"

Mr. Katzenberger pursed his lips and was starting to speak when the telephone on his desk rang. Darn it, why did dealers' telephones always ring just at the crucial second?

While the proprietor was engaged in an argumentative conversation with some irate customer Donaldson consulted his watch anxiously. That watch was beginning to play an extremely important part in his selling. Ever since he had received that third letter from the new sales manager a week back.

"Vell, please to holt the wire, Mrs. Magolius, while I go see the bookkeeper aboud it," Katzenberger requested, and hurried down the steep steps.

Donaldson leaned back in his chair with a grunt of impatience. At the end of a minute he glanced at his watch again. No time to lose if he was to catch the seven-minutes-to-four car for Martinsville. How could he get Katzenberger downstairs and into the carpet department to look over his stock of staple numbers after he had booked a substantial order for the Wedgwood pattern?

He fidgeted and looked at his watch again. Almost another minute gone. He fumbled in his pocket nervously for something to occupy his mind. His hand brought out a letter—the letter. To him it had seemed personal enough, but in the sales department at the plant it was known as Individualized Pep Letter No. 3. His new boss, Wainright, sales manager of the Beardsley Linoleum Company since the first day of May, had written out the form. The figuring had been done by one of the department clerks on a calculating machine.

In the days when Donaldson had worked as an order clerk in the sales department at the plant, before they had sent him out West to try his hand at selling, the sort of high-pressure jazzing that this letter represented was not dreamed of. And even now every other man on the Beardsley sales force had seen through the letter and grinned over it. But to Donaldson, hardly six months old in selling, it meant worlds. Every time he read it he got a feeling that there really was a chance of catching up with that picture. Perhaps he could make a remarkable record and earn a transfer to one of the fatter territories nearer the factory, where he could get home for week-ends frequently. What chance had a fellow two thousand three hundred and eighty-five

He interrupted his thoughts to look at his watch again. Another two minutes gone and Katzenberger still interviewing the bookkeeper

His eye caught the letter:

"*Dear Mr. Donaldson:* I have been studying your sales record and I find that you have been making excellent progress in your selling since the first of the year. In fact, I am gratified to note that you are running six points ahead of your quota, up to date.

"That's fine, but unless I'm very much mistaken you are not the kind of man to be satisfied with a record of six points above quota. Unless I miss my guess, Mr. Donaldson, you have set your heart on being the man to win this year's President's Prize for the best showing for the year above quota. As you doubtless know, the President never announces in advance what his prize will be; but I understand that it is always something that makes the men gasp when it is presented—gasp and wish THEY had worked harder on THEIR territories. And WON."

Donaldson glanced up. The telephone receiver was still reposing mutely on Katzenberger's desk.

"I am keenly interested in seeing you GET AHEAD, get into the running for the President's Prize, Mr. Donaldson, and I've been asking myself how I can help you from this end. Of course, you have to do the actual selling, out in the territory. But I've been wondering, 'What suggestions can I make, from my perspective on the territory, that will help Donaldson'

"This morning as I was going over your report of calls for the past six months I noticed that you have a daily Call Average of 3.33 and a daily Sale Average of 2.7, which is a very good ratio between calls and sales.

"'But,' I said to myself, 'what is it that keeps Donaldson from getting more business?' The answer is simple. The large proportion of your time spent in going from one town to another and from one store to another. If you could only cut down that time in any way by a little EXTRA EFFORT; if you could get in, say, three more calls a week one every other day—you would increase your Call Average to 3.83. Now, figuring on the present ratio of 2.7 orders to 3.33 calls, if you increased your daily calls by .5, you would AUTOMATICALLY increase your sales IN PROPORTION. Which, being an increase in calls of .15, you would increase your orders by that same ratio, bringing you up to 3.105"

This part always sort of dizzied Donaldson, but he caught the idea. Mrs. Magolius must be getting terribly impatient at the other end of that wire. Had Katzenberger died?

"This you can readily see would make a substantial increase in your volume of sales. And it CAN be DONE!

"How?

"Simply by Watching your Watch! When you get to a town, before you call on your first customer, plan your campaign for that town and decide what train or trolley or boat you will have to make to get to the next town in time to get in ONE MORE CALL THAT DAY, if it is a possible thing. Or to get you there YET THAT NIGHT, so you can Start Selling instead of Start Traveling, first thing the next morning

"In short, consider your Watch as your Silent Partner and ——"

The third step squeaked, and Katzenberger came lumbering hastily into view.

"Our meesdake, Mrs. Magolius. I hope you will eggscuse it. My bookkeeper he vas out vith mumps. By the vay, ve have some new"—he paused and his eyes sought for something to fasten on; they rested on the sample of linoleum on the top of Donaldson's sample case—"some new keetchen linoleum I'd like you should zee when you are downtown next, Mrs. Magolius. Vedgveed paddern, id iss. Very reasonable. . . . Good-by, Mrs. Magolius.

"Vell, young man"—swinging around abruptly and apparently wiping his last remark off his mental slate as he swabbed his perspiring forehead with a big handkerchief "you vant I should buy ten rolls of your new paddern when already I have so large a stock of linoleum?" And he shook his head.

This was Donaldson's cue. "Well, now, suppose we go down and see just what you have in the way of stock, Mr. Katzenberger."

Half an hour later, at exactly 3:52 by his watch, which had been consulted at increasingly frequent intervals during the last eight minutes, Arthur Donaldson stood on the sidewalk under Katzenberger's sidewalk clock waiting for the seven-minutes-to-four interurban for Martinsville, having picked up his grip at the Franklin House.

He was congratulating himself on a ten-roll sale of the new Wedgwood pattern and five rolls of staple patterns. But most of all congratulating himself on the fact that he could get in his extra call that day and keep up his new 3.83 call average and his 3.105 sale average. Little did he suspect that in a mail car which was even at that hour bowling westward was a letter showing him how by further intensive methods he might raise those figures to 4.12 and 3.337 respectively. Individualized Pep Letter No. 4, that would be.

Impatiently he looked up the street. Would the Martinsville car never come? He would have little enough time with the proprietor of the Crescent Furniture Company, anyway, without the car being late

Mechanically he glanced up at the big clock above him. His mouth fell open Not 8 minutes to 8! It couldn't be!

He glanced at his watch. No; it was only 3:54, and the car would be along shortly. Just a little late. Then a sickening feeling came over him that it really was 3:55 and he had missed his car—with no other due for half an hour. Something must be wrong with his watch. He pulled it out and regarded it belligerently. Then he remembered. Of course! It had dropped when the grocer bumped into him. It was still ticking, but

He looked around hastily. Yes; there was a jeweler's shop right across the way. He hurried over.

"This watch is losing time," he explained. "Dropped it on the sidewalk."

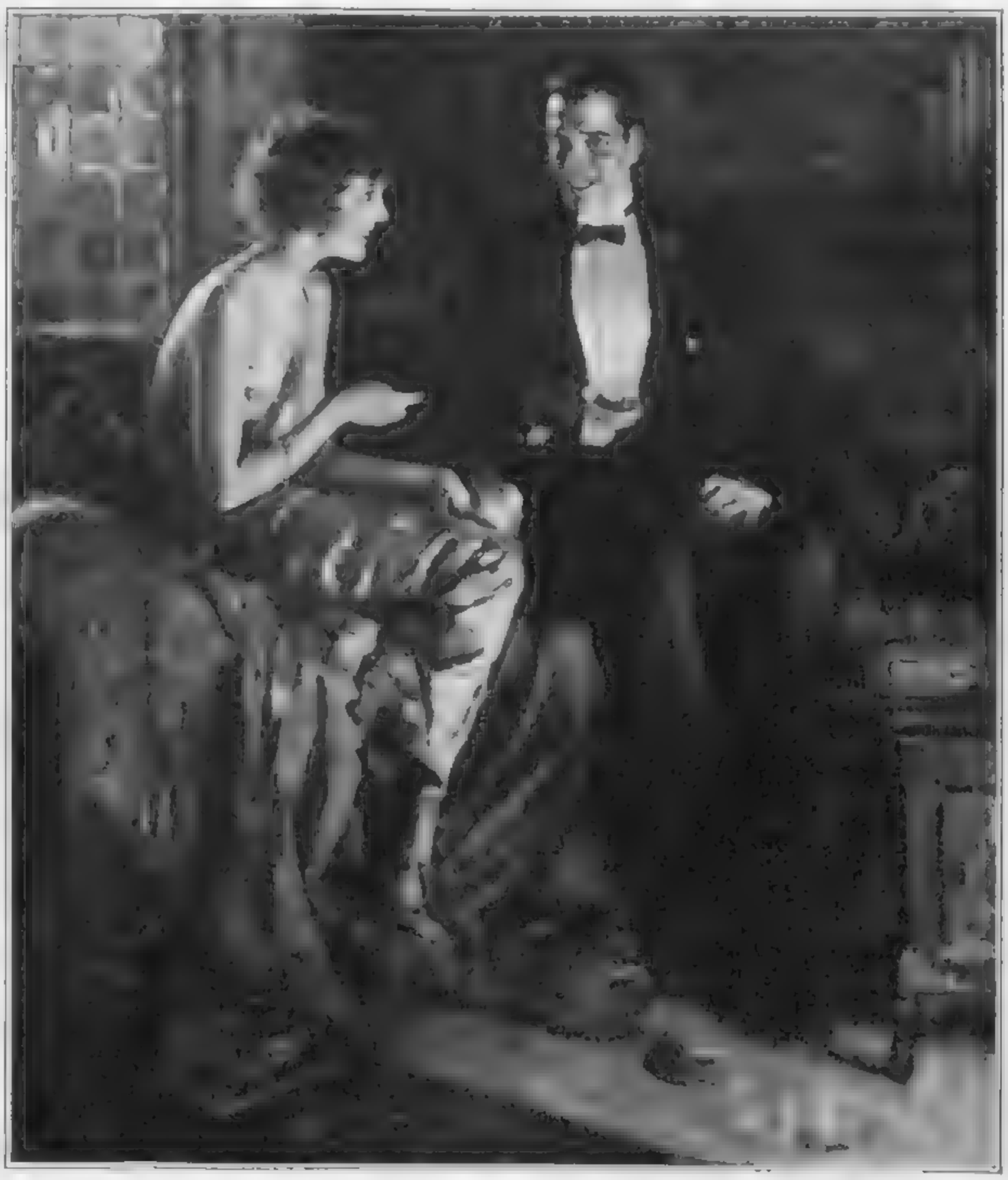
The old man with the little black apron over his stomach affixed his magnifying glass to his eye and squinted in the back of the watch with a professional scowl. "Bent the balance staff," he pronounced. "Needs cleaning too. Cost you four-fifty. Leave it here for a couple of weeks."

"Can't," said Donaldson "I'm a traveling man. Won't it run?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe Maybe a year, maybe ten minutes," he stated indifferently, turning back to his bench.

Donaldson walked out, crossed the street and put down his grip and sample case under Mr. Katzenberger's sidewalk clock. There was no course but to wait for the next car. At least

(Continued on Page 48)



"Arthur, Dear, What Time is It Anyway?" Arthur Pulled Out His Watch—the Watch He Had Been Selling By for Six Months. "Six o'Clock," He Said With a Grin

SELLING YOURSELF

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

FOUR years ago something sidewiped the good ship Industry and sent her to dry dock for repairs. The exact nature of that something has never been determined.

Nevertheless, there are several million men in the country today who can and do bear mute or voluble evidence to the fact. Mechanics who had scarcely lost a day's wage unless by choice; Angelo, who had checked in at the steel mill every working day since he landed; Stubbs, who had kept books and made up the pay roll at the lumberyard since graduation from business college ten years before; Sharp, who had sold the Southern jobbing trade; and Smiley, who had sat back in a swivel chair and told him how—all suddenly found themselves drafted into the great army of the unemployed.

Thousands to whom help-wanted columns and employment offices were simply institutions for helping those who could not help themselves then learned for the first time that it is one thing to have and hold a job, but quite a different thing to get one.

Headquarters in Chicago Where Uncle Sam's Men Find Jobs for the Unemployed

The war taught us many things, most of which we have forgotten; but those two grim years of business and industrial stagnation taught millions much they will not soon forget.

They taught thrift to some and the value of thrift to others. They taught men something about the other fellow's problems and point of view. They taught the merchandiser that the book value of his goods mattered little until he could find a market and sell his goods in that market. And that is precisely what the man who then looked for work learned about his own services; that whether he was a kitchen scullion or a technically trained engineer, his ability to peel potatoes or design a machine was of no more immediate use to him than an expired insurance policy unless he knew where and how to sell that ability. For salesmanship has been the master key to all doors men knock upon since the world's canniest wholesaler polished the first apple. And what has been will be until all of us become buyers.

A man I know was a private in that now disbanded army. I mention him because as I look back he always impresses me as a type composite of the thousands who before the crash had occupied like positions and who during the succeeding months went through similar experiences. And as long as employers seek men and men seek work he will have his counterpart.

No Place to Go But North

AFTER graduation from the mechanical department of an Eastern university, he was employed as a draftsman by a large company manufacturing railway equipment. A year later he was transferred to the shops, where he was placed in charge of an assembling gang. His ready adaptability quickly carried him into time-study work, rate setting and cost accounting, with the result that he organized and was put in complete charge of the company's production department. This latter position he held for five years. He was thirty-four years of age when in the fall of 1920 the railway-supply business slowed up and finally came to a dead stop. In the weeks that followed he missed, one by one, familiar faces in the offices and the plant. He saw the purchasing department wiped out, and a month later the employment, welfare and housing bureaus among the missing.

Finally one bright spring morning what he had expected for months he found camping upon his desk blotter—a regretful, appreciative letter from the president of the company granting him thirty days' leave of absence with salary, during which time it was earnestly hoped he would be able to procure a position for which his unquestioned abilities qualified him.

He accepted the verdict with good feeling; it gave him no great concern. He felt he had a real vacation coming to him after twelve years of long hours and constantly increasing responsibilities. Therefore, instead of hunting a position immediately, he dedicated his days of grace to rest and relaxation. When these expired he set out confidently to find a position that would square with his industrial background and financial requirements. The first week was consumed in personal calls upon officials of companies engaged in similar or allied manufacture. These interviews netted him nothing more tangible than the information that all employers were trimming their sails and lightening ship in order to weather the storm. This, however, did not greatly disturb him, as it simply meant, he felt, that he would either have to go to another city where his training would land him a position or try his luck in a different line of manufacture in the local district.

He decided to storm the help-wanted columns of the local newspapers and to follow up every advertisement which had the earmarks of a position or offered a toe hold on a real job. During the two to three weeks devoted to this campaign he wrote a score of letters, most of them addressed to box numbers, hopefully outlining his business qualifications and such bits of particulars about himself as were requested by the firms that inserted the advertisements.

He received three replies acknowledging his applications and requesting him to call. He lost no time. One firm wished him to enroll in a one-month course in salesmanship under its Mr. Keen—twenty lessons, one hundred dollars—at the completion of which he could take his choice of territories in handling, on a commission basis, the company's indispensable line of household utensils. Their Mr. Keen, so they said, had only a few days before spurned a flattering offer from Charley Schwab to solve his sales problems. The other opportunities were stock selling on a very liberal commission basis—too liberal in fact for the buyer's safety and his own conscience.

Disillusioned, he packed his grip, drained his bank account to the carrying-charge limit and embarked on a tour of Middle West industrial centers. A month later he was back home, jobless, discouraged and with not even a rift in the clouds that enshrouded him.

Then, as so often happens to us when we have no place to go but north, a fellow traveler on the job trail gave him a lift and a word of encouragement:

"I stumbled into an opening this morning that you could fill to perfection if you can sell yourself to the man who has the final say. It's over at the old motor-truck plant. They want an A1 cost man and systematizer. I understand the banks have been carrying them for the past six months and they are due for a reorganization. Beat it down there as fast as you can and ask for the works manager. I didn't get his name, but I could tell from the questions he asked me that there's a real job waiting for the first man who has the stuff and can sell it."

About a week later I ran across the motor-truck official. I inquired if my friend had succeeded in landing the position; he had given me as a character reference.

"Yes, he got the job all right," he replied slowly, "but just between us girls, some of these mechanical engineering and technical institutions ought to run night schools to teach their students how to sell what they have in the back of their heads. It takes a diamond drill and dynamite to make most of them loosen up and lay their wares on the table. And when you have finally probed through and found what looks like the goods you are in the market for you have to use a suction pump to make most of them realize that though honesty and ability come first an employer likes to feel occasionally that he is getting a little extra thrown in.

"Take that chap, for example. He knew what the position was and he knew he could fill it; knew it as well as I did, which was something, for I had heard of his work through officials of the company he last worked for. And that was the only reason in the world I hired him: I felt sure he would fill the job and grow with it. But heaven help him if ever he tries for a position where he isn't known!"

Wanted It on a Platter

"AFTER I had drawn him out to the limit I explained the opening to him in detail. When I had finished I waited for him to make the next move. I wanted to see what initiative he had, for I always feel that if a man has an ounce of up-and-at-'em spirit he ought to show it to best advantage when he is looking for a position. Did he move? Not that fellow! It was two full minutes by the clock before I broke the silence.

"'Well, there's the situation.' More silence: not even a ripple.

"Finally he piped up, more, I think, to forestall embarrassment than to bring things to a showdown: 'Yes, that's the situation; how do you feel about it?'

"Now just get that," continued the official. "There was the job he wanted at his finger tips and he asked me how I felt about it. I looked at him open-mouthed. I was sore clean through. 'Just how bad do you want this job?' I snapped at him. 'Never wanted a job worse in my life,' he answered with a glimmer of surprise. 'Any job, or this particular one?' I asked. 'This one; this one you have been telling me about,' he replied.

"'And yet you sit there expecting me to hand it to you on a platter. You want me to sell it to you; is that the idea? Tell me this,' I went on: 'Did you put over your rate-setting program, your cost-accounting stuff and your production schedules on your last job by talking a little history, laying a typewritten statement on a table, agreeing that that's the situation, and then asking other department heads how they felt about them?'

"He was on the edge of his chair. 'Not while the lights were on,' he flared. 'I put them across by fighting for them.'

"'Exactly,' I shot at him; 'by selling what you believed in. That's the reason I have been sitting back here and waiting for you to register. I wanted to feel sure you had

(Continued on Page 88)

THE SILVER CORNET BAND

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

IF YOU care to go into the mathematics of the matter, you can easily be convinced that there are in these United States about a million old boys like myself who began life on the business end of a cornet or similar semi-musical contrivance. Such a fact may not be particularly impressive in itself, but if you delve a little deeper you will learn that the vast amount of energy thus directed has had a most important effect upon our civilization. Putting it bluntly, the band boys of America made America possible. I know that sounds like swanking, but wait a minute.

In my own case, playing the cornet saved my life. This, in turn, may strike you as a paradox, and in a way it is. Many a boy has been brought up on a brass musical instrument and has reached years of discretion only through the protection of Providence and the exercise of home-town charity, as exemplified by our next-door neighbor, Aaron Cass.

Aaron Cass came into my case because when I was eight years old I was badly injured in a playground episode. I emerged from one year's illness a candidate for the cemetery, and was, for safety's sake, connected with the mouthpiece of a side-keyed cornet. Whereupon I tooted industriously and side-stepped consumption.

We had a fine unfenced lawn and Aaron had several excessively healthy ponies for his boys to ride. One day when I was wrestling with scales and intervals the Cass ponies escaped from their corral and danced a quadrille on our lawn. Father called Neighbor Cass to account.

"What would you do, Mr. Cass," he queried in high sarcasm, "if your neighbor's boys' ponies cut up your lawn?"

Aaron Cass cocked his ear in my direction a moment, then calmly replied, "I'd buy my boy a cornet."

This retort rankled in our family bosom for a generation, for Aaron Cass did not divine the whole truth of the situation. The whole truth is that the home-town band is a necessary institution and has given us a musical America. The home-town band, especially in periods of preparation, may not be an unmixed blessing; but few communities could function completely without it. Hence it thrives today as it has never thrived before, though there may be murder in the hearts of mature citizens when the hopeful sounder of brass does his daily dozen for the benefit of the wide and wild world.

Playing in the Kid Band

EVEN I, who for twenty years conspired with my kind to increase the local vibrations, have to admit that when I am trying to compose a sonnet from a studio overlooking Gramercy Park, New York, and a vigorous trombonist across the way is struggling vainly with The Lost Chord, I have some difficulty in controlling my artistic temperament. But that simply shows that bandsmen we have always with us. For better or for worse, I accept the bandsmen, in city or country. This may be debatable taste. If I am biased it is probably because the cornet did save my life by building up my bellows, and it or its fellow band instruments have saved many lives in much the same way.

You see, I was so husky before my early injury that most of my parents' time was devoted to chasing and spanking me. In those days I yearned to be an engine hostler and haunted the railroad tracks when not being spanked. Then came the accident and illness from which I emerged a wraith-like candidate for the cemetery or the cornet. Father decided—more or less erroneously—upon the cornet as the lesser of two evils.

It required years of corneting to make me fit for the battle of life. I became a grotesquely gangling boy and the village cornet soloist but I lived! During my long upward climb to physical health I committed many crimes in the name of music, notably that of organizing and conducting the Rochelle Kid Band, so-called because of our tender years and innocence.

I Became a Grotesquely Gangling Boy and the Village Cornet Soloist—But I Lived!

At some stage of its development, every town, both great and small, has its kid band, and the townsfolk take a foolish pride in their infant instrumentalists. There are more kid bands at large today than in any earlier epoch; and there is a reason, as will presently be pointed out.

In our kid band we had phlegmatic Ed Cleveland on tuba, romantic Clint Hartong on barytone, taciturn George England on trombone, bucolic Johnny Bain and swarthy Wilbur McHenry on peck horns, or altos; pastoral Elmer Countryman, persistent Arthur Lazier, the clowning Lloyd Ingraham and myself on cornets; Fernando Palmer and Will Gage Carey on clarinets and handsome Willis Calkins and mute Clam Oyster on drums.

That was a pretty good-sized band for those days and that town.

Most of our inspiration came from the show bands that appeared in our midst with Ringling Brothers' Circus, Beach and Bowers' Minstrels or the Buchanan Comedy Company, Band and Orchestra. Our ambition was to play Capiscolas March, for it had a stunning unison passage for bass, barytone and trombone that made a tremendous flash on the street. All the show bands played it. But our bass, barytone and trombone could never quite get away with it, could never quite come out even.

There were two or three paramount reasons for our musical delinquencies. For one reason, we lacked financial support. There were just two remunerative engagements each year—the Fourth of July celebration and the agricultural fair. This is a rather broad statement, for, as in other small towns, patriotism waxed and waned in Rochelle.

The Perennial Petition

SOMETIMES the committee on the Fourth of July celebration fell down financially and there wasn't any money for the band. But the agricultural fair was a permanent institution as long as it lasted. Once we got as much as seventy-five dollars for a three days' engagement. We made all our annual plans for this event, practicing persistently during the spring and summer, then laying off in a dormant condition after the fair had gone and fall was upon us. There was another pretty regular engagement, on Decoration Day, but we rarely got real money for that. Bill Akerson's G. A. R. Fife and Drum Corps contributed its talents to the success of the Decoration Day parade, and the band boys were expected to do likewise.

This Decoration Day contribution was a judgment upon us. When we emerged from our winter cocoons we were musically and financially ragged. And we usually celebrated the advent of spring by circulating a paper to which the patriotic merchants and wealthy citizenry affixed their names opposite various amounts pledged to buy new uniforms and music for the band. Once in a blue moon the reluctant profligacy of these prominent citizens permitted us to engage a professional teacher. But his tenure of office was brief. For the most part—oh, terrible thought!—we taught ourselves.

And yet somehow our band held together year after year, sometimes with red coats and caps and white pants for uniforms and sometimes with all-blue uniforms. The bass drum and tuba belonged to the public at large. The other instruments were individually owned, and a jolly good time we had trying to tune up too.

In time the Rochelle Kid Band grew up into the Rochelle Cornet Band. Clarinet players were hard to keep in captivity in those small-town bands. They were apt to be flighty. Fernando Palmer, who played a yellow clarinet, was train butcher on the C. B. & Q. R. R. between Aurora and Rochelle and a perfect devil for the ladies; Will Gage Carey, who played a black clarinet, was a poet. They were exceedingly difficult for the disciplinarian. Hence the cornet ranked as the real leading instrument. Hence, also, when

(Continued on Page 113)

That Was a Pretty Good-Sized Band for Those Days and That Town

THE FALLING BEAN

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

The Stranger Looked Up and Then Down Before Answering. "Well, Perhaps," He Said. "The Time is Short, and the Matter is Very Urgent"

IT WAS the end of October, 1918. The huge national publicity drive, which was to end the Great War, was on—the drive for the conservation of the bean. On every wall, in every newspaper, upon every tongue was the slogan: Beans for Our Boys. Six million school children were working every evening on their national prize essays on The Message of the Bean. Beautiful artists' models of every type were seen on every billboard, bending tenderly over flowering beans. Upon every woman's page in the press appeared the model menus for beanless days.

In the darkening office of Ben Bumpus Boone, the great Southwestern publicity senator, in the white Senate Office Building, his confidential publicity secretary, John Bunyan Jones, was at his typewriter alone, busy again, trying to crack out in three lines the sentiment which was to present, with brevity and pep, the main essence of the call for increased acreage and national conservation of the bean:

> Napoleon said: "An army moves upon its stomach!"
> Foch says: "War without beans is inconceivable!"
> America answers: "Beans for our boys!"

It was late—after hours. He was entirely alone. Around him, as he wrote, the electric typewriters for Senator Boone's personal publicity stunts stood silent. But he toiled on, knowing that the heart of his principal was in his work.

One of the ablest of the radical or free-publicity senators, alert and close to the inner policies of the war, Ben Bumpus Boone not only was himself the acknowledged leader of the shouting Western school of free publicity at the capital, but cooperated to the full in every way with the great and wonderful publicity and propaganda machinery of the Government. He stood very high indeed with all the publicity agencies and agents in Washington, both as a friend, informant and a publicity maker; so much so that he was not infrequently mentioned as a future possibility for the presidency.

And now, in this last great cause, he was more than anxious to assist. For he was a leader not alone in conservation and increased bean acreage, but in the proposed government guaranty of bean prices, in which his admirers and constituents in the great winter-bean belt of the West and Southwest were so interested.

His secretary for publicity, Mr. Jones, a small gray-faced young man with a sharp nose and somewhat slippery eyes, pulled his copy from his machine to start it over again. The argument was all there, but the phrasing did not suit him. He could see that it was still far from a finished piece of work.

At this time, just as he was restarting, his desk telephone rang. He answered in a habitually low and hoarsely whispering voice, "Hullo."

A low voice answered it. "This is Q. V. 3."

He saw now who it must be. It was that voice, that whisper that had come so often in the past; the voice of that secret intelligence service operator that he had so often blown to lunch.

"Yes," he said, and listened eagerly.

The whisper at the telephone had the rhythm of one reading. "General Order 17,263. Cease buying beans!" it said, and stopped, interrupted

For Mr. Jones, the confidential publicity secretary, had reared from his chair, carrying the telephone with him.

"No!" he called loudly into it. "It is impossible!"

"It is true," reaffirmed the secret, almost solemn voice upon the telephone. "The United States War Department has ceased buying beans."

"But the delegation has just left for Mongolia to buy up the soy-bean crop of 1919 and 1920 from Asia. The bean production in Patagonia and the Argentine has just been contracted for until 1926!"

"That is all true. But, nevertheless, the orders are now distinctly, cease buying beans. I will read them to you."

He did so. At the end of the reading there was a stillness, a waiting.

"When—when will that order be issued?" asked Mr. Jones eagerly.

"It will be several days yet."

"And am I ——"

"You are the only one that knows," said the voice, anticipating his question.

"You know what that means!" said John Bunyan Jones hoarsely.

"I do—and you do!" said the still small voice at the end of the wire.

Mr. Jones suddenly sat down, disconnected, alone in the gathering twilight in the high office. For the speaker, the Q. V. 3 of the secret intelligence office, had hung up his receiver and gone away.

The confidential secretary of Senator Boone sat in the blue autumn dusk, slumped down in his desk chair, in deep thought, clutching absently his long sharp nose.

"Cease buying beans!" he muttered.

The tremendous significance of that confidential information for the moment overwhelmed him. There was no possible escape from it. If the United States War Department had taken that step—had actually ceased buying beans—the war most certainly was over!

Suddenly starting up, John Bunyan Jones snapped on the overhead electric light, snatched again the sheet of copy he had been producing and on its back, as a memorandum, made rapidly a series of calculations—in dollars, fractions and percentages.

Then firmly grasping the telephone he called the private number he desired. The business hours were over—in both the bean and the stock exchanges; but he never, as a matter of fact, made his aunt's orders in those hours, but always later, around this time, over the personal telephone of his broker.

The voice that he expected answered.

"Mrs. John Jared Jones speaking!" said John Bunyan Jones softly.

"Yes," came back the voice of equal softness.

"Sell short beans—ten thousand tons!"

The hoarse and excited exclamation at the other end interrupted him.

"At the opening," he continued, when it was again still. "And all the granger rails—the bean carriers especially!" he said, and named the stocks and the amounts.

"Is it true? Is your tip reliable? Are you certain?" came back the hoarse whisper.

"Absolutely. You may depend upon it. The War Department has ceased buying beans."

The harsh exclamation which came back was in part a groan, in part an exclamation of excited hope—the rare wild cry of a man who has had two hundred thousand dollars handed to him.

"But not a word. Not a word. It may not be out—for days yet," continued Mr. Jones. "And then, of course, it will be confidential. Until then ——"

"Until then!" said the other speaker—and was still.

The telephone once more disconnected, the publicity secretary sat in thought—uneasy with the great responsibility and excitement. And yet he knew he had done all that he should do.

"I won't tell the old man about it tonight—on the telephone!" he said to himself. "I'll wait and tell him in the morning."

For, of course, the less telephoning, always, the better—especially in a case like this, when a nation's future was involved.

II

IT WAS the lunch hour again in the national capital. In the accustomed restaurant, the Rendezvous, the press agents—both national and special—lingered and chatted gayly over their luncheon; but none more happily and eagerly than those at the table of Benmore Hooper—that most imaginative and sensative of government press agents—whose work had been so notable in the publicity success of those departments with which he had been connected.

The poets and magazine men and short-haired lady writers upon his staff, who sat around him at his table, were never gayer than today.

The propaganda of the bean, put over so largely by them, had gone straight to the hearts of the entire American people. And naturally all were exhilarated by the campaign's success.

"Congratulations in the highest, chief!" said Don Doncaster, the magazine man.

"Even so," said another, who had been a theological student.

"Isn't it goo-ood—goo-ood—the way it has gone everywhere?" said the oldest lady publicist cooingly.

"Excruciating! Excruciatingly exhilarating," said the poet, John Leland Lilly, who was also something of a wag.

"Like wildfire in an oil well," exclaimed Don Doncaster, the hardy magazine correspondent.

"Excruciating—absolutely!" said the waggish poet.

The youngest and shortest-haired and most attractive lady publicist, who sat next to her chief, was roguishly feeding him ice cream from her own spoon, on a dare, giggling shyly as she did so. But the talented publicity agent responded only absently to her girlish friendliness, thinking his own thoughts—of the last two days' unaccountable softness in the bean market; reverting every now and then to the paragraphs of the press agents of the bean and stock market houses upon the financial pages of his paper:

Our advices are that beans are going lower. Sell beans on all advances; make no commitments on the long side of the bean carriers. The bear drive against beans has not yet touched bottom. JOHN HENRY CLEANOUT & CO.

We look for a stronger market in beans. The bear pools in both beans and the bean carriers have, in our opinion, done their worst. Buy beans confidently from now on; and the bean carriers on all recessions. Within thirty days we prophesy the strongest bean market of the war.—SPINGLER & SPANKS.

It is our belief that the reaction in the bean market of the past few days is utterly unwarranted. It takes no account of the ravages of the bean weevil in Oklahoma, or the unseasonable dryness in the winter bean belt, which we called attention to on the sixteenth. Beans will certainly go higher. In the bean carriers more discretion should be used. Operating expenses are growing by leaps and bounds under government ownership. For the long pull we are against the bean carriers. Our advice is buy beans. Sell the bean carriers on all bulges.—SWATHEIMER & PYLEMORE.

Reading this, the talented government publicity leader had no more sense of certainty than before. What, if anything, did they mean, these publicity agents of the bean and stock houses? He left them, as always, with a mind unsatisfied. He was gloomy, full of forebodings these last few days, not only personally for his own work but for the future of his departmental organizations.

He glanced uneasily about the Rendezvous at the national press agents, only mechanically eating from the spoon of his companion when his turn came. Around him, all cheery and eating, sat the press agents of the Government—the general publicity chief, with his larger staff, at their table; the special departmental staffs, the haughty publicity aids of the great publicity cabinet members, the lordly military publicity colonels and commodores of the war and navy departments; the private free-lances, the professional advisers and tipsters of business and stock houses and the great national corporations. All the great specialists, developed in the national capital by the huge publicity activity during the war.

As he looked about the noisy smoky room he saw at last the man that he was seeking, the chief bean and stock-market tipster of Washington, J. Rush Lewis—a fleshy blond, with an ever-ready smile and smooth back-brushed hair, thinning at the top. He seemed to be flushed, excited—apparently with something on his mind, as well as on his lip. As Benmore Hooper looked across, he winked and beckoned secretively at him.

"I'll meet you later at the office," said Mr. Hooper to his staff, for it was now 2:30. And disregarding the last spoonful of the mutual ice cream he arose and left his own group, to pass to the side of the signaler.

"What's on in the bean market with the bean carriers?" asked Benmore Hooper in a low harsh whisper.

The other, looking about, answered him cautiously, out of the corner of his mouth. "Will you keep it—absolutely? Cross your heart?"

"I will," said Benmore Hooper seriously.

"The aunt of the secretary of Ben Bumpus Boone is selling short."

"What!" cried Benmore Hooper, starting from his chair.

"Ten thousand tons," said the other, murmuring from the corner of his mouth; and sat, his face completely purged again of all emotion.

"But you know what that means."

"I do. Absolutely."

"It means only one thing!"

"One thing only," the still, flushed face confirmed him, with the emotionless, professionally enigmatic face of the tipster. "Especially when you know his inside information. The War Department has ceased buying beans."

It seemed impossible, looking about the room! All these merry folk, all these war publicity agents of the Government, happy, satisfied, contented in their great work for their country. And in a month or three months, or six months at the most, all would be gone from here—needed no longer, now that the war was done!

(Continued on Page 54)

"Foch Says—War Without Beans is Inconceivable! America Answers—Beans for Our Boys!"

THE TASTE OF THE THUMPER

By H. M. Sutherland

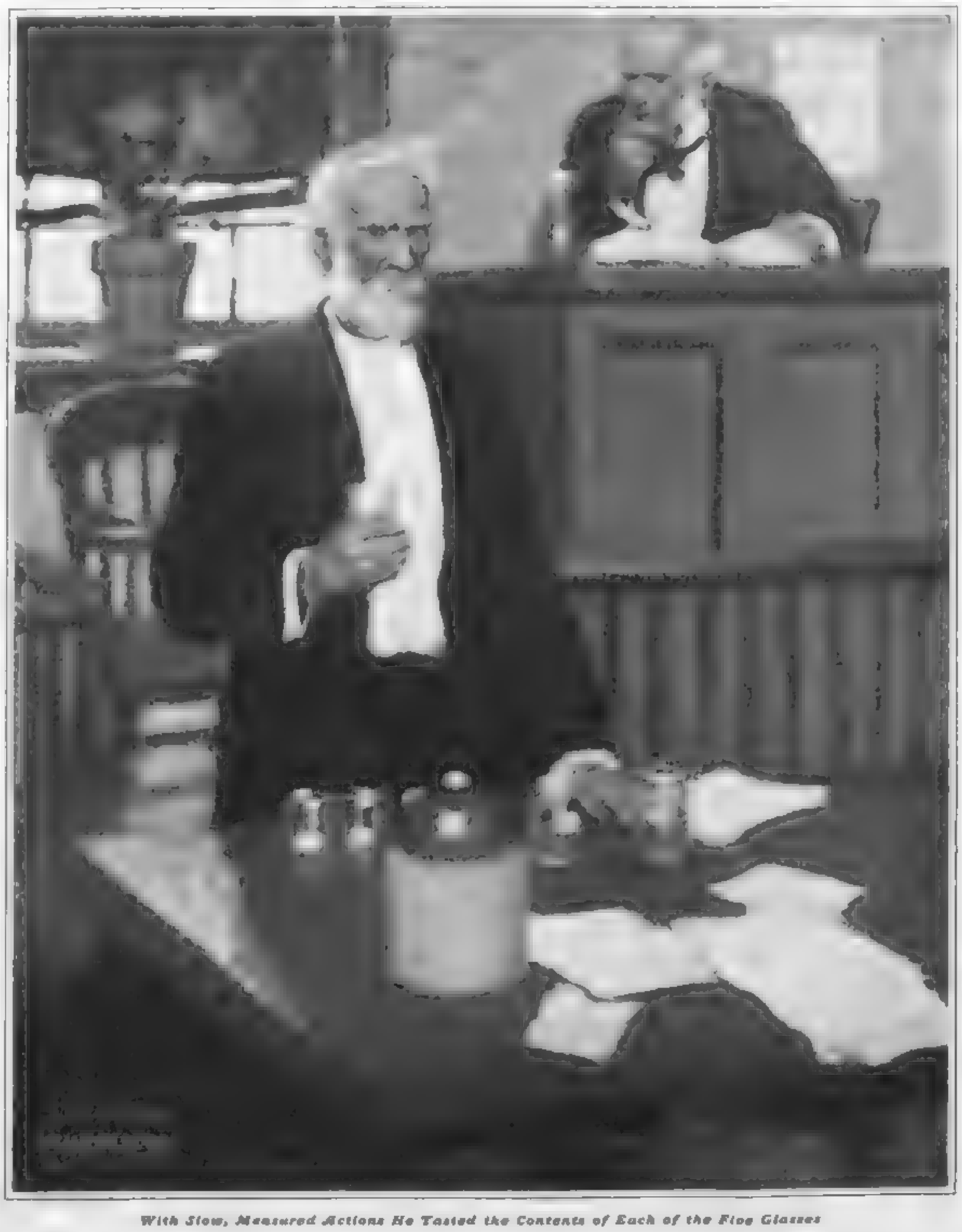
ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"THE beech tree's shakin' ag'in." Through those mysterious underground channels of the Cumberlands, on both the Kentucky and Virginia sides of the line, that rumor spread quietly; and the echoes of it were heard even down in the foothills, where nestled several sleepy villages and an occasional noisy mining camp. Translated, "the shaking beech tree" announced that the Yaunces, Old Jake and his nephew Keenas, had returned to the hills and that moonshine with a clear, ridin' head and mellow flavor could be bought under certain conditions beneath a beech tree at the left of Indian Gap.

Slightly more than a year previously the Yaunces had fled across the state line, and on the day following their flight a squad of revenuers had descended upon the old still site to find nothing but dead ashes and a smoke-blackened rock furnace. But with the Yaunces' return to their old haunts the beech tree on top of the mountain had once more become the scene of unwonted activity

The appearance of the two Yaunces would not have caused more than ordinary comment among the hillmen had they not brought with them an innovation—the thumper still, they called it—a method by which the old double-distilling process was converted into a continuous run by means of a wooden thumper keg suspended between the boiler and the condenser. Straightway the Yaunce still site on the head of Buck Antler Creek became the Mecca for scores of bearded pilgrims.

Among the most persistent of these was Uncle Bead Sparr, patriarchal clansman and distant relative and lifelong friend of Old Jake Yaunce. Honest, hospitable and quaintly humorous, he was known and respected as a leader among his people. Moreover, he had made moonshine in past years, and his decision as to the merits of good likker an' bad had long been the final test. Once while a witness in a trial at the county seat he had been dubbed by a facetious attorney "the patron saint of moonshiners," and in town they still called him Saint Bead.



With Slow, Measured Actions He Tasted the Contents of Each of the Five Glasses

In an extremely skeptical frame of mind, he sat on the end of a log beside the boiler and watched young Keenas pour singlin's through a funnel into the thumper keg. This done, the youthful moonshiner held a small vial under the mouth of the worm until he had caught approximately an inch of the clear white liquid. Then he shook it vigorously for an instant and held it between him and the sky line for a critical glance. Apparently satisfied, he set it down on a box and began singing in a queer haunting tone an old English ballad of the sixteenth century, handed down through many generations. Something in the weird mellifluousness of his voice echoed the loneliness of the very mountains about him:

Lord Thomas, he courted Lady Eleanor fair,
Intendin' to make her his bride;
In one little thing they couldn't agree,
Which cost them both their lives.

"If I'm no man fo' you," says he,
"Then you're no gal fo' me;
In a very, very few mo' days
My weddin' you will see."

He glanced up to meet a stern look of disapproval on Uncle Bead's face, and he ended his song with a short laugh.

"What's the matter, Uncle Bead?" he demanded. "You must have got up on the wrong side of the bed this mo'nin'. You're plumb grumpy."

"That singin' is onnecessary an' downright dangerous," asserted the old man testily. "Ye could hear it a mile if ye'd listen sharp."

"No fear! Thar's a man or two on the lookout."

The old hillman grunted approval of that arrangement and dropped into a thoughtful study of the fotched-on way of makin' likker.

"That thing's poundin' ag'in." He pointed an accusing gnarled finger at the thumper keg, which had begun to throb steadily. "Why don't ye throw her away an' make likker like it ort to be made?"

For reply Keenas pulled several blazing fagots from the furnace and broke into song again:

Lady Eleanor was buried in the ol' churchyard,
Lord Thomas was buried down by her;
Outta her breast a red rose sprung,
An' outta his a brier.

At a warning whistle from Uncle Bead the youth abruptly ceased his lugubrious song and, cat-footed, sprang to the roots of a near-by tree. He caught up a repeating rifle and peered intently down the hill toward a blanket of hazel bushes which spread across the tiny ravine.

"Don't shoot!" came a laughing voice from the covert. "I'm no revenuer."

"Hit's that lawyer from town," said Keenas, laughing in a relieved tone

He replaced his gun against the tree and returned to his work without giving the thicket any further attention. Uncle Bead had half risen from his log and was prepared to make a break for the bushes perchance it was a raid—but on hearing the voice he sank back, his eyes twinkling with silent laughter An instant later a man stepped through the fringe of shrubbery and came toward the still. He was young, apparently not more than thirty, lean and gawky, but possessed of a certain air of shrewd intelligence and efficiency, and an infectious crooked grin that seemed to be fashioned for the express purpose of making friends.

"Howdy, Halliday!" The old hillman advanced several steps toward the visitor, reaching out his hand in greeting. "How'd ye ever find us hyar?"

"Some of the boys told me I could find Uncle Jake here," replied the other, glancing about the still site. "Where is he?"

"On lookout. I'll call him."

Young Keenas picked up his rifle and ejected the cartridge from the breech. Then he raised the barrel to his mouth and, pursing his lips like a bugler, he blew two long mellow blasts, similar to the call of a fox hunter's horn and possessing extraordinary carrying power. The echoes reverberated along the crags of the surrounding mountain peaks.

"I've heard of that gun-barrel signal system," declared the visitor, "but that's the first time I ever saw it in action. Can they really understand each other?" The question was directed at the old man.

"Wall, the boys gener'ly git a fair idee of what's goin' on," answered the old man, wrinkling his face quizzically. "Don't know as ye could give one of yo' political speeches that way, but ye can hear some plumb interestin' things sometimes." He shot a searching glance into the foliage on the hillside above them, where his ears, attuned to forest sounds which would escape the average man, had caught the faint crack of a dried twig. "Thar's Old Jake. He must've seen ye as ye come up the creek an' follered ye."

A grizzled mountaineer, tall, gaunt and powerful, an almost exact replica of Uncle Bead, came noiselessly nearer and greeted the young lawyer with a friendliness that bespoke its long standing.

In the crook of his left arm he carried a long-barreled rifle, and its polished barrel and glistening stock showed that its owner thought well of it.

"I seen ye comin'," he declared, shaking the young man's hand warmly, "an' I wondered what ye was doin' hyar. Ye hadn't ort to do it. If we got raided, whar'd we git a lawyer?" He laughed in evident appreciation of his humor and then his face straightened soberly. "What brought ye hyar?"

"I'm afraid it isn't very good news, Uncle Jake. In fact it may be rather bad, but I was riding through and I thought I'd let you know."

"Spit it out, son!" Uncle Jake scratched his head in perplexity.

"You've been indicted by the grand jury for shaking the beech tree."

"Huh!" Uncle Jake's eyes narrowed and his gray-streaked beard seemed fairly to bristle in anger. "Who done it?"

"I'm not absolutely certain," replied Halliday; "but I saw a man in town a couple of days ago—a man who lives somewhere near here and sometimes goes to your house. I didn't see the indictment, but I overheard the clerk and a deputy sheriff talking last night and ——"

"Jase Wood'ard!" exploded Uncle Jake with an oath. "I'll bet my hat on it! I ain't never trusted that mangy son of a gun."

"I thought I'd sort of prepare you," continued Halliday. "The deputy expected to come over in this section today or tomorrow."

"Let him come," growled the hillman. "I ain't runnin'. They can't prove nothin'. An' I'm feein' ye right now"

"Of course," nodded Halliday. "You know ——"

"What evidence have they got?" Uncle Bead had remained silent as long as possible. "How'd they make that indictment? Jase ain't never had 'nough money to buy any"

"Judging from what the clerk said, this Woodward scratched some crosses on the bottom of all the jugs at your house two or three weeks ago. Then a revenuer gave him eight dollars to buy a gallon. He put the money on the rock under that beech tree and got back one of his marked jugs."

"The sneakin' houn' dog!" Uncle Jake's hand closed about the grip of his rifle until the knuckles showed white through the roughened skin.

"Any of them jugs left at home now, Jake?" quietly asked Uncle Bead.

"Nigh about all of 'eth, I reckon." Uncle Jake eyed his old friend questioningly.

"Did they come from Gabe Turner's store?"

"Shore! Shore!" The light of understanding began to dawn over Old Jake's face. A myriad of fine wrinkles appeared about the corners of his eyes and he brought his hand down across Uncle Bead's back with a resounding thwack. "Bead, ye ort to 'a' been a lawyer," he declared admiringly

"He would have made a good one," interjected Halliday hurriedly. "But don't tell me any more now. I think I know what you're driving at, but my professional conscience won't let me take a part in it. However, I'm not going to worry about the outcome of that trial. You two have crawled out of too many tight places before this for me to have any fears about you."

Old Jake strode across the intervening space and the light of laughter still lingered in his eyes, but the grip of his hand and the tone of his voice told Halliday that the grizzled old hillman was speaking from his heart.

"Son, it's mighty good of ye to come an' warn me—yo' takin' chances like that an' goin' to all this trouble. I ain't goin' to fo'git."

"And I'm not forgetting the chances you and Uncle Bead took when you loaned me that money without any security. You saved me from a rotten hole."

"Shore, boy, we wan't takin' no chances. Yo' face is all the security ye need in these parts." He turned abruptly to young Keenas, who was busy rinsing out the thumper. "How's she workin' this mornin'?" Without waiting for a reply, he caught up a small flask and held it under the worm. When he had caught the required amount, he shook the bottle with practiced hand and studied the contents closely.

"'Bout turned singlin's." He shook his head and poured the contents of the flask into the wooden pail under the condenser. "Better back 'em in the thumper."

Halliday came forward and stood beside him, eying the outfit critically.

"I've seen a number of stills, Uncle Jake," he said uncertainly, "but never one like that. What's the idea of this keg, which I believe you just called a thumper?"

"That's a de-vice—a labor-savin' de-vice," replied the old moonshiner sententiously. "Makes the ol' double-distillin' way onnecessary. All ye've got to do is to watch her, an' when she weakens down to singlin's pour 'em back in the thumper an' she turns out continuous likker. An' she's as fine stuff as ye ever tasted too"

He picked up a tin cup and half filled it from a near-by jug. Halliday took a couple of sips and apparently found it to his liking

"It tastes all right to me. I'd call it good."

"It's good if ye're comparin' it to this red-ivy an'-sugar likker," said Uncle Bead querulously "It's too fiery ain't got that mellow, lastin' flavor when ye make her as she ort to be made."

"Don't mind what he says" Old Jake chuckled dryly. "He's jest jealous 'cause that thar still can make moonshine faster than any two stills he ever owned. An' she's better likker, too, if he'd admit it."

"It's good potash fo' to make hominy," returned Uncle Bead warmly. "But it peels yo' tongue. No good to temper it with singlin's; it jest natur'ly don't taste right no matter what ye do to it."

"But it tastes pretty good to me."

Halliday was apparently enjoying the argument, which was growing heated. More than once he had heard these old cronies clash. When they met a debate was inevitable

"That's 'cause ye ain't never tasted no real stuff." Uncle Bead spit viciously into the fire. "They quit makin' it ten year ago an' went to 'stillin' cloudy pizen. It ort to be a penitentiary offense to make likker like that."

Old Jake winked broadly at Halliday and refilled the cup

"Old Bead, thar, claims to have the best taster fo' corn likker in these mountains—says he can come in three months of tellin' the age by takin' jest a sip." He turned toward Uncle Bead and handed the cup to him. "'Take a swig, Bead, so thar won't be no hard feelin's, then I'll tell ye what I'll do." (Continued on Page 63)

"Let Him Come," Growled the Hillman. "I Ain't Runnin'. They Can't Prove Nothin'. An' I'm Feein' Ye Right Now." "Of Course," Nodded Halliday. "You Know ——"

SLIDE, BRAINS, SLIDE!

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Do I Look Like a Touch?" Yelps Hurley

I GUESS even better Gunga Dins than I am would 'a' fallen for Glib Hurley's spring line of words and gestures, so I ain't apologizing none for what happens to me in this yarn, especial after it quits the wide-open pages and gets to playing around with tires, talcum and other cash customers in back of the book.

They never was a slicker tomtit than him. Nearly any eel-in-oil talker with spats, finger nails that ain't in mourning, and a fountain pen that'll fount when, as and if needed, can peddle even rain clouds in Seattle by whooping up the silver lining and shush-hushing the tip to the come-ins that it was gonna be put on a gold basis at the next directors' meeting; but nothing like that for Glib. His specialty was making you want in on a thing on the account of it not being no good, and him telling you right out it wasn't.

Know what I mean? Like this: Hurley'd sad-spiel to you about a scheme that everybody'd gone broke on, but he'd do it in such a way that, at the finish, he'd have you with your thumbs in the sleeve holes of your weskit, bragging that you could put it over if you only had a chance. Only! On the square, I believe that bobo could take a lad suffering from sore feet and the where-to-go and get him to human-fly up the smooth side of a fourteen-story building on a wet night just by telling him what the last feller that done it looked like in the bucket they toted him away in.

I used to know Glib pretty good in them soft-artery days when I fooled around with sports. He was a sorta promoter then, rigging up wrestling matches, dog races, box fights—anything that'd make a honest dollar turn over, though I don't remember him ever being rude enough to ask dough personal questions. After I comes East I lost tracks of Hurley, and when I does finally run into him again he's so deep disguised in a bay window, triple chin and hairless hat rest that I has trouble giving him a tumble.

"What you doing, Dink?" he inquires, after we goes through with the usual "Well, well, if it ain't ——" prelims.

"I'm retired," I tells him.

"On what?" asks Glib.

"On the fruits of my toils," I answers; "and they ain't enough of 'em in the orchard, bo, for me to get sassy with no door wolfs, neither," I finishes, significant.

"Do I look like a touch?" yelps Hurley.

"No," says I, "but you is got that kinda sad slant in your eyes I seen last when you talked Old Jerry McCandless into taking a piece of that ——"

"Don't worry," cuts in Glib. "I ain't gonna ask you to take a piece of nothing. I wouldn't even soak my worstest enemy with part of what I got now."

"What you got?" I asks. "A scheme for matching Australian and American raindrops in a windowpane race?"

"All that stuff," comes back Hurley, "is in the dim and distant past. You musta retired some place where they ain't even no newspapers. Ain't you read nothing about me?"

"I can't keep up with alla these investigations," I tells him.

"I ain't in no investigations," growls Glib; "but at that they oughta get a committee of aliens to look into my head. Didn't you know I was a baseball magnet?"

"Do tell!" I exclaims. "You got a regular team with bats and everything?"

"Well," says Hurley, "they got bats, but if business doesn't perk up some this season we'll have to play without 'em. I got at least six birds on the pay sheet that could go to the plate without missing 'em. Swinging the willow's just dumb-bell exercise for those boys."

"Funny," I remarks, "I ain't heard about you. Baseball, like you knows, is like manana in the desert to me. I can't hardly wait till the season opens and ——"

"Ever hear of the Brigands," interrupts Hurley, "in the Valley League?"

"I sure has," I answers. "You running that layout?"

"I'm it," admits Glib, "with the accent on the it."

"That's right," says I. "A guy named Hurley does own that team. How was I supposed to know that Pat Hurley and Glib Hurley was one and the same?"

"They may be one," returns Baldy, mournful, "but they ain't nothing like the same."

"Where's the difference?" I inquires. "You was on the same team when I knew you out West, only they spelt it with a small *b*. Where'd you get the capital for the capital?"

"From the toil of my fruits," snaps Glib. "Where'd you think?"

"Never mind," says I, soothing. "Anyways, I ain't really got no evidence. Tell me about them Brigands. How long you had 'em?"

"Not yet," answers Hurley, "but they've had me for three years. I bought the team from the McGuiness estate when Red Mac's buzz-cart just missed missing a tree by a coupla inches and ——"

"I remember when he was bumped off," I cuts in. "It seems to me I read in the papers his Valley franchise was knocked down for a song."

"Song, eh?" scowls Glib. "It maybe was a song to them sport writers, but it was a whole roll of notes to me—the kind you play on a payer-piano. I had a fist of fifty grand when I started talking turk to the McGuiness mouthpiece, but after I got done making the first payment I threw away the elastic band. I ain't had no use for one since."

"You musta lost your cunning, feller," says I. "In the old days you'd 'a' gone into that lawyer's office with nothing and come out with the franchise, a deed to the lot Red Mac's buried in, and the jury badger's desk blotter."

"Maybe," returns Hurley, "but I'm gonna work a dirty trick on him and get even."

"How?" I asks.

"I still owe ten thou on the Brigs," explains Glib, "and he expects me to come in with it this week. I'm gonna give him the team instead—the whole smear, including three charley-horses, a half a dozen glass arms, a set of water buckets all dented by batters stepping into 'em, and a mascot that's brung us a lotta luck. Nobody ain't been able to budge us outta eighth place since we had him. He's got the measles right now, but I wouldn't even hold them out on the McGuiness whereas."

"You mean to tell me," says I, "that you'd junk a deal you'd sunk fifty thousand brow-sweats into on the account of a piffling ten thousand?"

"Piffling!" shouts Hurley. "Where was you brung up—in a mint? Is that the way they teached you to talk to silk-hat money? As a matter of facts, boy, I'm in the nut for nearly seventy thousand with the Brigands, but I'm ready to kiss it bad-by, just charging them three years off to profitless loss. I ain't gonna send no more good dough out to get drowned in red ink."

Glib really looks so down on his mouth that I feels sorry for him and tries to put a fresh coat of paint on his outlook.

"I wouldn't quit just yet if I was you," I tells him. "The way things stack now it oughta be a big year in baseball and all other kinda business. Ain't you read in the papes what Charley Schwab hadda say the other day about how swell things looked to him. Cheerio, old-timer."

"It can't be did," says Hurley. "You can't cheer and owe at the same time. I'm ——"

"Listen here," I cuts in. "You own the whole team by yourselfs?"

"That's the charge in the true bills I been getting," answers Glib. "Why?"

"Can't you peddle a part interest in the layout to some fish?" I inquires. "Even if you has to slip him a fifty-fifty nick of the net for ten grand, you wouldn't be so bad off, seeing that you is figuring on dumping the works. You might just get the breaks this season and finish up with enough piasters to buy a police dog for every policeman in America."

"Nope," replied Hurley. "After you and me split in the old days I looked around, and what do you think I found?"

"A hand on your shoulder," I guesses.

"A conscience, feller," returns Glib. "They ain't a Chink's chance of them Brigands ever paying out, and it'd be just like lead-piping a lad's dough away from him to sell him a cut of the cake. If anybody was to offer me ten thousand smackers right now, cash cush, I wouldn't take it."

"I'd never forgive myselfs, neither, if I tempted you," says I; "but what's the matter with that team of yourn? I thought the Valley League was a winner. Ain't none of them other magnets making no mazuma?"

"That's the funny ha-ha part of it," answers Hurley. "All the rest of 'em is cleaning sweet. Even the Kangaroos, that almost run us outta the cellar, wrote down thirty thousand with black ink at the end of last season."

"If them's the cases," I tells him, "you must have a camembert manager or the guy that's handling the gate for you ain't allowing you the usual owner's percentage of the take-in. Which is it?"

"Neither of both," comes back Glib, "seeing as I'm the manager myselfs and also looks after the do-re-mi end of the crime. No, the trouble with the Brigands started before I wished 'em on myself. Red Mac wasn't nothing but an ivory trader, polishing up tusks for the big-time market. Just as soon as one of his bushers'd get good enough to foul off a couple he'd peddle him. He even swapped the bat boy to Glish of the Bobcats for a hunting dog. The fans got so they'd pitch in and buy a traveling bag right away for any Brigand that'd hit a home run or figure in a snappy double play. They knew he was on his way. You can imagine what was left when I got into a row with my good sense and bought the layout, and also where the Brigands stood with the patrons of the game. One day when we was playing the Kangaroos they was eighty-three birds in the stands, eight less than the number of Annie Oakleys I'd given away."

"It's a saddish story, maty," says I, "but ain't you been able to do nothing in three years toward raising the wreck?"

"Not hardly none," replies Hurley. "The other fellers had more dough'n me to bag the classy bush babies with. Nobody else could 'a' done any better'n me neither."

The Boy Picks 'Em Up and Plops 'Em Down Toward Second Without Hesitating at the Turn No More'n the Century Does for a Bee on the Track

They Walks to the Plate With All the Enthusiasms of a Kid Edging Toward a Spoonful of Castor Oil

"Bah and a coupla sneers," says I. "The trouble is you don't know no more about running a ball team than I does about the nesting habits of the Argentine gimple-wiffel."

"I suppose," yelps Glib, "you could take them flat-heels of mine and run 'em into a shoe factory."

"Maybe not quite," I shoots back, "but any time I sits in a eight-handed poker game and they is seven winners I can fix it to be one of 'em."

"How'd you like to try?" asks Hurley, with a jeer, that famous jeer of hisn that's launched a thousand checks. I should 'a' got wise right then, but I'm a baseball nut and I loses all sense of propositions when I'm talking it.

"I would," says I, prompt. "Will you give me a half interest and let me run the team for ten thousand berries?"

"Nope," answers Glib, with a kind smile. "Even if you was a stranger I wouldn't let you hook yourselfs into a mess where you is only got three chances, one of 'em of losing money ——"

"And the other two?" I interrupts.

"Of losing more," he answers. "Let's talk about something else. How's the wife? Still got the same one?"

"Stick to the subjects, bo," I urges. "Gimme a piece of the Brigands and I'll show you ——"

"No," cuts in Hurley, stern. "Want that frau of yourn to take in washing?"

"Listen here," I goes on. "Them ten thousand iron men ain't gonna ruin me. I'm kinda tired loafing around, and I've always had a yen for handling a ball team."

"No," repeats Glib.

"Come on," I begs. "Be a good feller and lemme get in. I'll consider it a great favor"

"Well," says he, "if you puts it that way I guess I'll ——"

"You're on?" I asks, excited.

"You're in," answers Hurley.

II

IN A FEW days we is got the deal fixed up and I goes down with Hurley to look over the Brigands. I ain't ready yet to spring the news on the pay roll that the new marster has arrove, so we sits in the grand stand. I've seen bigger crowds in a phone booth.

The season's only a week old, but from the way our cuckoos play you'd imagine they'd been working in extra-inning double headers on the equator for eleven years straight without a day off. I never seen such a gang of lead-hoofs and sag-arms.

They walks to the plate with all the enthusiasms of a kid edging toward a spoonful of castor oil, swings at the ball like guys with a complication of hookworm, spring fever and I-don't-give-a-damn, and runs bases, when forced on 'em, as if they was parading in back of a hearse.

"Peppy bunch," I remarks.

"You should 'a' seen 'em at the tail end of last season," grins Glib.

"What'd they do," I inquires, "carry hammocks around the bases with 'em? Hey," I yelps sudden, "look at that flat-head stealing second with a man on!"

"That's Glimick," explains Hurley, "the field captain. He sorta runs the team for me."

"How much did you say you lost last year?" I asks.

"Fifteen thousand," returns Glib, "in the hole."

"In the hole, nothing!" I barks. "You could lose fifty thousand with that mob of raggers, and still be ahead of the game."

"How do you mean, ahead?" inquires Hurley.

"The fans here ain't lynched you yet, has they?" I snaps back. "If I couldn't get together a better ——"

"You got your chance," skids in Glib. "Them's your boys out there. Let's see what you can do with 'em. Try and make 'em play snappy."

"I ain't gonna," says I. "I'm gonna ask waivers on the whole layout tonight, including the groundkeeper. I might keep that lad on third. He's the only one in the whole smear that's willing to stoop for a ball, even if he don't stop none. Who is he?"

"That's Crane," answers Hurley, kinda nervous. "He goes to the Bobcats at the end of the week"

"Who," I wants to know, "is you getting for him? Some bird in a wheel chair?"

"Nobody," mumbles Glib. "You see, I ——"

"Cash, eh?" I remarks.

"Yeh," says Hurley, "kinda. You see it was like this. Me and Jimmy Glish of the Cats hooks up in a session of stud the other night. I'm sitting with a ace in the hole, two of 'em showing and a seven spot. Glish is got a pair of sixes out in the open, one under cover and a trey. The last card gives me a soused house - ace full. Jimmy connects with another six. I figures him for a small full at best, and bets out five hundred. Glish tilts me a grand. I calls him with all the jack I got and raises him with Crane. Jimmy calls with George Scott, a outfielder, and Larry Swift, a catcher. So ——"

"Play him one more game," I yelps, "and bet him the rest of the Brigands against a plugged dime. Be sure and stack the deck so they won't be no chance of you not losing. When you gone on that trip?"

"What trip?" asks Glib.

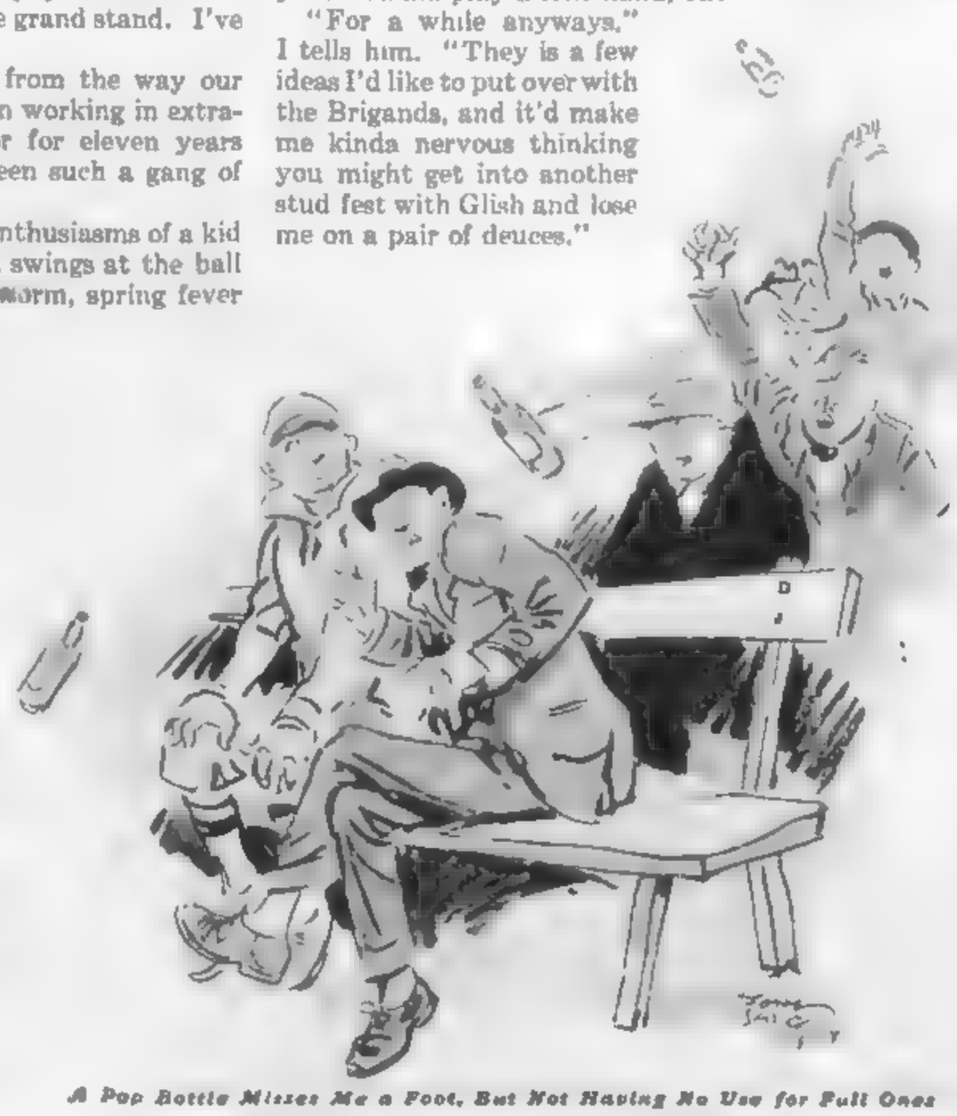
"Ain't you heard about that trip to Europe you was telling me about this afternoon?" I answers.

"Me!" gasps Hurley. "Me telling ——"

"Yeh," says I, looking him keen in the lamps. "Don't you remember that phenom they got playing in the Slibowitch team of the Checker-Slovak League you wanted to look over?"

"Oh, very well," grins Glib. "I'll get rid of myself for you. Wanna play a lone hand, eh?"

"For a while anyways," I tells him. "They is a few ideas I'd like to put over with the Brigands, and it'd make me kinda nervous thinking you might get into another stud fest with Glish and lose me on a pair of deuces."



A Pop Bottle Misses Me a Foot, But Not Having No Use for Full Ones I Certainly Pays No Attentions to Empties

"You ain't serious, is you," asks Hurley, "about canning the whole layout?"

"I can do it, can't I?" I comes back.

"You're running the team," admits Glib, "but where you gonna get the other players?"

"Where do you get that 'other'?" I growls. "I could pick a better team than them Brigands outta the hospital ward of a old ladies' home."

"You got acres to learn," returns Hurley. "You'll find out pronto quick that good flingers and stickers and stoppers is scarcer than four-legged guinea hens with gold-filled teeth."

"They maybe is where you guys been looking," says I. "The trouble with you old-timers is that you been working the same farms so steady that the crops now ain't worth weeding for. What the game needs is new blood and new ideas."

"Where they coming from?" asks Glib.

"Remember Two-Story Halligan?" I inquires.

"You mean that nut that used to scout for the old Red Sox?" sniffs Hurley.

"Yep," I tells him. "He's gonna play new bloodhound for me. As for the new-laid ideas, the fountain that's gonna spout 'em is almost sitting in your lap. What you laughing about?"

"All my life," chortles Glib, "I been hearing about grand-stand managers that could always run the team better than the lad on the field, and I has always wondered what'd happen if they was to really get a chance."

"Wonder no more, little one," says I, "about what might happen; wonder at the wonders that does."

"Not owning no more'n half of the team," remarks Hurley, "it ain't none of my business, but might I ask what some of them swell ideas of yourn is?"

"Can you keep a secret?" I asks.

"Maybe not in the luxury to which it has been accustomed," returns Glib, modest, "but I guess I can keep it off the streets."

"Well," says I, "for one thing, I'm gonna use every pitcher I got every day."

"That's nothing," comes back Hurley, calm. "I've used 'em all and called a right fielder into the box in less than two innings."

"You don't make me, feller," I tells him. "No matter how good a boy's going, I'm gonna pull him out and shoo him off to the showers after he's pitched to nine men. Do you know that most ball games is lost by letting hurlers stay in longer'n they should? Also, I watched the box scores especial for a whole season, and seventy-eight per cent of the heavers that was knocked outta the box got theirs in the sixth, seventh and eighth innings. What does that prove?"

"Pull your own conclusions outta the fire," answers Glib.

"It proves," I goes on, "that the average pitcher's only got about six innings of zip, and to make sure I'll only let 'em stay in three. I'm gonna get me half a dozen hurlers, split even between southpaws and north-winders ——"

"What you gonna do," cuts in Hurley "if the first baby you shoot in is knocked outta the box before he gets his glove on? By the time he pitches to nine men the score boy'd run outta chalk."

"That's why I'm getting six pitchers," I explains. "If every bird was sure of lasting out a third of the game I'd only need three, wouldn't I? The minute a bimbo shows any signs of slipping, out he goes. I figures on using all the wingers I got every game. What's wrong with the idea? It's a good thing for a pitcher to work every day, and, besides, it ain't gonna be so soft for the batters to swing at six different kinda deliveries the same afternoon, three of 'em left-handers and the other three honest men."

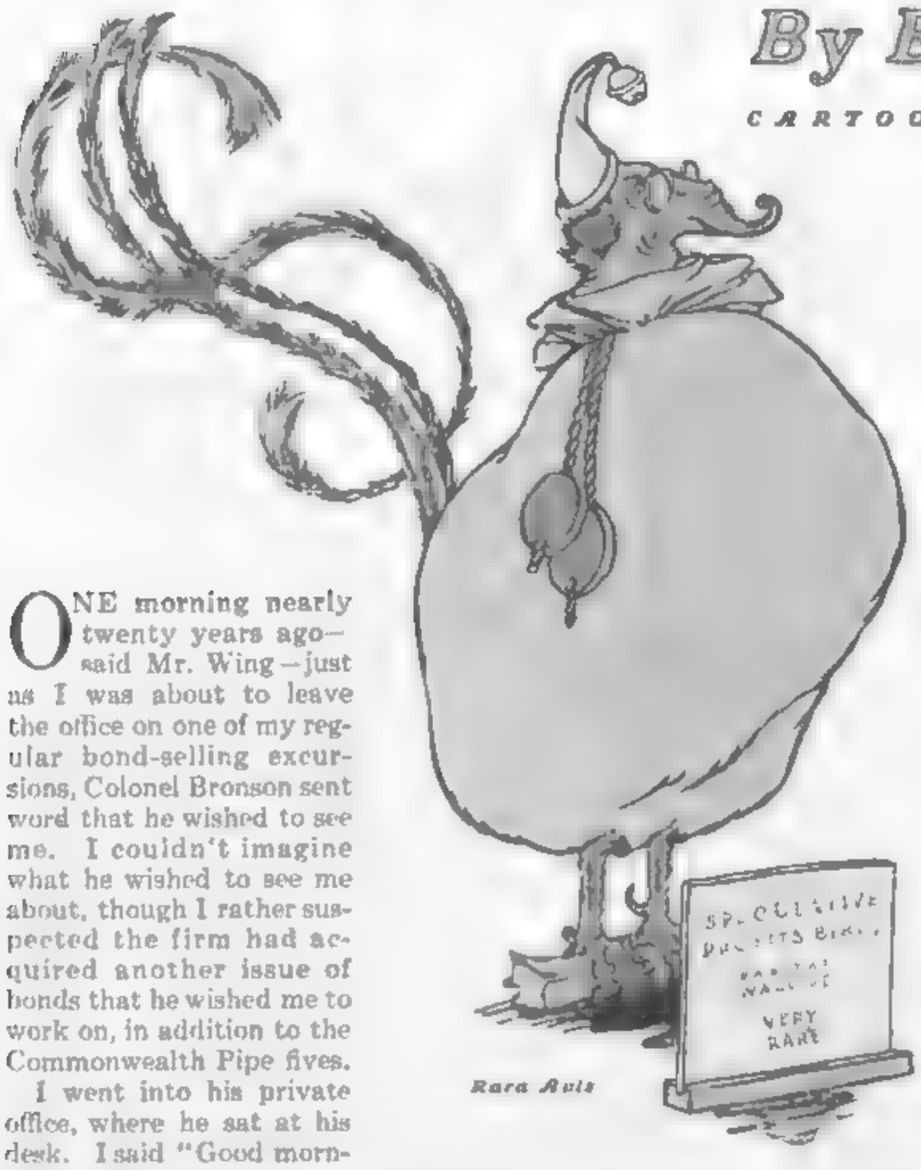
"It sounds kinda cuckooish to me," says Glib, "but maybe that stunt of yourn and other things you pull'll bring the fans out for a laugh anyways."

(Continued on Page 74)

The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



Rara Avis

ONE morning nearly twenty years ago—said Mr. Wing—just as I was about to leave the office on one of my regular bond-selling excursions, Colonel Bronson sent word that he wished to see me. I couldn't imagine what he wished to see me about, though I rather suspected the firm had acquired another issue of bonds that he wished me to work on, in addition to the Commonwealth Pipe fives.

I went into his private office, where he sat at his desk. I said "Good morning, colonel."

He nodded pleasantly, and kept on reading a letter. He finished it before he turned to me and said "Good morning." Then in a casual sort of way he added, "Jack, we have decided that you may go to New York."

"That's fine, sir." I was as pleased as Punch.

"When would you like to go?" he asked.

"Tomorrow morning," I said.

I had been waiting for this opportunity and I was anxious to begin. And now that I had the chance, my one thought was that the sooner I left Boston the less danger there was of a fatal change of mind on the part of the colonel or of Mr. Barnes.

"I'll send Williamson word," said Colonel Bronson.

"Tell him I'll be there day after tomorrow at 8:30 A.M.," I said. "Thank you, colonel. Anything else, sir?"

"No, Jack," he said.

I thought he was on the verge of saying something more, but he didn't and I didn't. So I left his office and went out and sold a few bonds. Then I came back and said good-by to the boys in the back office. I couldn't say good-by to the colonel or Mr. Barnes, because both of them had gone for the day.

The next day I took a train for New York. I arrived after dark, and went straight to a hotel so I could have a good rest and be up early the next day. I haven't the slightest recollection of feeling like Dick Whittington or Benjamin Franklin or any of those heroes who philosophize on the lot of a young stranger in a strange city. I felt that I had successfully negotiated the important first step. It had taken me from Boston, where I was doing work that didn't thrill me, to an office in New York, where I should enjoy working year after year.

My First Day in Wall Street

FROM the window of my hotel room I could look out and take in the vast incandescence that serves the metropolis as sky at night, and I could hear the unbroken hoarse murmur—a blending of ten thousand noises—that is the audible life of the noisiest city in the world. This was great New York, the marvelous; little old New York, the fascinating—the battlefield that I had picked out to be successful in, that day when a glimpse of young J. P. Morgan led me to think of the location of the nerve center of high finance.

In common with millions I had unresistingly accepted New York as the magnet that drew to itself human particles from all over the country. The money maker and the money spender, the buyer and the seller, alike found no other place like it, and therefore it was natural that the go-getter, the dreamer, the merchant, the artist, the broker, the architect, the lawyer, the crook—all classes and all trades—found here the best market for what they had to sell, which was themselves. And when they arrived they found that the greatest of American cities also was the largest Italian and the largest Irish and the largest Jewish city in the world. Here the nonproducer was not wanted and the nonspender was nonexistent. It had the worst manners in the world. It was the least American of American cities, and the most comfortable, the busiest and the most generous, the most impressive and the least concerned with good government.

But these things I accepted because I had always accepted them. They meant to me no more than statistics of area or street-railway mileage. What interested me was the fact that New York was where Wall Street was, and Wall Street was where the Stock Exchange was, and the Stock Exchange was where the business of the as yet uncaptured customers of John Wing would be transacted. I was at last where men who worked hard got what they worked for. More than this I did not ask for; less I would not take. To work, always cheerfully and always a little harder than the next fellow, I thought, was all that was needed. I afterward learned that New York pays the cheerful hard worker not only gladly but liberally.

I woke up early the next morning—my first in New York. After breakfast I read all the newspapers. I went over all the local news. It concerned me since it concerned the city where from now on my home would be. I must know what was going on. I should need that knowledge in my business. When I went downtown I took an Elevated train. This was most decidedly not Boston, where I knew people and was known. It was a new workshop, where both tools and faces were unfamiliar. The very feel of the air was different. The characteristic city odors were new to me. A strange place and another life; but also work—years and years of it!

The New York office of the firm was in an old-fashioned building on Wall Street, a few doors from Broadway. There was nothing sumptuous about the entrance, and the almost mid-Victorian directory on the wall informed me that Bronson & Barnes' offices were on the second floor. I took the elevator, got off at the second floor and started briskly for the office. It wasn't there!

I went back and asked the elevator man where the Bronson & Barnes office was.

"Room 18," he answered. "Turn to the right. End of the hall."

I followed his directions. Sure enough, at the end of the dark hall I saw an insignificant door on which I read:

BRONSON & BARNES

It looked familiar, but it rather flabbergasted me. It was like finding the lord of the manor in overalls turning the grindstone for the hired man. But in the wake of this impression came a thrill that is difficult to describe: I realized that somebody was needed to change the unprosperous aspect of these shabby surroundings, to make the branch worthy of the main office. Somebody simply had to do it, and the sooner it was done the better for everybody. There was no mystery about the identity of that somebody. I had known him all my life.

That was not conceit. Bronson & Barnes had sent me to New York to get business for this same insignificant office at the end of the dark hall. That was my job. Being young, it did not occur to me that I might not make good. Wasn't I willing to work?

I opened the door and walked in. The New York office of my firm that year consisted of just one room. It was bisected by a sort of grille, and from it at right angles ran partitions of the same kind of ironwork, forming a series of inclosures or cages. One did for the cashier and stock clerk. Another served the lone bookkeeper. The third penned in an Admirable Crichton who was in charge of a telephone switchboard, a Morse telegraph outfit, a stock ticker and a small flat desk.

There were two clerks at work—strangers, of course—and Mr. Williamson. I knew the home office had notified him that I was coming and he doubtless expected me, but my new chief merely glanced up at me, nodded toward a chair in a corner, said "Sit down!" and went on opening and reading his morning mail. This occupied him fully a quarter of an hour, for his New England conscience compelled him not only to read but to understand each and every line. During that time an office boy and another clerk came in.

Getting Settled

FINALLY Mr. Williamson got up, came over to me, shook hands, said he was glad to see me and began to tell me what my duties would be—rather hurriedly, because he was due on the floor of the Stock Exchange in a few minutes. Then, with an effect of using a foot rule, he kindly but accurately showed me the exact spot in that one-room office where my desk would be. It was in the very center of an arched

Creatures of

recess in the east wall, scarcely deep enough to be called an alcove. I couldn't see how a man's-size desk could possibly fit in there. There were no windows on the sides or in front. But that was where Mr. Williamson declared my desk would be, and I accepted his decision without a pang because I didn't expect to do much desk work. Besides, there was no other place in the office where a desk could be put.

Mr. Williamson was not very cordial. It wasn't so much as though he were sorry I had come as though he were pressed for time. A man who has only twenty seconds in which to do twenty things is not volubly grateful for an unexpected twenty-first task.

Afterward, when I came to know Mr. Williamson and love him, I learned that this came from his extreme conscientiousness, which made him undertake to do in person a great deal more than he need have tried to do. And I did not know then that only a fortnight before in Boston Colonel Bronson asked him whether he could use me in New York and Mr. Williamson promptly said yes; that he needed somebody like me. And he was nice enough to tell Colonel Bronson that he had had his eye on me from the day he first met me.

After Mr. Williamson told me the site of the desk he introduced me to the other clerks and told them that I had been sent from Boston to get local business. I was not to do any clerical work. Then he left me and went over to the Stock Exchange to execute the orders that had come in from Boston. There were none from local customers. He always left the office at ten minutes to ten. That gave him exactly nine minutes on the floor before the market opened.

The Office Family

AFTER Mr. Williamson left I talked to the clerks. The telephone man also was telegraph operator and order clerk. His name was George Wilson. He was quite remarkable in many ways. A few years after my arrival in New York he left us to go into business for himself with Bill Goodwin, another clerk. The firm of Wilson & Goodwin are members of the New York Stock Exchange and do a nice business today. George Wilson always got to the office at eight in the morning and ran his wire until six P.M. Not once did I hear him complain about the work, or whine or curse about the annoyance of having to answer no end of fool questions from excited customers in Boston. He used to make all the reports and prepare all the trades, in addition to explaining why the execution of this or that order appeared to leave something to be desired—for he was a superlative artist in explanations and utterly impervious to kicks and complaints.

I'll tell you something that is utterly incredible but nevertheless is gospel truth. I have seen that chap answer a telephone call, with a receiver held to his left ear while with his right ear he listened to the Morse instrument clicking an order to buy or sell stock. He took the telephone and the telegraph messages synchronously. He never made mistakes in the figures which came to him that way, from two sources at once. That, I consider, is more of a feat than dictating to five secretaries, as Cæsar did.

When our business grew we put George in charge of our wire room, and when he left to go into business for himself he had under him twenty-five operators with wires running to all sections of the United States. He was a glutton for work. He could do any amount of it without perceptible friction. He not only did all that came his way but often went out to find a little more to do. He did more than any ten men I could find today would do. A remarkably fine chap, who knew his job and saved his money. Goodwin, his partner, was officially the margin clerk long before he had many margins to look after. He was very competent and was with us till he formed a partnership with George.

There was also a very nice young chap in the office doing clerical work, to whom I took a great fancy. He had one hobby and one topic of conversation and that was his conviction that there was a big future in the bond business. He wanted to specialize on that. Nothing else interested him. He spent all his spare time studying bonds and bond selling. A few months after my arrival he left us because we didn't do enough business in bonds to suit him. I was very sorry at the time that he left us, but today I feel even sorrier. It was a pleasure to me to be with him and to listen to him, for his ambition was to do in the bond business what I dreamed of doing in stocks. Today that enthusiastic fellow clerk is the head of one of the greatest bond houses in the country. Brains, love of the business and very hard work cleared the track to success for him; and I mean real success—that is, useful achievement and not merely winning a fortune. There was nothing accidental about the triumphs of these chaps.

After I was introduced to the office force there wasn't anything for me to do there. The system was the same we used in Boston and probably the same used in most brokerage offices everywhere. There wasn't anything for me to learn from sitting in that office waiting for the furniture man to bring my desk, so I went out to take in the Stock Exchange and look about a bit.

"Pretty Pussy"

The office was in Wall Street a few doors from Broadway. Almost across the street was the side entrance to the Stock Exchange, so unimposing that I walked past it to Broad Street and there took a good look at the façade. As I stood there, doubtless thinking precious thoughts that I have since forgotten, Bill Winans came along, saw me, stopped, and took a better look at me. That made me look at him.

"Hello, Bill!" I said.

"Hello, Jack!" We shook hands. He had been at Harvard in my day, a class ahead of me. He was the greatest tennis player of his day, and I liked him immensely.

"What are you doing here?" he asked me. "I thought you were in Boston."

"I was," I said. And then I told him all about it. After I finished he told me about himself. In addition to being a great tennis player and a regular fellow, he had been wise enough to pick for an elder brother a very clever chap so that by the time Bill left college his brother Frank had established a good business. Bill simply went down to Wall Street, worked under his brother a year or two, bought a seat on the exchange and was taken in as partner in the firm of Winans Brothers. He liked the business, and the qualities that made us admire him at college made him popular on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

"Do you know, Bill, I've never seen the inside of the Stock Exchange," I said.

"Well, you'd better add one more pleasing experience to your large collection," he said, and he took me with him to the Visitors' Gallery.

Traffic in Fractional Ownerships

IT WAS a wonderful sight. The market wasn't particularly active—just enough to make the scene animated. It was an impressive room architecturally, I thought, but chiefly I saw in it an indispensable part of my business. The men who were down there below talking or rushing from the telephones to the posts or gesticulating and shouting or tearing bits of paper into smaller bits were all part and parcel of the game at which I proposed to spend my working life. They were buying and selling stocks and bonds for men who were in other offices, in other cities, in other states, as well as in Wall Street. The wires went everywhere and the orders came from everybody. Gamblers and investors, plungers and pikers, professionals and lambs, all kinds of men—and women, too—bought and sold securities through those men below. This big room was the meeting place of buyers and sellers, the table at which the documents were signed that made the signers exchange some pieces of paper for other pieces of paper. And some of the pieces entitled the owner thereof to share in the profits of railroads and copper mines and street railways and steel plants and sugar refineries, while the other pieces of paper could be exchanged at the bank for pieces of gold.

Those men were dealing in fractional ownerships of all kinds of properties.

And prices moved up or down in obedience to impulses that were not always visible to the naked eye or, if seen, were not always correctly interpreted. The pulse of the business world throbbed down there, below me—beats that in a thousand offices were plainly seen: The ticker was the sphygmograph.

"What do you think of it?" asked Bill Winans.

"Great!" I said, because I wished him to feel that I appreciated his kindness.

"Say, Jack, why don't you get your firm to buy you a seat? Joe Williamson isn't as young as he was, and anyhow you need two men on the floor."

"Not for mine!" I said.

"What?" He did not believe his ears.

"Do you know what I thought of while I was trying to spot Mr. Williamson down there?" I asked him. "I'll tell you, Bill. Every commission-house man down there on that floor is merely a tool or

Continued on Page 78

Imagination

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

XV

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

PROSPER did not hasten unduly to return to his small abode on the edge of the woods. He went so slowly that one watching him, and aware of his quest, might have decided that he was deliberately going slowly and by the longest way. With Plutus at his heels, he went by the roadway, ignoring his private short cut His progress was that of a man who, conscious that he has to wait an hour for a train, strolls aimlessly up a small-town street and back.

This route back to the castle led him past a small inn situated, with a few cottages, a little way farther out of the village than the home of the Merlehursts. It was a minute or so past ten o'clock when he reached this inn and normally the place would be closed and in darkness. But tonight the landlord had not yet extinguished his lights. He was standing in the doorway, facing a man who was talking in a harsh, querulous voice.

"But he passed through this dog-hole village, I tell you. You must have seen him—a fine, aristocratic-looking man—old soldier. He wouldn't pass through without dropping in here—dry work foot-slogging it on these roads."

"I tell you, mister, there's no such party been in my house. In fact we ain't seen a stranger here for a month," said the landlord.

The tall man stared at him, absently snapping his fingers.

"It's not like him. I don't understand it."

Prosper, moving quietly and very slowly, studied him. He had spoken of old soldiers and it was evident, even in that gloom, that this man also was an old soldier. He was as straight and stiff-shouldered as a man on a smart parade. Slung over his shoulder, he carried a big worn haversack—and a guitar. He wheeled abruptly as Prosper drew near, disclosing, dimly seen in the light of the ill-lit passage, a square, rugged face, with a heavy black mustache.

His pale eyes fixed themselves on Prosper for a second, then returned to the innkeeper.

"If you haven't seen him, you haven't," he rasped. "But how anybody with eyes could miss such a striking man I can't see. A tall, gray-looking, aristocratic man—a come-down gentleman—isn't so common in a one-horse place that he's not noticed."

The Grip at His Neck Was Becoming Unbearable; Prosper's Thumbs Were Driving Deep Into the Glands and Muscles

He tugged at his mustache, glaring, as obviously an old cavalry noncommissioned officer, also come-down, as Prosper had ever seen.

"You are in a difficulty?" asked Prosper mildly.

The hard, flinty eyes of the ex-N. C. O. fastened on the hatless figure in gray flannel.

"Difficulty—yes. I'm hunting for my mate—my partner. There was a bit of a barney back at Carisbury about my giving them a little music in the streets and the police got gay with me. I had to stop over the night there. But the major pushed on. 'They'll let you out in the morning,' he says, 'and you're fitter than I am. I'll push on to Kern and you can catch up. You go quietly with these police now and follow on when they fire you out in the morning. I'll carry on. You'll hear of me at Kern. I'll look out for you.' And this is the way he looks out. Where is he? Nobody in the village has seen him. Has he passed through—or what?"

"Was he a gray man—very tired—who closed his eyes when he spoke? A man who might once have been a gentleman?" inquired Prosper.

"You've said it. An officer and a gentleman and a sportsman. He was once a major of the Seventh Dragoon Guards. I served under him—troop sergeant major till they broke me. We're on the road together. I—I'm anxious about him, for he was not fit. Have you seen him?"

"What was his name? I heard of someone resembling him—in the village yesterday."

The ex-troop sergeant major looked keenly at Prosper.

"His name was Smith," he answered. "Smith, yes," he repeated. "He couldn't have come to any harm, for he knew this place Kern—well he knew it. But I'm uneasy, I tell you I'm windy, for he was a sick man."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, but I ain't seen him," said the innkeeper, civil, but yawning. "And I've got to close my house, so good night, both."

The oblong of light was suddenly blocked out by the closed door. Prosper smiled at the man with the guitar.

"I think it must have been your friend Major Smith that I saw," he said. "Are you going this way?"

"Any way will do me so long as it leads to a barn," was the gloomy reply

"You are sleeping in a barn, Sergeant Major ——"

"—— Cass, sir—plain Matthew Cass. There's worse places than barns, and I've slept in 'em."

He fell into step automatically.

"Well, we're heading for an empty castle—and that should be better than a barn."

"Kern Castle, is it? That's where my partner was heading, Mr. ——"

"—— Fair," said Prosper. "We must try to find him. The gray man I met asked for Kern Castle."

"It's him—I knew it would be. How did he seem?" asked Matthew Cass anxiously.

"Not—very fit," explained Prosper. "To be frank, he appeared to me like a man on the verge of a grave illness."

Cass agreed reluctantly.

"Yes, he was. His chickens were coming home to roost, he used to say. He's a man who has always enjoyed himself, the major is. He believed in a gay life—and a long one if you could get it. I used to say that, but I'll not swear it's right. It leads you nowhere—except into barns for your nights' rest."

Prosper nodded.

"Perhaps we can improve on the barn. You might turn in with me—if you don't mind a small tent. I can find you something to eat too. I'm camping near here—an artist. What do you say?"

"Yes to that. Thanks. A square meal is what I'm looking for. If I can get something for my digestion to do, I'll probably feel a bit more hopeful about my partner, the major."

"Good," said Prosper. "I've a natural gift for finding something for idle digestions to do. . . . This is one of the entrances to Kern Castle—we turn in here."

They moved into the dead gloom of the overgrown carriage drive. Cass sniffed a little uneasily, seeming to sense the ruin which he could not see.

"It's as black as the Earl of Hades' riding boots," he said, with elaborations. "What hopes of finding the major around here tonight?"

"Very few," agreed Prosper. "This way, and go as quietly as you can."

He made straight to his camp, but stopped at the tent entrance and flashed his torch inside, carefully studying the interior for some minutes before he entered. He was smiling when presently he turned to his guest, though that hardy individual did not notice it.

Half an hour later, the ex-sergeant major had provided his digestion with exercise and was busy with tobacco. Skillfully and imperceptibly led by Prosper, he was talking freely of his partner and himself. His discourse was long and, to most, would have seemed rambling, but Prosper missed no word of it. He let his guest go at his own gait, for until the moon was high Prosper was in no hurry.

It was nearing midnight before he left Cass, sleeping heavily, with Plutus curled up just inside the tent. Prosper made his way without haste to the sunken garden, with his gas mask at the alert position. Arrived there, he silently moved to the pyramid and settled down comfortably in the dark shadow of the north base. His attitude, when presently he was settled to his satisfaction, was curious, and quite the last in which one, knowing his quest, might have expected to see him. He sat close against the pyramid, leaning back, his head turned sideways, his cheek resting against his hand, which in turn rested against the slope of the pyramid. It was exactly the attitude of a man about to sleep.

But Mr. Fair had not gone there to sleep; he had never been more keenly interested and wide awake in his life. He was engaged in testing a certain theory; and since thought could not check or interfere with the test, he seized this chance of running over the mass of information he had accumulated during that long and furiously busy day.

From the time that he had first looked down at the crumbling training stable at Druid's Hollow, to the moment when the drifting ex-cavalryman, Cass, had finished talking and fallen asleep where he lay, Prosper had been learning things; and that with no more apparent effort than was required to keep people talking who were perfectly willing to talk. The conversation of almost every one of the people with whom he had chatted that day, taken by itself, led to nothing, for it was incomplete; but when each of these conversations was fitted into place with the others in what Mr. Fair chose to term the jigsaw, the mystery began to clear itself, to become amazingly more sharply defined—like an actual landscape swinging into clean-cut, detailed, clearly colored precision through the lenses of a gradually adjusted field glass.

Sitting in the shadow of the pyramid, he was tempted to marvel that a trained detective, such as Garrishe unquestionably must be, could have missed so much of what he should have known. But Garrishe was handicapped in many ways. He was known to be a professional detective and people did not care to talk too readily to him; he had no social entrée to the places and people that seemed to matter; and he was faced with a novel mystery towards a solution of which the records and system of Scotland Yard could not help him. But there were others interested Raymond Barisford, for example; a quick-witted and clever man, with many opportunities, and moreover with the added incentive of his love for Marjorie May and friendship for Mrs. Merlehurst; or that logical little schoolmaster who had been so keenly interested in the Kern mystery; or Enderby, the experienced old lawyer—he was especially interested in Kern—and others. Yet none of them seemed to be an inch along the road upon which the whimsical Mr. Fair was well aware he had made such remarkable progress.

"How quaint to think that I, a gray and baggy-kneed wanderer, should arrive, as I have, in two days and a night, at the threshold of a mystery which has hung unsolved about this garden for ten years!" he said within himself, smiling into the darkness. "Do I throw undeserved bouquets at myself—festoon myself with unearned laurels, I wonder, when I tell myself that I know, or can practically guess rightly, all there is to know concerning the Kern mystery? Certainly luck has been hand in hand with me—luck and ——"

He broke off his reflections, listening intently. But presently he relaxed again. Whatever may have been the sound he heard, it was evidently not the sound he was hoping to hear, for he continued to muse, his cheek resting on his palm against the pyramid.

He began to ponder again the deeply cut inscriptions in the light of that day's knowledge:

"'They that make a graven image are all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit,'" he repeated, inaudibly, nodding slowly.

"Well, that was true enough; penetratingly, painfully true if Kern meant by a 'graven image' or delectable things his money."

Then he stiffened a little, spurred by a new idea.

"Let us try a little experiment," he suggested to himself. "We will—*pour passer le temps*, as one might say if one hungered to air a *cliché*—paraphrase the inscriptions, bearing in mind the things we have learned during this busy, busy day. Beginning with Lord Kern's cry or confession, 'I was a derision.' That we will render, as 'People laughed at me.' But Mrs. Merlehurst did not laugh at him. Very good, Prosper. Next, please. We will translate 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold,' as meaning, 'It is better to be loved and respected than to be merely a millionaire! But Mrs. Merlehurst did not love him."

Prosper nodded in the darkness like a playful mandarin.

"Let us continue to continue, substituting for 'They that make a graven image are all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit,' the very free rendering of—um—'It is of no use to make a god of money; one only loses by it.' Exactly! It is true. Even I, Baggy-Knees, ought to know that!"

Prosper was right there—his own yearly income was in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

"And finally, we will make of 'And thou, even thyself, shalt discontinue from thine heritage that I gave thee,' this substitute: 'Consequently, I shall stop hoarding up a fortune that is of no use to me, and abandon the whole thing.'"

He laughed very softly in the shadows.

"Now let us see what our translations have brought us to," he whispered, and repeated them:

"'People laughed at me.' 'It is better to be loved and respected than to be merely a millionaire.' 'It is of no use to make a god of money; one only loses by it. Consequently, I shall stop hoarding up a fortune that is of no use to me, and abandon the whole thing.' Yes, that's a permissible rendering. Let us edit it a little with an imaginary blue pencil. And remembering that Kern was a miser, it becomes, 'What's the use of hoarding money if people laugh at you as they laugh at me, and if it can't buy you what you want. I shall abandon my money.'"

Prosper sat up suddenly.

"Yes, that's it! Well, what did he do with it when he abandoned it? That is a fair question, I believe. But before we answer it, let us go farther—guessing a little—and render that conclusion of Lord Kern as being this:

"'Not even my great wealth could buy for me the respect of the people upon whom I lavished it, or the love of Rose Merlehurst. Therefore I abandon my hoard, my house and my whole heritage.' . . . Poor devil! And the next one hears of him is that he is being nursed by a Chinese cook in the Far West—'his lungs boiling back of his chest, you may say.' But he is sufficiently a philosopher—which is to say, a man given to the study and practice of wisdom—to impress deeply that not easily impressionable product of humanity, an aged Chinese cook!"

Prosper shook his head a little gravely.

"I find it in my heart to be sorry for Lord Kern," he said slowly. "For it must have been a very bitter disillusioning to discover that the mountain of gold, hoarded so long and patiently, could not allure even a glance from the eyes of an exquisite woman who sighed only for the love of the ruined gambler she had married and who—it seems—had tired of her."

He was uttering his thoughts aloud now. His voice may have carried almost to the deep dead darkness under the

(Continued on Page 92)

"Who is He?" "Ah, There You Have Me, Inspector," Smiled Prosper. "It Was Impossible to See His Face Last Night"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 5, 1924

Canadian Wheat Via Panama

ONLY a couple of years ago the first experiments were made in the shipment of wheat to Europe via Vancouver and the Panama Canal. During the past year the terminal facilities in Vancouver have been greatly improved. The wheat crop of the province of Alberta was heavy in 1923. The lake traffic out of Fort William and Port Arthur was disorganized for a time after the harvest of last year by imposition of new shipping regulations. This all favored the westbound shipment of wheat. In the eight months of the present season some forty-four million bushels of wheat were exported from Vancouver. A large part of it went to Europe via the Panama Canal.

This means increased earnings for the Panama Canal. It also means decreased earnings for Eastern railroads. A large part of the wheat going out from the Prairie Provinces goes via the lakes to Buffalo, where it is transshipped to North Atlantic ports. A substantial part of the traffic over rails eastbound from Buffalo is Canadian grain, and the expedition of this grain is a substantial part of the port business of the North Atlantic ports. For years the Canadians have been trying to haul out more of their export wheat via Montreal. Apparently the western route represents another successful device to keep the trade in their own hands. Wheat growing is expanding little in Manitoba, and diversified agriculture is on the increase. Wheat growing is expanding in Alberta and this grain may be economically hauled out via the Pacific ports. This means increased independence for Canadian traffic.

Science at a Discount

IT WOULD be interesting to determine by extended inquiry which of the learned professions is most poorly paid. Five years ago, if clergymen had been left out of the reckoning on account of their perennially low financial estate, we should have said the college professor was fully entitled to his melancholy precedence at the head of the list of the underpaid. No longer does his name lead all the rest. Notable additions to college endowments followed by substantial increases of faculty salaries have materially bettered the professor's lot. He is now several removes from the top of the starvation list.

Engineers, technologists and men of science, taken as a single group, must now be at the top or very near the top of the list of the conspicuously underpaid. We exempt from this classification those engaged in selling and those who occupy high executive positions. We include in it those whose work is strictly professional.

Such training represents large investment of money, time, brain power and moral stamina. Higher technical courses cost much to give and much to receive. They require, among other things, laboratories equipped with heavy machinery, instruments of precision and costly accessories of a hundred sorts. Instructors must be men of unusual equipment who know how to teach as well as how to practice. Mathematics is the mainstay of many of these courses, for today the small talk of science is conducted in the vernacular of calculus. The training is severe because it consists largely in the inculcation of principles, and principles are always more difficult to grasp than facts or mere information. The resulting equipment is of the most substantial sort, for if it has any merit at all it has the faculty of enabling men not only to handle routine work with efficiency but to attack new and strange problems in the orderly and well-reasoned fashion that leads to final success. He who can blaze new trails and establish new outposts in the domain of science or industrial technology is too valuable a citizen to grind down.

Men of this stamp are notoriously underpaid. Bureau scientists in Washington, conspicuous examples of the faithful public servant, work for salaries that a self-respecting plasterer would call cigarette money. Research men in the laboratories of great corporations fare better, but by no means well. Engineering experts in a dozen fields, well equipped specialists, are often so ill rewarded that they find it hard to live in modest comfort.

These conditions are beginning to produce the inevitable result. Educators who are trying to assist young men in their selection of a career are telling the truth about the engineering professions and are comparing them unfavorably with other fields of activity. Engineers themselves are equally frank when advising their young friends. Clear-thinking, well-trained young men are too precious an asset to put into blind-alley jobs.

Scouts from the great industrial corporations each spring look over the graduating classes of our technical schools with a view to engaging promising students. Of late they have been complaining of the insufficiency of the material at their disposal. In some instances they have been frankly told that they want too much for what they are willing to pay and that they cannot hope to find their needs fully supplied until they are prepared to pay a fair price for the costly and hard-won mental equipment whose benefits they desire.

From colonial times our people have had a genius for mechanics, invention and applied science. It would be a national calamity if we should be so shortsighted as to starve out this priceless talent. If there is any one thing about our social evolution that is certain, it is our growing dependence upon science to solve the problems of peace and war and everyday life. To weaken by neglect or indifference those powers upon which our future existence may depend would be sheer folly.

The Use of International Loans

TWO or three years ago, when we were actively engaged in making foreign loans, the suggestion was advanced that such loans should be made with the proviso that the borrowing countries spend the credit in the United States. There was a considerable body of public opinion holding the view that we should make some such stipulation in support of our export industries, since it was believed that other countries, notably Great Britain and Germany, had done the same thing. This led a distinguished American banker publicly to controvert "the fallacy that it is good business to compel our foreign borrowers to earmark and themselves spend their credit in this country." This was in conformity with the traditional concept of a foreign credit—that a credit to one foreign country was in effect a credit to all foreign countries, and that at some future time some one or other foreign country would use it to buy goods from the lender. Accepting this proposition, that a loan would always, sooner or later, in one direction or another, find expression in a corresponding increase of exports, one would still have to assume a continuity of international trade, in terms of comparable prices and exchange rates, if one were to regard the deferred use of the credit in the market of the lender as equivalent to the immediate use. The British are an astute people. Let us observe their present stand on this question.

Some time ago Great Britain made a loan to India. At the time an amendment was moved to the East India Loan Bill to the effect that 75 per cent of the sum should be spent in the markets of Great Britain. Parliament rejected the amendment, in accordance with the traditional theory. London is now profoundly shocked to learn that the Indian State Railway administration is spending a large part of the loan in Germany, at a time when British industries are partly idle and labor is unemployed.

The Government of Argentina has been negotiating a loan with a syndicate of London bankers. It was recently announced in Argentina that the offer of a loan of thirty million pounds sterling for construction of public works had been made under the stipulation that the materials should be purchased in Great Britain.

Thus we observe the experienced international bankers of London subscribing to the "fallacy" that it is good business to compel foreign borrowers to spend their credit in the country of the lender. Apparently it is felt that circumstances alter cases. The industries of Great Britain want orders now, not next year or in several years. They do not want to wait while Argentina spends the sterling in the United States, then we spend the sterling in Asia and the Asians finally spend the sterling in Great Britain. They want immediate, not deferred, relief from inoccupation and unemployment. Secondly, it seems to be felt that British loans to foreign countries tend to depreciate sterling exchange unless the credits are spent in Great Britain. Finally, it is believed the loans could be used to build up in other countries new industrial plants that would make injurious competition for Britain.

If the British are adopting the plan of joining trade stipulations with loans, perhaps we should follow suit. It may, theoretically, be possible to prove that this might be advantageous for Great Britain but not advantageous for us. But we shall doubtless make the assumption that what is good for Great Britain is good for us. If the loan is to stipulate the trade in London, the loan ought to stipulate the trade in New York. Perhaps London is making a mistake; if so, we can afford to have New York make the same mistake that London makes.

After Lenine, the Left

DURING the last year of his life the policies of Lenine became modified and greatly moderated. Following his death there was much discussion as to the effect of his demise upon succeeding policy. The prolonged sojourn of Trotzky in Southern Russia served to intensify the uncertainty. It was recognized that the more radical elements in the party of communists were opposed to the liberalization of the economic policy and desirous of returning to extreme action against private capital.

Recent developments would seem to indicate that the left wing is again in control. The British and Dutch negotiations seem to have fallen into an impasse. The Bolshevik negotiations with China and Rumania were characterized by extreme demands. Scandinavian traders have found the Russian official trading bodies recalcitrant. The persecutions of the bourgeoisie and intelligentzia have been resumed with severity. Private business that had been resumed under the toleration of the New Economic Policy of Lenine—the so-called NEP—is being subjected to drastic harassments. So far as relations with the world are concerned, this must be regarded as a step backward. Apparently recognition of the Government of Russia by European governments has not had the anticipated effect of development of amity. Apparently the economic needs of Russia are esteemed by communists of less importance than the political needs of communism. It is a sad situation for the Russian people.

TEAPOT DOMES OF THE PAST

THE KING OF FRAUDS

How the Crédit Mobilier Bought its Way Through Congress.

COLOSSAL BRIBERY

Congressmen Who Have Robbed the People and Now Support the National Robber.

Princely Gifts to the Chairmen of Committees in Congress.

From 2000 to 3000 Shares Each to Henry Wilson, Schuyler Colfax, George S. Boutwell, John A. Bingham, James A. Garfield, the Pattersons, Eliot, Brooks, Dawes and James G. Blaine.

By Will Payne

THE New York Sun of September 4, 1872, leads off with the foregoing headlines.

The introductory paragraph of the dispatch beneath these explosive statements says: "The most damaging exhibition of official and private villainy ever laid bare to the world. The Vice President of the United States, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the chosen candidate of a great party for the second highest office in the gift of the people, the chairmen of almost every important committee in the House of Representatives—all of them are proved by irrefutable evidence to have been bribed." And it adds, "The public has long known in a vague sort of way that the Union Pacific Railroad was a gigantic steal."

During the Civil War Congress had voted a loan of $27,000,000 in government bonds and a vast grant of public lands to aid the building of a railroad from the Missouri River to a point west of the Rocky Mountains where it would meet a similar line to be built eastward from the Pacific Coast. Following the fashion of that day—which is still the fashion, for that matter—a construction company was organized to do the building, and named Crédit Mobilier after a famous French fiscal concern. Whether or not that name was chosen in a pious hope that, as nobody could pronounce it, the company would escape discussion, does not appear.

Some two hundred miles was built westward from Omaha, and there the enterprise stuck. That two hundred and odd miles was the easiest. From that point onward the projected line ran through wilderness, mountains and desert with only some scattered handfuls of white inhabitants. In spite of the liberal aid offered by the Government, private capital declined to cooperate; nobody came forward to carry on the task until Oakes Ames and his brother Oliver undertook the big and difficult job. Ames Brothers were famous in the business world of that time as manufacturers of shovels and like implements. As a congressional committee reported, "They were men of large capital and high reputation." Oakes Ames was a member of Congress from Massachusetts. They raised the money and carried the road through to completion at Ogden.

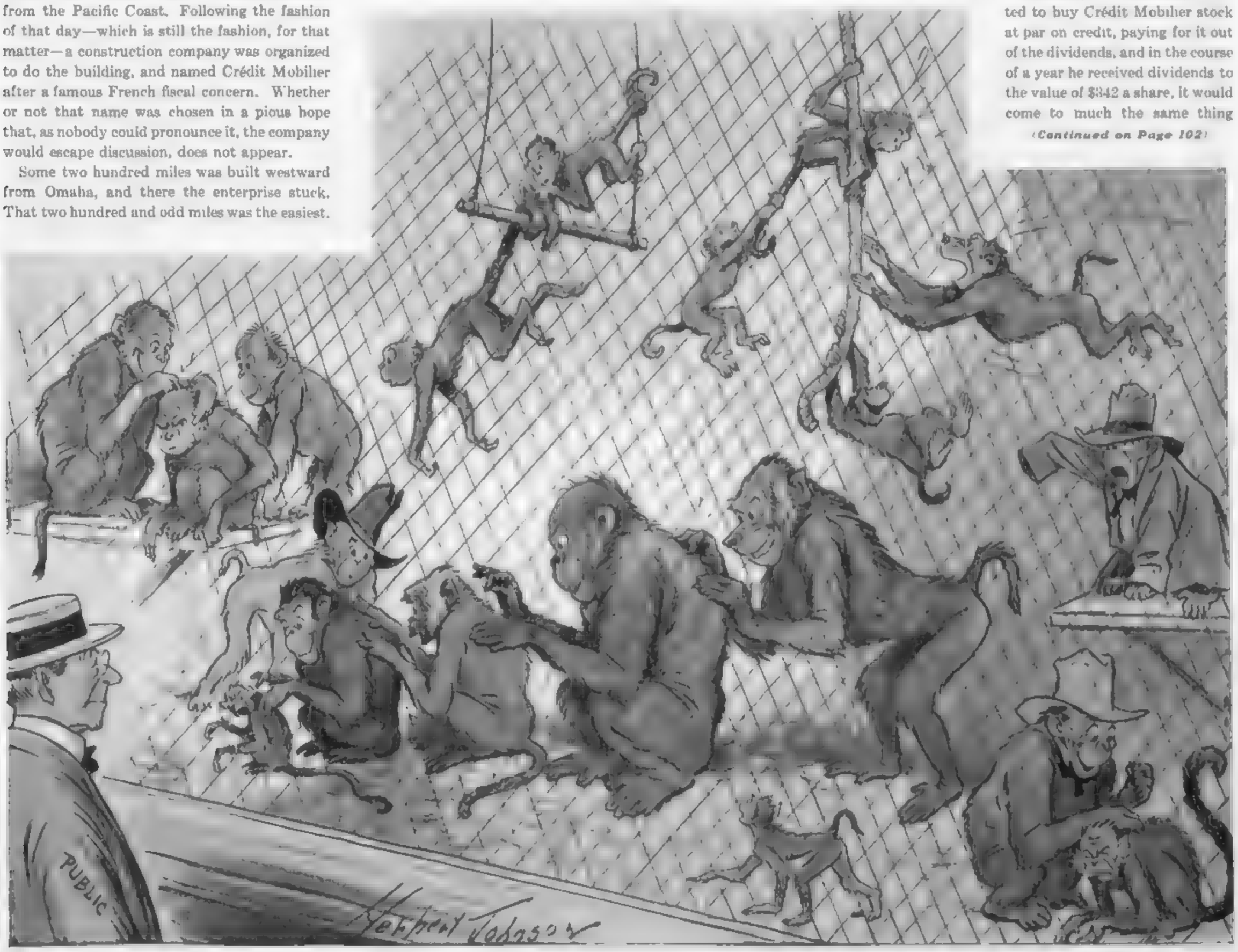
The nub of the matter is that the construction company spent $50,000,000 building the line, and received $93,000,000 in various securities, including $27,000,000 of government bonds, a like amount of first-mortgage railroad bonds, some income and land grant bonds and common stock. The government bonds sold at a slight discount, the first-mortgage railroad bonds brought about 87 cents on the dollar, while the market value of the junior issues and the common stock ranged all the way down to 19 cents on the dollar.

The capital stock of the construction company was, finally, $3,750,000. It had enough money left to pay a cash dividend of 60 per cent in June, 1868. And the remainder of the railroad securities in its treasury—after meeting the cost of building the road and various other expenses not clearly explained—were distributed to its stockholders as dividends at several dates during the year 1868. After all the evidence was in, it was calculated that a Crédit Mobilier stockholder who disposed of his railroad securities as he received them would have got—including the cash dividend mentioned above—$342 for each $100 share. On that basis 3000 shares of Crédit Mobilier stock would be worth more than $1,000,000.

Meanwhile the construction company had suffered an internal quarrel. Henry S. McComb, a stockholder, claimed that more stock was due him than he had received. The parties were unable to agree, and McComb brought suit. The case dragged along, as lawsuits usually do. Finally McComb, testifying in his own behalf before a referee at Philadelphia, declared that a quantity of Crédit Mobilier stock had been turned over to Oakes Ames to be distributed by him among influential members of Congress in order to insure a friendly attitude toward the Union Pacific. Not as an outright gift, however; Ames was to sell this stock to his congressional friends at par, in some cases permitting them to pay for it out of dividends.

Obviously if a man was permitted to buy Crédit Mobilier stock at par on credit, paying for it out of the dividends, and in the course of a year he received dividends to the value of $342 a share, it would come to much the same thing

(Continued on Page 102)



INVESTIGATING

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Song of the Bob

WITH eyebrows carefully plucked,
With cheeks suspiciously red,
A woman sat, in the gladdest of rags,
Letting them bob her head.
Clip, shingle and shave,
Till her nerves began to throb;
And in a voice of dolorous rage
She sang the Song of the Bob:

Crop, crinkle and crimp,
Pulling it here and there;
Irons, tongs and machines
To curl that rebellious hair.
And it's oh, to be stone bald,
With never a hair to bob,
Or scalped alive by a savage brave,
If this is a Christian job!

Oh, for my lost long locks
That suited my face so well;
The braids and puffs and Psyche knots,
With silver combs or shell.
For only one short hour
To look like a classic Greek,
Instead of wearing a bean that apes
The Circassian Circus Freak!

Train, measure and trim,
Trim, measure and train;
And what are its wages? A cowlicked back,
And sides like a lion's mane!
Taking a lot of time,
Costing an awful heap!
Oh, Lord! that bobs should be so dear,
And transformations cheap!

Crop, crinkle and wave,
Permanent and Marcel;
And every week to be clipped and trimmed
Till heart and purse rebel!
Shave, shingle, shampoo;
Swear, snivel and sob ——
And then, though her voice was low and sweet,
The words that she used, I daren't repeat,
As she sang the Song of the Bob! —*Carolyn Wells.*

"We Didn't Kick When They Copied Our Haircuts, But You'd Think They'd Have Brains Enough to Think Up a Shape of Their Own"

Concerning the Recent Crime Wave

I DISLIKE extremely to write about my murders. My wife says that it sounds so much like boasting, and that no one is particularly interested in my private affairs. No doubt, she is right. And yet if these words of mine should serve as a warning to some young man or woman standing upon the brink of destruction, these reminiscences of mine will not be altogether unjustified.

Up to the time I was eighteen years old I had practically never committed a murder. I do not count, of course, our housemaid, Olga, whom I pushed out of the window one day in a spirit of childish playfulness while she was washing the windows. It was just a boyish prank, and I can remember that I was severely scolded and sent to bed without my supper that night. Neither do I count the time that I strangled my Aunt Grace, who was visiting us. I had been to the Wild West Show, and I was practicing with a lariat I had made from some old wash line. "You were very naughty indeed," my mother said to me after the funeral, "and I'm going to write to Santa Claus not to bring you that air rifle you asked for."

I do not wish to give the impression that ours was a particularly severe or puritanical household. But parents in those days still adhered to the belief that a certain amount of discipline was necessary for the young.

Possibly they were right; when I view the antics of some of the present younger generation, I often wonder whether the rigid domestic discipline of my childhood was not better, after all.

In my eighteenth year, my freshman year at college, I committed what was really my first murder; the first that was inspired by a desire to do good and to serve mankind, rather than by an excess of youthful spirits. The man in the next room to mine was taking cornet lessons; he used to practice two hours every night; his piece was the Blue Danube Waltz. I crept into his room one night while he was asleep and turned on the gas jet full force. I returned to my room in that glow of righteousness that only the true reformer can feel. If that fellow had lived he might have become a cornet player. It was a merciful release.

Barring a few waiters and taxi drivers nothing occurred worth mentioning until the Maizie Burke episode. Maizie was a sweet, winsome, big-hearted sort of girl who had come to New York from Grand Rapids to study interior decorating. It is funny how all women think that they have a natural genius for interior decorating, just as all men think that they would have been wonderful lawyers if they had studied law. But Maizie was young, vivacious and good-looking, so in spite of her mental limitations, which were considerable, we soon became quite intimate; fast friends I think I might almost call it.

One day, by some unlucky chance, Maizie discovered that I was a writer. I do not know how; perhaps she saw my name signed to some piece in a magazine.

"I didn't know that you wrote," she said.

I sadly admitted that I did. I had a foreboding that our beautiful friendship was doomed

"How perfectly thrilling," she said. "You must meet such interesting people."

"I do," I replied.

"How perfectly thrilling," said Maizie.

The next time I visited Maizie she was strangely excited.

"I have a wonderful idea for a story for you," she said. "Listen ——"

"Let's go to the movies," I said. "They're playing The Busted Heart ——"

"This will make a wonderful plot," said Maizie.

"I don't write stories," I told her. "I'm sure that if you sent your plot to H. G. Wells or Galsworthy they'd be glad ——"

"Oh, you could write this one," she insisted. "It actually happened to a girl I know back home."

"We're just in time for the second show," I pleaded tremulously. I had a feeling of impending tragedy.

"Listen to this," said Maizie. "Of course you'll have to put in all the trimmings and details because I don't know anything about writing. This story actually happened to a girl back home named Nora Schultz It seems that she was engaged to a fellow named Berger—Henry Berger, I think it was. Her folks didn't know anything about the engagement, so one night ——"

I picked up a silk stocking from the pile that Maizie was darning, and strangled her. I would have preferred a more gentle method, had there been time; lethal gas, or something of the sort. But I could see no sense in waiting. Maizie was a nice girl, but she brought it on herself.

Ordinarily I prefer not to use a pistol. I am rather timid, and firearms always make me nervous. But in the case of the Wallaces there were too many of them to tackle individually. The Wallace murders will rank among my proudest achievements.

In the first place, they lured me there under false pretenses. Ostensibly it was a dinner party, but after I arrived I discovered that I had really been invited to witness Junior go through his evening stunts. The Wallaces had a habit, I discovered, of saying to their guests, "You're in luck. You're just in time to see Junior before he gets his bottle."

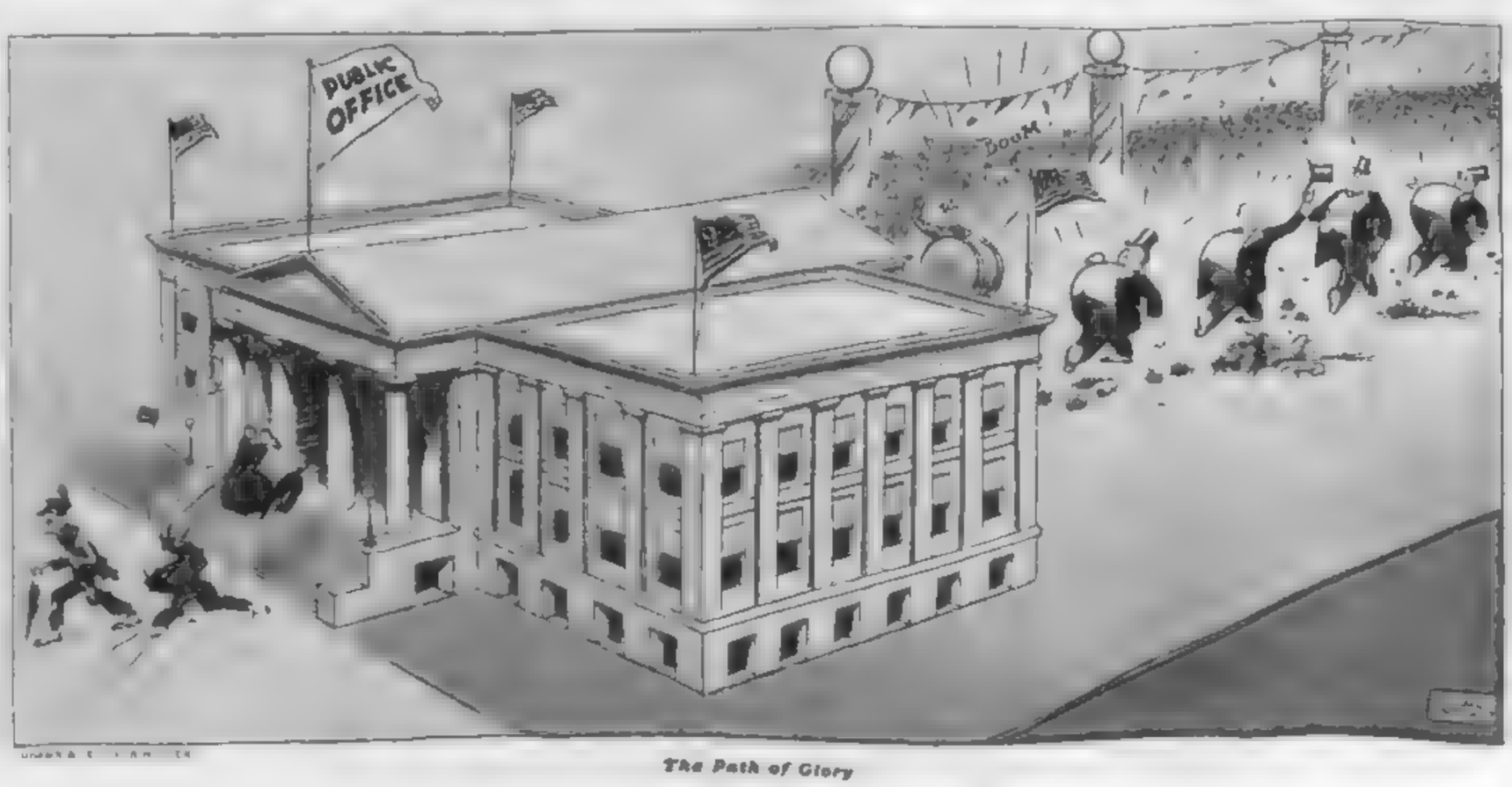
They dragged me, despite my protesting, into the nursery.

"How big is the baby?" said Mrs. Wallace.

"So big!" crowed Wallace fatuously, grinning like the silly ass that he was.

I drew my pistol and shot the lot of them, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Wallace's

(Continued on Page 46)



The Path of Glory

More popular now than ever!
People eat even more Campbell's Beans in the summer time!
They taste so good! They are such splendidly nourishing and substantial food.
They are so convenient—already cooked.
People want beans slow-cooked and digestible. That's why they insist on Campbell's.
Serve hot
Serve cold
Slow-cooked Digestible
Campbell's
PORK AND BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N.J. U.S.A.

BILL THE CONQUEROR

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER XIV

HOWEVER true it may be that action is the spice of life, there is no denying that an occasional dose of the soothing sirup of tranquillity makes a pleasant change. And so, after the scenes—always restless and bordering at times on actual violence—which, in order to keep the records straight, the historian of the fortunes of Bill West has just been compelled to describe, it is agreeable to turn aside and relax for a while in an atmosphere of cloistered and scholastic calm. About a month after the departure of Flick Sheridan from Southampton we find ourselves once more in the home of Mr. Cooley Paradene at Westbury, Long Island, in a small upper room looking out over the sunlit garden. It is the room dedicated to the studies of Mr. Paradene's adopted son, Horace. And at the moment when we enter it the hard-boiled lad is receiving a lesson in the French language from Mr. Sherman Bastable, his tutor.

Yes, still his tutor. It is true that a few weeks ago Mr. Bastable definitely announced that not even so substantial a sum as a million dollars would be sufficient to induce him to continue his duties; but the statements a man makes in the first flush of realization that the inside brim of his hat has been doctored with glue are not always carried out when scissors and warm water have done their work and reason resumed its sway. Scarcely half an hour after the hat had been clipped and scoured off his forehead, Mr. Bastable, who had begun by sneering at a cool million, had reduced his terms so considerably that he actually consented to remain in office for a mere additional fifty a month. We find him, consequently, still doing business at the old stand.

"Use Plume, a Pen—Do You Get That?"

But the Sherman Bastable who was now endeavoring to teach Horace French was a very different man from the genial and juicily enthusiastic young fellow of a few weeks back. He was now a soured and suspicious despot, who, fortified by instructions from his employer to stand no nonsense from his little charge, had taken on a cold implacability which was having the gravest effects on the latter's comfort.

Of this change in his disposition he gave proof at this very moment. Seeing that Horace, like the room in which he sat, was looking out over the sunlit garden, he banged the table with a forceful flat.

"Attend, can't you?" he cried. "You aren't listening to a word I'm saying!"

"All right, all right," said Horace plaintively.

These passages were beginning to irk him more and more. A free child of the underworld, he had taken unkindly to discipline; and it seemed to him sometimes as though Mr. Bastable had developed all the less amiable characteristics of the late Simon Legree. He removed his gaze from the shady lawn and gaped cavernously.

"Don't yawn!" thundered Mr. Bastable.

"Oh, all right."

"And don't say 'All right!'" boomed the tutor, who had a retentive memory and could never look at his little charge even now without a twinge across the forehead. "When I speak to ypu, say 'Yes, sir,' smartly and respectfully."

"Yes, sir," said Horace.

A purist might have criticized the smartness and respectfulness of his delivery, but the actual words were up to sample and the tutor appeared satisfied. At any rate, he returned to the task in hand.

"Indefinite articles," said Mr. Bastable, resuming. "'A' or 'an' is translated into French by 'un' before a masculine noun, as, for example, 'un homme, a man; un oiseau, a bird ——'"

"There's a boid on that tree," interjected Horace, switching abruptly from foreign languages to nature study.

Mr. Bastable favored him with a basilisk glare.

"Attend to your work!" he growled. "And don't say 'boid.' It's a bird."

"Well, it's making a noise like a boid," argued Horace.

"And 'une' before a feminine noun, such as dame," proceeded the tutor. "'Une dame, a lady; une allumette, a match; une histoire, a story; une plume, a pen.' Do you get that?"

"I suppose so."

"What do you mean, you suppose so?"

"Well," said Horace candidly, "it sounds to me a good deal like applesauce. Seems like there ain't no sense in it."

The tutor clutched his thinning hair and groaned hollowly. That extra fifty dollars a month had raised his salary to a very respectable figure, but it frequently occurred to him that he was receiving but trivial payment for what he had to endure.

"'Seems like there ain't no sense in it!'" he echoed despairingly. "Can't you see that's not grammar?"

"I don't know about its being grammar," retorted Horace with spirit. "It gets across, don't it?"

"Sir," prompted Mr. Bastable automatically.

"Sir."

"And don't say 'Don't it.' Say 'doesn't it' or 'does it not.'" He eyed his pupil wanly. The weather was warm and the strain was beginning to tell on his sensitive nerves. "You're incorrigible. I don't know what's to be done with you. You take absolutely no interest in your work. I should have thought that you would have some sense of your position, your chances and opportunities."

"Oh, I know," said Horace wearily. "One ought to grasp one's opportunities and try to improve oneself—at least once!"

"Don't say 'once.'"

"Oh, all right."

"Yes, sir!" amended Mr. Bastable, eying him balefully.

"Yes, sir."

The tutor flung himself back in his chair, which creaked protestingly.

"Do you realize that yours is a position which thousands of boys would give their eyes to be in?"

"Can't you see that's not grammar?" said Horace. Much as he disliked these séances, it happened now and then that bits of them stuck in his mind. "Oughtn't to end a sentence with 'in.' You put me right, so I don't mind puttin' you right. Had you that time. Hot dog!" he said with a complacency which made the tutor feel—not for the first time—that his favorite character in history was Herod the Great. "You wised me up to that yourself."

Every tutor is a statesman at heart. He has to be. Mr. Bastable, prudently realizing the danger of his position, instituted a counter attack by assailing his pupil's pronunciation.

"I wish you would learn to speak properly," he said with hauteur. "Your accent is abominable. Here!" He pulled out a massive book. "It's no good trying to teach you French till you can talk English. Read a page or two of this aloud. And try to do it like a human being and not"—he searched his mind for an adequate simile—"and not like a caddie at a third-rate golf course."

"What's wrong with caddies?" demanded Horace, who was intimate with several and in leisure moments had occasionally done a bit in that line himself.

"Go on. Don't waste time," said Mr. Bastable, refusing to be diverted. "Begin at the top of page 98."

Horace took the book—it was entitled Beacon Lights of History, Vol. II, The Middle Ages—with a disrelish which he made no attempt to conceal.

"'It was at this perriod ——'" he began sourly.

"Period."

"'It was at this period, when the convents of Yurrup ——'"

"Europe."

"I said Yurrup," protested Horace, aggrieved. "'It was at this period, when the convents of Yurrup rejoiced in

Continued on Page 28

The New
Hupmobile

Bearings

At 15 points throughout the Hupmobile chassis—points at which shock is greatest, and wear is heavy—ball and roller bearings are used. *All* these roller, taper and annular bearings are made of *chrome nickel steel*, in place of simply case-hardened bearings which lesser quality calls for at the same points.

Now You Can See Hupmobile Superiority With Your Own Eyes

Everyone can see now the real root reason for Hupmobile superiority.

Owners have always known that the secret was in better, closer manufacturing, and finer materials.

Others have always accepted Hupmobile greater efficiency, longer life and undeviating economy on the strength of the universal good reputation of the car.

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They need take nothing for granted now—for hundreds of Hupmobile parts displays, distributed throughout the country, are telling the story in such a comprehensive way that it constitutes a clear chart, graphically revealing the greater value of the car.

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Everyone knows what Hupmobile is and what it does. Here is one of the vital *reasons* why it is what it is, and why it does what it does.

Seldom has greater help been given to the buyer than these Hupmobile parts displays.

They show the finer, costlier practices of Hupmobile manufacturing—and you can contrast with them the poorer practices which frequently obtain.

You know what a marvel the Hupmobile motor has been.

You know its rugged performance over long periods. You know the high re-sale value the car has always commanded.

Proof That Decides the Question of Value

These Hupmobile parts and the processes not only tell why, but they reveal the fallacy of hoping to get Hupmobile qualities in any car less finely fashioned.

The whole question of price and value, money's-worth and satisfaction, is bound up in these immensely important exhibits.

Go to your Hupmobile dealer and take the time to go into this quality-proof thoroughly.

You can't lose a thing by it, and you stand to gain a great deal in your choice of a new car this year.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 26)

ample possessions, and their churches rivaled cath-e-*drals* ——'"

"Cath-e-drals."

"' in size and magnificence, that Saint Bernard ——'" He broke off, mildly interested for the first time. "Say, I knew a gink that had a S'n' Bernard. Big, hairy dawg with red eyes."

"Get on," said Mr. Bastable coldly.

"' Saint Bernard, the greatest and best rep-res-en-tat-ive of med-i-e-val mon-as-ti-cism ——' Gawd!" said Horace under his breath, tenderly massaging his aching jaw. "'—— was born, 1090, at Fontaines, in Boigundy.'"

"Burgundy."

"'Boigundy. He belonged to a noble family. His mother had six sons and a daughter, whom she early con-se-crated to the Lord. Bernard was the third son, a beautiful, delicate, refined young man, tall, with flaxen hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes from which shone a superhuman sim-plic-ity and purity.'"

He stopped, revolted. He did not know much about saints, but he knew what he liked, and something told him that he was not going to like Saint Bernard.

"Sounds like a cake eater," he sniffed.

Mr. Bastable was just drawing himself together for a Legreelike reproof, when there was a gentle tap at the door.

"Pardon me for interrupting, sir," said Roberts, the butler, hovering delicately on the threshold.

"You haven't made me mad, Bobby," Horace assured him gratefully.

"What is it, Roberts?"

"Professor Appleby has called to see Master Horace, sir. Mr. Paradene would be glad if you would allow him to step down to the library for a moment."

His announcement evoked universal enthusiasm. Horace beamed upon him as people must have beamed on the man who brought the good news from Aix to Ghent. Nor was Mr. Bastable displeased. He was conscientious and had been prepared to continue his task for another hour, but the thought of being relieved of Horace's society gave him the sensations of a reprieved convict.

"Certainly, certainly," he said.

"I'm not goin' to put up any stiff argument, neither," declared Horace.

He trotted joyfully out of the prison chamber. Mr. Bastable, with the air of one from whose shoulders there has been removed an intolerable weight, lit a cigarette and put his feet on the table.

II

THE arrival, some ten minutes before, of the venerable Professor Appleby had surprised Mr. Paradene at his customary occupation of fiddling about with the books in his library. He had just scuttled up the ladder to one of the top shelves and dumped on his already congested table a pile of moldering volumes when Roberts brought the news of the visitor's advent.

For a moment Mr. Paradene felt a little like a dog that has been hauled off a bone, but his native courtesy asserted itself, and it was with a cordial smile that he greeted the professor when he made his entry.

"Nice of you to look in," he said.

"I chanced to be in the neighborhood," said Professor Appleby, "and I thought I might venture to call and inquire after the little lad. He is busy at his studies, no doubt?"

"I imagine so. Won't you take a seat?"

"Thank you, my dear Paradene, thank you."

Professor Appleby relaxed in a chair with the contented sigh of a man who is not in the best condition. He tapped his domed brow with a silk handkerchief and combed out his white beard with a delicate forefinger. He was looking more like a benevolent minor prophet than ever. His mild eyes wandered to the bookshelves, and there came into them a sudden predatory gleam, which vanished almost instantly, to be replaced by their habitual expression of calm good will.

"A warm day," he observed.

"Very. Do you find it close in here?"

"Not at all," said Professor Appleby, "not at all. I enjoy the peculiar and distinctive scent of old books. I never find it stuffy in a library."

This was so exactly what Mr. Paradene felt himself that his affection for his visitor deepened.

"And how is Horace?" inquired the professor.

"Physically," said Mr. Paradene, "he could not be better. But ——"

Professor Appleby raised a deprecating hand.

"I know what you are going to say, my dear Paradene. I know just what you are going to say. It was on the tip of your tongue to tell me that the little lad is not taking kindly to his studies."

"Not very kindly," admitted Mr. Paradene. "Mr. Bastable, his tutor, reports that it is difficult to get him to take a real interest."

"I expected as much. No enthusiasm?"

"None."

"It will come," said the professor. "It will come. We must have patience, Paradene, patience. We must emulate the assiduity of the polyp that builds the coral reef. I had anticipated this. It was on my advice that you adopted a totally untutored lad, a child of the people, and I still maintain that I was right in giving you that advice. How much better, even though progress may at first be slow, to have a boy like this to work upon; a boy whose mind is not a palimpsest that has been scrawled over by other hands. You have nothing to worry about. It would have been perfectly easy, no doubt, for you to have adopted a son from some family of the gentlefolk; but in my opinion—and I know I am right—the results would have been far less satisfactory. Horace is virgin soil. He has not been plowed by others. Sooner or later you will find that you will reap your reward. Sooner or later—I say it confidently—you will find that by the mere process of living in your home the little lad is beginning to imitate your mental processes, to acquire your own tastes."

"It's odd that you should say that," said Mr. Paradene thoughtfully.

"Not odd," corrected the professor with a gentle smile. "I based my observation on a knowledge of psychology which has rarely led me astray. But why did it strike you as peculiar? Am I to infer that he has already begun to show signs of this?"

"As a matter of fact, he has. It is a remarkable fact, Appleby, but the only thing outside his meals in which Horace shows the slightest interest is this library of mine."

The professor coughed a gentle cough and gazed at the ceiling with a far-away look in his eyes.

"Indeed!" he said softly.

"He is always pottering in here and wanting to know which of my books are the rarest and most valuable."

"The dawning intelligence, the dawning intelligence. The little mind begins to expand, to develop. Like a plant groping out for the sunshine."

"It makes me feel that there may be hope for him."

"I," said the professor, "have great hopes of Horace. I had right from the beginning."

"Perhaps after he has had a year or two of school in England ——"

"What?" cried Professor Appleby.

A moment before, it would have seemed impossible that anything could disturb the calm serenity of this venerable man. But now he was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, staring at his host in the most manifest concern. His lower jaw had fallen and his white beard wabbled agitatedly.

"You are not sending him to school in England!" he gasped.

"Taking him," corrected Mr. Paradene. "I am sailing in a few days to pay a long-delayed visit to an old friend of mine—Sinclair Hammond. I intend to take Horace with me and enter him at one of the large English schools—possibly Winchester. Hammond was at Winchester."

"But is this wise? Is this prudent?"

"Well, I'm going to do it," said Mr. Paradene with a touch of that belligerent manner which had so often caused comment in the family.

Professor Appleby pulled at his beard. His discomposure was plain. Mr. Paradene, looking at him, was conscious of a passing wonder as to why he should take the news so hardly.

"But the education a boy gets at these English schools! Surely it has become a commonplace that it is too superficial, too machinelike. Read all these novels of the younger English writers ——"

"I never read novels," said Mr. Paradene with a slight shudder.

"And then again—this visit to England —— Are you not afraid to leave your books here—your priceless books—entirely unguarded?"

Mr. Paradene uttered an amused laugh which sounded to his visitor like a knell.

"You talk as if I had never left the house before. I'm always traveling. I was traveling when I met you. And besides, if you think I leave my books unguarded, try to get through the steel shutters over those windows. Yes, and try to pick your way through that door. I had this room specially constructed. It's like a safe."

(Continued on Page 30)

"And Now," She Said, "I am Running Back Again"

THROUGHOUT many years the name Buick has been indelibly associated with all that is best in six-cylinder motor cars. Naturally, such a record has resulted in a universal acceptance of every Buick six.

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(Continued from Page 28)

"I see," said Professor Appleby unhappily.

"In any case, my library is insured, and I'm taking all the most valuable of my books with me to England."

"Eh?" cried the professor, starting as if the fingers combing his beard had suddenly encountered a snake. "Taking them with you?"

"Yes; Hammond is a collector too. He will be just as excited over these books as if they belonged to himself."

"Will he?" said the professor, brightening like a summer sky when the sun comes out from behind a cloud. "Will he, indeed?"

"Yes; he's that sort of man; one of those rare collectors who have no small jealousies."

"He sounds delightful."

"Yes, you would like Hammond."

"I am sure I should. . . . Of course, when you are in England you will keep these books at some bank or safe deposit?"

"No, I see no reason for that. Books are not like jewelry—their value is not obvious to the lay eye. If any burglar invades Hammond's house at Wimbledon he would hardly have the intelligence to take away what to him would be merely a bundle of dilapidated books."

"True, true."

"I shall keep them in my bedroom in an ordinary suitcase."

"An excellent notion. . . . Ah," said the professor, breaking off, "here is our young friend. Well, Horace."

"Hullo," said that youth.

Professor Appleby glanced at his watch.

"Good gracious! I had no idea how time had flown. I ought to go immediately. I shall just be able to catch a good train. Perhaps the little lad might be spared from his studies to accompany me to the station? Thank you. Get your hat then, Horace. We must be hurrying."

In spite of the statement that he had need for haste, it was at a leisurely pace that Professor Appleby started down the drive. He walked as if troubled with corns, and as he went spoke earnestly to his young companion.

"Kid," said Professor Appleby, "it's a lucky thing I happened to look in this afternoon. Do you know what's happened? That old June bug back there doesn't seem able to stick in one spot for a coupla days on end. He's taking you over to England right away."

Horace stopped in his tracks, displaying as great a concern at the news as the professor himself had shown a short while back in the library.

"Takin' me to England? What for?"

"To put you to school over there."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"Well, wouldn't that jar you!" cried Horace in deep disgust. "I might have known there was a catch to this thing of gettin' me adopted. It's bad enough here, with everybody pickin' on me and me havin' to spend all day learnin' French and everythin'; but, gee, I'd always got my get-away to look forward to. But goin' to school!" He frowned resolutely. "Say, listen! I ain't goin' to no school. See? I ain't goin' to no school, not in England nor anywheres. I ——"

"You talk too much," said Professor Appleby curtly. "If you'll give me a chance to get a word in I'll tell you something. You won't have to go to any school. The old man's going over to England to visit another book-collecting nut, and he's taking a stack of his best books with him. You'll be able to make a quick clean-up and fade-out. He's going to keep the stuff in his bedroom in a suitcase."

"Yes, he is!" said Horace derisively. "That's likely, ain't it, when he locks the things up here as if they was gold dust "

"He is, I tell you. He told me so himself. He thinks there's no chance of anybody trying for them when he's there. And why should they? No ordinary yegg who happens to blow into a house is going to load himself up with a bunch of books."

"Something in that," agreed Horace.

"I'll have Joe go over the same time you do, and you and he can get together and fix things."

"All right," said Horace. "Say, that's a pretty girl."

The object of his commendation, a slim girl with fair hair and a boyish figure, was walking rather wearily up the road that led from the station. He eyed her critically as she passed, and so confirmed in his good opinion was he by this closer inspection that he stood gazing over his shoulder at her receding form, and was awarded by his austere companion a disciplinary thump on the head.

"You've no time for rubbering at girls," said Professor Appleby like a minor prophet rebuking the sins of the people. "You just listen to me when I'm talking to you. I want to get this thing straight in your ivory skull."

"Oh, all right," said Horace.

III

THE girl who had so pleased Horace's critical eye walked on till she came to the gate of Mr. Paradene's grounds, then turned in and proceeded down the drive toward the house. This was familiar territory to her. She was surprised to find how clearly she remembered all the various landmarks. There was the funny old shingled roof, there the window of her bedroom, and there through the trees gleamed the lake. Her eyes dimmed and she caught her breath with a little gasp as she saw the lake. The two dressing sheds were there, also the diving board—all just the same as they had been centuries ago when she was sixteen, skinny and freckled.

She walked on and rang the bell. And presently Mr. Paradene, once more up his ladder, was aware of Roberts the butler on the floor below him.

"Eh?" said Mr. Paradene absently.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir."

Mr. Paradene almost slid down the ladder. It was a rare, almost an unprecedented occurrence for ladies to wish to see him.

"Who is she?"

"A Miss Sheridan, sir."

There had been no affecting reunion between Flick and Roberts. To each the other had appeared as a stranger. Flick remembered that on her visit to this place five years ago there had been a butler, but the personality of Roberts had not stamped itself on her mind. As for Roberts, if he recalled the small girl who had stayed at the house in the third year of his butlership he did not associate her with this attractive young person.

"Did she say what she wanted?"

"No, sir."

"Where is she?"

"I have shown her into the morning room, sir."

"I suppose you had better ask her to come up here."

"Very good, sir."

The uneasy suspicion which had disturbed Mr. Paradene's mind that his visitor had come to collect funds for some enterprise of the community church vanished as she entered the room. The community church, when it made its periodical assaults on his purse, did so through the medium of females of a maturer vintage. He looked at her inquiringly, so obviously puzzled that Flick, though she was far from being in a cheery frame of mind, smiled faintly.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Paradene?"

"Why—er—to be frank ——"

"Well, it's quite a long time since we met. I stayed here five years ago with my uncle, Sinclair Hammond."

"Good heavens!" Mr. Paradene, who had contented himself so far with a wary bow at long range, sprang forward and shook her hand warmly. "I'd never have known you. Bless my soul, you were quite a child then. I remember you perfectly now. Bless my soul, yes. So you're back in America, eh? Do you live here now. Marry an American, eh?"

"No, I'm not married."

"Just visiting? Well, well! I'm delighted to see you again, my dear. You caught me just in time. Oddly enough, I'm on the very eve of sailing for England to stay with your uncle."

"I know. That's why I've come here. Uncle Sinclair wants you to take me back to England with you. You've had his cable?"

"Cable?" said Mr. Paradene. "I remember no cable." He rang the bell. "Roberts, has a cable come for me recently?"

"Yes, sir. One arrived yesterday. If you remember, sir, I brought it to you in this room. You were busy at the bookshelves at the moment, and instructed me to place it on the table."

The table was covered with a deep top-dressing of books and papers. Mr. Paradene rummaged along these and presently came to the surface bearing triumphantly a buff envelope. Roberts, vindicated, left the room.

"I really must apologize," said Mr. Paradene. "I have a bad habit of snowing my correspondence under. All the same, Roberts should have reminded me. Cables are important things." He opened the envelope and read its contents. "Yes, this is the one. Your uncle says you will be calling on me and will I bring you over to England. Of course. Only too delighted. Where are you staying? With friends in New York?"

"No, I'm all alone."

"Alone!" Mr. Paradene replaced his rimless glasses, which had fallen off, and stared at her. "You don't mean to say your uncle let you come over here all alone?"

"I ran away," said Flick simply.

"Ran away!"

"From home. And now," she said with a crooked smile and a little lift of her shoulders, "I'm running back again."

Even with the aid of his glasses Mr. Paradene seemed to find it hard to inspect her as closely as he wished. He came a step nearer, peering at her, bewildered.

"You ran away from home? But why?"

"They wanted me to marry somebody I found I didn't want to marry. Uncle Sinclair," she went on quickly, "hadn't anything to do with it, poor dear. It was the others—Aunt Frances and Uncle George." Mr. Paradene would have liked footnotes explaining these two new characters, but he hesitated to interrupt the flow of a narrative which was gripping him strongly. "Things," continued Flick, "got rather unpleasant, so I ran away and came over here. I thought I could get work of some kind."

"I never heard of such a thing!"

"That's practically what everybody said whom I asked for work. I never dreamed anybody could be so little wanted as I was. I had a certain amount of money when I got to America, and I supposed it would last ever so long, but it seemed to melt away. And one night I had my bag stolen, with almost every penny I possessed in it. That finished me. I stuck it out for another couple of days, and then I spent my last two dollars on a cable home."

Mr. Paradene, though capable on occasion of behaving like a volcano, was a soft-hearted and romantic man. Flick's story touched him.

"And then?"

"I got a cable back telling me to go to you and you would look after me and bring me back to England."

"My dear child, of course I will, of course. Your room shall be got ready at once. The same one you had five years ago."

"I'm afraid I'm an awful nuisance."

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr. Paradene heatedly. "How dare you say you're a nuisance? You're nothing of the sort. Would you like some tea?"

"I should, rather, if it's not giving too much trouble."

The ringing of the bell did Mr. Paradene the service of helping him cover his embarrassment. There was to him something poignantly pathetic in this meekness on the part of a girl who only a short time back had on her own showing been so abundantly equipped with spirit as to run away from home and cross the Atlantic to try her luck in a foreign land. Until the tea arrived he moved about the room with his back turned, fussing over his books.

"But if you go home," he said, when Flick had drunk a cup of tea and seemed the better for it, "you will have to marry this man you dislike."

He realized that it might be tactless, this harping on a delicate subject, but curiosity overcame delicacy. He was feeling like a child being told a story.

"Oh, I don't dislike him," said Flick tonelessly. "I'm very fond of someone else, who isn't fond of me, so I've decided I might just as well marry Roderick as do anything. Trying to live in New York on nothing has changed my views of life a good deal. It has made a comfortable home and lots of money seem more attractive. One has got to be practical, hasn't one?" She got up and began to walk about the room. "What a lot of books you have!" she said. "Ever so many more than Uncle Sinclair."

"He has some I should be very glad to own," said Mr. Paradene handsomely.

He would have liked to hear more of this man whom Flick was fond of but who was not fond of her, but he gathered that she looked upon her narrative as completed and would resent further questioning. He followed her across the room and touched her shoulder with an awkward little pat of condolence. She looked round at him and he saw that her eyes were misty. There was a momentary pause, tense with embarrassment, and he covered it by picking up the photograph at which she had been looking. It was a full-length snapshot of a burly young man in football costume, staring out of the picture with the doughy stolidity habitual to burly young men in football costume.

"That is my nephew William," said Mr. Paradene. Flick nodded.

"I know."

"Of course, yes," said Mr. Paradene. "He was staying here when you and your uncle visited me, wasn't he?"

"He looks very strong," said Flick. She felt that she must say something.

"He is strong," said Mr. Paradene. "And," he added gruffly, "he is an idle, worthless young waster."

Flick uttered a sharp exclamation.

"He isn't! Oh, I beg your pardon," she hurried on. "What I meant was that I don't think you know how hard he is working now to try to find out what is wrong with your London business."

"Hello!" Mr. Paradene put up his glasses. "How do you know anything about that?"

"I—I met him."

"Over in London?"

"Yes."

"That's odd. Where did you run across him?"

"Er—in our garden."

"There!" said Mr. Paradene. "What did I say? He spends his time fooling around at garden parties."

"It wasn't exactly a garden party," said Flick. "He really is trying his hardest to find out why those profits have fallen off so much."

"Oh, yes!"

"Oh, but he is!" insisted Flick. She refused to allow herself to be intimidated by the old man's gruffness. The fact that he still kept Bill's photograph in his library, that holy of holies, must surely be significant. "I'll tell you something he's found out already. He discovered that Mr. Slingsby is selling nearly all your wood pulp to a firm named Higgins & Bennett at a very small profit, when he has had much better offers elsewhere."

"What?" (Continued on Page 33)

Nut Chocolate Cake
Recipe from Mrs. G. R. Beattie, Bay City, Mich.

Cream ¾ cup butter and 1 cup brown sugar, break in 1 egg, and beat hard. Add ½ cup Libby's Milk diluted with a cup [illegible] then 1 cup [illegible] and 1 level teaspoon [illegible] baking powder, and 2 teaspoons [illegible] Before stirring in the flour, add 1 cup nut meats and [illegible] Just before you turn the dough into the oven, put the cake in rather a cool oven, so it has a chance to rise. Bake either as a loaf or as layer cake

7½ *teaspoons of butter fat in every 16-oz. can*

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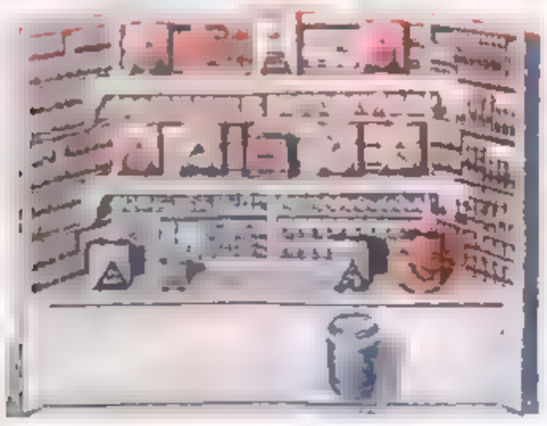

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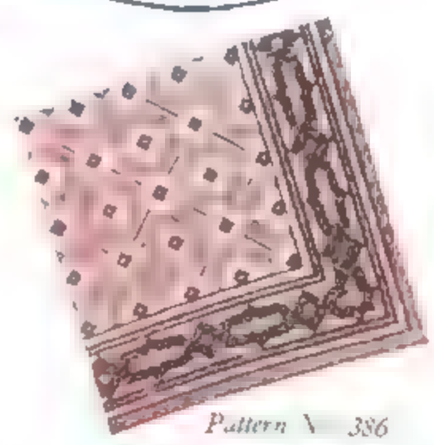

Pattern No. 386

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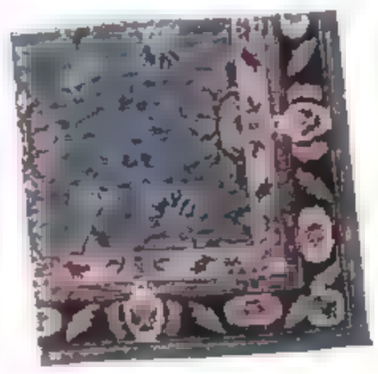
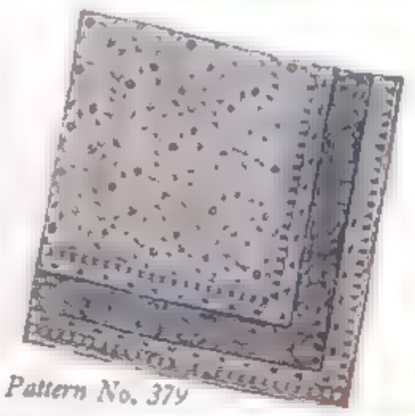


Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 550



Pattern No. 379

Interesting Free Booklet

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

(Continued from Page 30)

"It's quite true. I think—we both think—that Mr. Slingsby isn't very honest."

"Nonsense! As straight and able a man as I ever met. And I'm a judge of character."

"You can't be a very good judge of character if you think Bill is an idle waster," said Flick warmly.

"Hello! You seem very friendly toward him."

"I am."

"Why, you hardly know him!"

"I've known him for years."

"Yes, I suppose you have, if you like to put it that way. This is interesting, what you tell me about those sales. I can't understand it. Did William tell you how he found out?"

"No. But he's awfully clever."

"H'm! I never noticed it."

"Well, he is. And I'm sure that if you would take him into your business and give him a fair start he would do wonders."

Mr. Paradene chuckled.

"If I ever think of founding a William-boosting club I shall know where to go for a president."

"I think he's rather hurt that you haven't sent him a word since he got to England, asking him how he's getting on."

"I'll bet he hasn't given me a thought since he landed," said Mr. Paradene callously. "Still, if you think he's so sensitive, I'll send him a wireless from the boat and arrange a meeting."

"I wish you would."

"But I don't even know where he is."

"Nine, Marmont Mansions, Prince of Wales Road, Battersea Park, London," said Flick glibly.

"Good gracious! How do you know that?"

"He told me."

Mr. Paradene looked at her curiously.

"I don't know how long you were talking in this garden of yours," he said, "but there doesn't seem to have been much that he didn't tell you. I suppose he roasted me, eh?"

"He said you were a perfect darling," said Flick, "who tried to make people believe you were a terror and didn't deceive anybody."

She stooped and bestowed a swift kiss on the bald spot in the center of Mr. Paradene's mop of stiff white hair.

"I'm going out into the garden," she said. "I want to see if you've been and changed everything since I was last here. If I find you have I'll come back and smack you."

Mr. Paradene followed her with a round-eyed gaze as she left the room. His thoughts strayed back to the story she had told him and he gave a discontented sniff.

"A man who isn't fond of that girl," he mused, "must be a fool!"

He picked up the photograph of Bill and looked at it, a rather wistful smile curving his lips. An idle young hound, William, but not unattractive. By no means unattractive.

He put the photograph down and toddled off to his ladder.

CHAPTER XV

HIS long form draped in a flowered dressing gown, Judson Coker sat breakfasting in the dining room of Number 9, Marmont Mansions, Battersea. A gentle breeze, floating in through the open window, brought pleasant spring scents from the park across the road to blend with the robuster aroma of coffee and fried bacon. Propped up against the coffeepot was a copy of the New York World, which had arrived that morning by the American mail. The hour was 10:30.

A strange sense of well-being filled Judson. He took another mouthful of bacon and marveled, as he had been in the habit of marveling lately, how extraordinarily fit he felt these days. It seemed to him that this mystery of his glowing health was one that would interest doctors—achieved, as it had been, in spite of the fact that for nearly two months now he had been deprived of that regular stimulus of alcohol so highly recommended—indeed, insisted upon—by the medical profession. He was in tremendous shape. Why, back in New York he would have shied like a startled horse if anyone had suggested that he should wrap himself round half a dozen slices of bacon at daybreak like this; whereas now he was in two minds whether or not to send out to the kitchen for a further supply.

He came to the conclusion that it must be something to do with the London air. It probably possessed curious tonic properties. And having decided definitely that another order of bacon was essential, he went down the passage to the kitchen to put it in commission. When he came back he found Bill West staring moodily at the laden table.

"Hello, Bill, o' man," said Judson buoyantly. "Come to join me in a bite? Sit down and draw up a chair—I mean, draw up a chair and sit down. A relief expedition is on its way with more food."

"I had my breakfast hours ago," said Bill with gloomy unresponsiveness. "Haven't you finished yet? I want to use the table to write a letter."

The champagnelike air of London, which had brought new youth to Judson, seemed to have missed Bill when distributing joy and elasticity about the metropolis. For the last few weeks Bill had been restless and subject to sudden fits of irritability—a fact which had disturbed Judson not a little.

Filled as he was nowadays with an almost maudlin benevolence toward all created things, Judson wanted to have smiling faces around him.

"You've all day before you," he pointed out. "Park yourself on a chair and watch me eat. Shan't be long."

"There's a letter for you in the sitting room," said Bill. "From Alice."

"Yes?" said Judson with a brother's indifference. He scanned his paper. "Listen to this: 'Broadcasts his love; sweetheart muffs it. Wellington, Mass. Miss Luella Phipps of this city took her ear from her radiophone at just the wrong time last night, for she failed to hear her sweetheart's voice in Forest Hills, New York, announcing their engagement. James J. Roper, of Forest Hills, New York, is the lucky man and is a radio expert. It occurred to him to let his fiancée hear his voice tell the world the glad tidings of their approaching nuptials ——.'"

"Why do they print drivel like that?" said Bill sourly.

"Don't you think it's rather touching?" inquired the Pollyanna behind the coffeepot. In his sunny mood he was prepared to find heart interest everywhere.

"No!"

"Oh!" Judson returned to his literary research. "'Would match Miss Bauer against men swimmers,'" he proceeded, having now meandered onto the sporting page.

"Who would?"

"It just says 'would.' Her pals, I suppose. During the recent six-day swimming carnival Miss Bauer hung up four new world's standards and two new American marks."

"What of it?"

Judson turned the pages.

"Here's a good one," he said, chuckling. "Girl tries to get into a taxi. Taxi man says 'I'm engaged.' 'That's fine,' says the girl. 'I hope you'll be very, very happy.'"

He gazed wistfully at his companion, but Bill's face remained coldly unresponsive. And Judson, having now tried him with heart interest, sporting gossip and humor, gave the thing up and looked at him with concern.

"What's the matter, Bill, o' man?"

"Nothing's the matter."

"Oh, but there is. You've become a regular gloom. All the time these days you're acting like a wet Sunday in Pittsburgh. I believe you're sickening for something."

"I'm not."

"How do you know you're not?" said Judson earnestly. "You've got all the symptoms. You're jumpy and restless and you haven't smiled since six weeks ago last Wednesday. I'll tell you what it is, Bill, o' man. I'm becoming more and more convinced that we ought to keep a little brandy or some other healing spirit always in the house in case of sickness."

"You are, are you?"

"I've heard of fellows who were saved from the tomb by a tot of brandy administered at just the right moment. Dozens of them. Absolutely snitched from the undertaker's grasp. We could keep it in here," urged Judson; "in that closet. It wouldn't take up any room."

He scanned Bill's forbidding features for a moment with a hope that swiftly ebbed.

"Oh, very well," he said stiffly; "I was only suggesting it for your own good."

The second installment of bacon had arrived and he attacked it with an offended aloofness. Presently, having finished his meal, he took himself off to the sitting room, and Bill, clearing a space on the table, sat down to write.

II

BILL'S days for writing to Alice Coker were Tuesday and Friday. Today was Friday, and it was consequently to compose a letter of love that he was now addressing himself. One would have supposed that with such a treat before him his eye would have gleamed with a tender light. But no, it was dull and fishy; and after he had written half a dozen words he stopped and began to chew his pen drearily.

Literary composition can often be a slow and painful process, but if there is one occasion when a writer should surely find the golden sentences bubbling up without an effort it is when he is inditing a letter to the girl he loves. The fact that for some time it had been getting harder and harder to think of things to fill up the pages on these occasions was beginning to weigh upon Bill's spirits. Impious as it was to entertain even for an instant the supposition that writing letters to Alice could have become a bore, honesty compelled him to admit that his primary motive in routing Judson out of the room at this early hour had been the desire to tackle the task and get it finished and off his mind.

He ran his fingers through his hair. It was no good. Words would not come.

What made it all the more strange was the fact that in the earlier days of his sojourn in London he had handled these biweekly prose poems with an absolutely inspired ease. His pen had started racing the moment he sat down. Phrases of the most admirable and pulpy sentiment had leaped into his mind so quickly that he could not keep pace with them, and stuff that you could have bound up in mauve covers and sold a dozen editions of had cost him practically no effort at all. And here he was now without an idea in his head.

He got up and went into the sitting room. If anything could give him inspiration it would be those twelve photographs of Alice that smiled down with such queenly sweetness from the mantelpiece, the whatnot and the console table. He was inspecting the one third from the left on the mantelpiece, dully conscious that it was giving him no kick whatever, when a grave voice addressed him from the depths of the armchair.

"Bill, o' man."

Bill turned sharply.

"What's the matter now?" he snapped.

It was wrong, of course, of him to speak so curtly to his faithful friend, but one cannot deny that he had a certain amount of justification. Judson was eying him with a peculiar and inscrutable expression on his face, goggling at him in an indescribable sort of sad, leering way that crashed into his nerve centers like a bullet. To a man in his condition of irritable despondency the spectacle of Judson's face even in its normal state was hard enough to bear. With this peculiar expression added, it had become intolerable.

"What are you looking at me like that for?" he demanded.

Judson made no direct reply to the question. Instead, he heaved himself up from his chair, and stalking to Bill, patted him gently on the shoulder. Then he grasped his hand and shook it for a few moments; and finally, having patted him on the shoulder once more, resumed his seat.

"I've got news for you, Bill, o' man," he said in a hushed voice.

"What news?"

"Bill, o' man," said Judson solemnly, "you were wrong just now. Believe me, you were wrong. In the attitude you took up about my suggestion that we should keep a little brandy in the place, I mean."

"What is this news of yours?"

"Anybody," said Judson, "is liable to get ill at any moment. And every house, therefore, should have its supply, however small, of brandy or some other healing spirit always ready, so that you can get at it at a moment's notice. I've been reading up about brandy, Bill, o' man. It is employed a great deal medicinally as a food capable of supplying energy in a particularly labile form to the body. It is also a very valuable stimulant, carminative and hypnotic. Well, I mean, that shows you!"

"Will you stop driveling about brandy and tell me——"

"There have been thousands of cases where the sudden breaking of bad news has caused apparently healthy people to keel over and faint, and if there hadn't happened to be somebody in the offing with a nip of the right stuff their name would have been mud. If you'll give me the money, Bill, o' man, I'll be only too glad to pop round the corner to a pub and get a pint or two."

"What is this news?"

"I heard my father say once that when he got badly hammered in the panic of 1907 —— No," said Judson carefully, "I'm lying to you. It wasn't my father; it was a pal of his. This bimbo was ruined in the panic, and he went straight home and opened up a bottle and took a couple of good strong sniffers quick, and before he knew where he was he was feeling like a two-year-old again. And what's more, those drinks gave him an inspiration which enabled him to pull half his fortune out of the wreck—more than half. . . It's not far to the pub. I can get there and back in ten minutes."

"Look here," said Bill tensely, "if you don't tell me what this news of yours is I'll step on you!"

Judson shook his head sadly. He seemed to be deploring the headlong impetuosity of youth.

"All right," he said, "if you must have it. Alice has gone and got engaged to a bird in the steel business with pots of money. She asked me to break it to you gently."

III

BILL stared dumbly. The fateful words sank slowly into his consciousness.

"Engaged!"

Judson nodded a deathbed nod.

"That's right."

"To a fellow in the steel business?"

"Absolutely in the steel business, o' man."

There was a long silence, and suddenly Bill became aware with a sort of shock that his only clearly defined and recognizable emotion in this stupendous moment was a feeling of intense relief at the thought that now he would not have to finish that letter. All the morning it had been pressing on him like some heavy weight; and try as he would, he could not check a horrible sense of exhilaration.

He realized dully that it was all wrong to be feeling like this. It was shameful that a man in his position, confronted with the wreck of all his hopes and dreams, could find nothing better to do than to stand congratulating himself on having got out of writing a difficult letter. Besides, the letter ought not to have been difficult. All the evidence, in short, appeared to point to one conclusion—that he was utterly lacking in the most rudimentary spirituality.

Presently, as he stood there trying not to feel gay and light-hearted, he perceived that the heir of the Cokers was behaving in an odd manner. Judson had risen once more from his chair, and now, sidling up, he was thrusting into Bill's hand a sheet of paper. As the latter's fingers closed over this he sighed, patted him on the shoulder again and began to steal softly toward the door. Pausing on the threshold, he nodded twice with extraordinary solemnity. Then he slid out. It was only after he had been gone some moments that it dawned upon Bill that this was Judson's idea of handling a delicate situation with gentlemanly tact. There are times, Judson seemed to consider, when the strong man prefers to be left to wrestle with his grief alone.

Left thus alone, Bill endeavored to carry out his part of the program. He glanced at the document in his hand. Recognizing Alice's handwriting, he deduced that this must be the letter which had brought the news. Presumably Judson had intended him to read it. But what was the use? Once a man has grasped the essential fact that the girl to whom he was under the impression that he was betrothed has gone and got engaged to birds in the steel business with pots of money, treatises on the subject are superfluous. He put the letter down on the table unread.

There now came to him a pleasing theory that seemed to offer an explanation of his strange lack of decent sorrow. Men who are shot frequently feel no immediate discomfort beyond a dull shock. This, he came to the conclusion, must be what had happened in his case. His faculties must have been stunned. Later on, no doubt, the agony would commence.

Feeling considerably relieved by this reflection, he decided to go out and grapple with his tragedy in the open air. Dimly remembered novels whose heroes had received the same sort of blow suggested that this was the correct course for one in his position to pursue. In those novels, he

recalled, shepherds, tending their flocks on the wind-swept hills, used to be startled by the swift passing of tall, soldierly men with pale, drawn faces, striding through the storm with mouths set like bars of steel, and eyes, glittering like flames, staring sightlessly out from under the peaks of their caps. He put on his shoes and was about to go in search of his hat, when suddenly there presented itself the problem of the photographs.

Those twelve photographs! What to do with them?

In the matter of the faithless one's photographs, two plans of action are open to the jilted swain. He can either lay them up in lavender and live out his lonely life brooding over them as his hair gradually whitens, or he can do the strong, manly thing and destroy them out of hand. It came as a further shock to Bill, when, after five minutes' tense thought, he decided on the latter course, to realize how little anguish the prospect caused him. He made his decision without a tremor and did the photographs up in a brown-paper parcel with as little remorse as a grocer wrapping a pound of tea. Undoubtedly his faculties must have been stunned.

It was Bill's intention to get rid of these mementos of a dead past somewhere in the great outdoors. For more than a week now the weather had been too warm for fires, which prevented one handy way of disposing of things; and it was obviously impossible for a sensitive man to tear them up and put them in the waste-paper basket where Judson would see them. Bill wanted no jarring comments on his action. He was grateful now for the other's indifferent attitude toward all photographs of his sister. Judson was not an observant young man, and the odds were that the novel bareness of the walls and mantelpiece would entirely escape him.

It is one of the defects of London, from the point of view of a man whose heart has just been broken, that it is practically devoid of wild spots in which to stride with a sightless stare. The nearest thing it seemed to provide to the wind-swept hills was Battersea Park; and thither Bill betook himself with his parcel, stepping lightly down the passage to the front door in order not to be intercepted by Bob the Sealyham, who if aware that one of the gang contemplated going for a walk would, he knew, show a disposition to count himself in. And much as Bill respected and liked Bob, he had no wish for his company now. The Bobs of Battersea are not permitted inside the park's exclusive boundaries unless attached to a leash; and it seemed to Bill scarcely decent that on this supreme occasion he should be hampered by a wriggling dog. Any moment now the agony might be beginning, making solitude essential. He tiptoed out and hurried down the stairs.

It was a lovely morning. Comment has already been made in these records on the callousness of Nature in times of man's distress, and it is enough to say that on this occasion Nature more than lived up to her reputation. It was the sort of day when even Queen Mary would have left her umbrella at home; and Bill, wandering through the green avenues and listening to the merry cries of children sporting in the sunshine, continued to have that peculiar illusion of light-heartedness. If he had not known that such a thing was impossible he would have said that his spirits were rising higher and higher every moment. The way he jerked his wrist when, having reached a spot secluded from human eye, he threw the brown-paper parcel containing the photographs from him was positively rollicking. He heard it flop behind him without a pang and was caracoling gayly on down the path, when a shrill voice spoke in his ear.

"Hi! Mister!"

So unexpected was this voice that it had for one brief instant an uncanny effect of being the voice of the brown-paper parcel. A moment before Bill had been convinced that there was not a soul within a hundred yards. But it is a peculiarity of the London parks that no spot in them is ever really secluded from the human eye; and now there had sprung up—apparently through the asphalt—a small and grubby girl in a print frock.

She was trotting toward him, her face beaming with helpfulness and good will. With her left hand she dragged along a small male relation, who in his turn dragged a still smaller male relation; with her right she waved the brown-paper parcel.

"You dropped this, mister."

Bill was a kind-hearted young man and he shrank from wounding the child. He took the parcel with as much gratitude as he was able to summon up on the spur of the moment, and with a smile a little too mechanical to be really brilliant handed over sixpence as a reward. The family melted away.

Bill walked on. The episode had had the effect of shaking his nerve; and though he passed several deserted nooks which might have been constructed by the London County Council with the sole purpose of acting as dumping grounds for the photographs of girls about to marry into the steel business, he made no use of them. And presently, roaming aimlessly, he found himself on the edge of a large sheet of water. Here, like Alastor on the lone Chorasmian shore, he paused.

The margin of the pool was fringed with children and dogs, the latter held in leash by nurses or tied to benches. The nurses exchanged dignified confidences one with another, the children sailed toy boats, the dogs barked continuously. In the trees on a small island in the middle of the water a colony of rooks cawed in raucous competition with the dogs. It was a jolly spot; but to Bill its chief charm lay in the fact that every individual present, whether nurse or child or dog or rook, appeared to be tensely occupied with his own affairs and consequently in no position to observe and comment upon the strange behavior of any well-dressed young man who should stroll up and start throwing brown-paper parcels into the depths. It seemed too good a chance to miss.

With an abstracted eye on the rooks, he sent the parcel spinning through the air, and was just turning away, humming a careless air, when the splash was followed by another of such magnitude that he thought for a moment that the rather stout child who had been trimming the sails of his yacht close by must have fallen in. And it is shameful to have to record that the first emotion that came to Bill—a man with one life saved from drowning already to his credit—was a feeling of regret at the prospect of having to go in after the little chump.

But he had wronged the stout child. There he was, still safely on the water's edge. The creature that had caused the splash was an enormous dog with long black hair and an expression of genial imbecility which was now swimming vigorously out to where the brown-paper parcel floated. And even as Bill looked he snapped it up between two rows of sharklike teeth and started for the shore. A moment later he had laid it at Bill's feet, shaken himself like a shower bath and was gazing up into his playmate's face, his idiot grin urging him as plainly as if he had made a set speech to keep the fun going by throwing the thing in again.

Bill picked up the parcel and hurried away. He was now in a mood of acute exasperation. It was not the fact that he was quite noticeably wet that infuriated him; nor was his indignation due to disapproval of the phenomenon of an unleashed dog where, according to the park's clearly printed by-laws, no unleashed dog should have been. What was gnawing at his vitals was a dull hatred of this brown-paper parcel and all it stood for. It amazed him now that he could ever have supposed himself in love with Alice Coker. Apart from anything else, apart altogether from her evil habit of going about marrying birds in the steel business, there must be a curse of some sort on a girl whose photographs were so impossible to get rid of. It was with all the depression of a Eugene Aram that he strode from the pond and buried himself in a quiet, leafy byway.

If anything could have soothed Bill's mood of raging fury, this murmurous lane with its fringe of tall trees in which he now found himself should have done so. Even more than any of the other nooks through which he had passed that morning, it seemed apart from the world of men. Birds sang in the branches to his left, and in the flower beds to his right bees were buzzing happily. It is proof of the shattered state of Bill's morale that the solitude of this sylvan retreat did not encourage him at once to drop his parcel. He was in the grip of a sort of superstitious coma. He had a presentiment that, solitary though the place seemed, he would not be alone for long, and a moment later his presentiment was fulfilled. Round the bend in the walk, concealed until they were almost on him by a large bush, came pacing slowly a young couple, a man and a girl.

The girl was trim and pretty, but it was the man who arrested Bill's attention. He was a tall young man with brown eyes and chestnut hair, of an aspect rendered vaguely artistic by a long and flowing tie of mauve silk. And the thing about him that enchained Bill's notice was his oddly familiar look. Somewhere, he felt, he had met the fellow before.

The man looked up, and as he did so there came into his face an expression which Bill could not interpret. It was recognition—that was clear enough—but it was also something more than recognition. If the idea had not been so absurd he would almost have said it was fear. The brown eyes widened, and a breeze rippling through the chestnut hair—he was carrying his hat in his hand—gave it a momentary suggestion of standing on end.

"Hullo!" said Bill.

He could not place the fellow, but it was plain from the other's expression that they must have met.

"Hullo!" said the young man huskily.

"Nice day," said Bill.

The observation seemed to have a reassuring effect on the other. It was as if he had expected hostility from Bill and was pleasantly relieved by the cordiality of his tone. He brightened visibly.

"Beautiful," he said. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

Each having shot his conversational bolt, there followed one of those awkward silences. And then Bill, acting automatically under the influence of a powerful urge proceeding he knew not whence, extended his hand.

"Here!" he said briefly.

And thrusting the brown-paper parcel into the other's grasp, he walked rapidly away. He was conscious, as he went, of a whirl of mixed emotions; but the one that stood out above all the others was a stupendous feeling of relief. A memory of his boyhood came to him, of the time when he had first read Stevenson's Bottle Imp. It must have been quite a dozen years ago, but he could still recall the exquisite exultation he had felt on reaching the passage where the hero gets rid of the fatal bottle to the drunken sailor. It was exactly so that he was feeling now. His recent acquaintance might—probably would—think him mad, but the chances were all against him running after him to tell him so and to force the parcel back upon him. If he did it would be necessary to take firm steps.

Bill stopped. His train of thought had just been jarred violently off the rails by the sudden discovery of the reason why the man's face had been familiar. He knew him now, and he remembered where it was that they had last seen each other—in the garden of Holly House, Wimbledon, when he, Bill, had chased him hither, thither and roundabout through the darkness with the intent to do violence upon his person. It was the man Roderick Pyke!

Bill smiled grimly. Roderick Pyke! No, there was no likelihood of Roderick Pyke running after him with parcels.

And then his thoughts began to flow in such a rapid stream that he could not keep up with them. The discovery that this man was Roderick Pyke immediately caused him to wonder what on earth he was doing, strolling about Battersea Park with a girl. Why, by all the laws of romance and even decency he should have been brooding forlornly on his vanished fiancée! It offended Bill to think that a man who had so recently lost Flick should be behaving so callously.

And then his thoughts shot off at another tangent, and this time they were such weighty thoughts that he was obliged to sit down on a handy bench to grapple with them.

Flick! Of course, he had never actually forgotten Flick for an instant; but it was certainly true that this meeting with Roderick had brought her into his mind with a curious vividness that had all the effect of making her seem like something suddenly remembered. Flick! He would see her now as clearly as if she were standing before him. Flick, happy and smiling; Flick, tired and tearful; Flick, frightened and looking to him for support—a whole gallery of Flicks, each more attractive than the last. And quite suddenly, as if he had known it all along, Bill realized that he loved Flick.

Of course! He was a fool not to have guessed it earlier. Judson had accused him of being like a wet Sunday in Pittsburgh. Quite justly. He had been like a wet Sunday in Pittsburgh. And why? Because the withdrawal of Flick from his life had made that life seem so empty and unprofitable. This was what had been troubling his spirit all these weeks.

Bill got up. He was glowing now with that fervor which comes upon men in their hour of clear vision. He felt in his pocket for his pipe—the situation was distinctly one that demanded a series of thoughtfully smoked pipes—and found that he had left it in the flat. It being obviously impossible to think coherently without it, he returned home.

Judson, that model of tact and delicacy, was still out, and Bill was glad of it. He wanted solitude. He found his pipe where he had left it in the dining room, beside that scarcely begun letter to Alice Coker, and proceeded to the sitting room.

A marconigram was lying on the table. Bill opened it, hoping faintly that it might be from Flick, and experienced disappointment on discovering that it was from his Uncle Cooley. Uncle Cooley, said the marconigram, was due to dock at Southampton on the following morning. He hoped that Bill would meet him at the Antiquarians Club in Pall Mall at three in the afternoon.

It was news to Bill that Mr. Paradene was on the ocean at all, and his immediate feeling was a regret that he had not more stimulating news to give him of his activities in connection with Mr. Wilfrid Slingsby. Yes, on the whole, it was a nuisance that Uncle Cooley had chosen just this time to come over.

However, being here, he could not be ignored. Bill came to the conclusion that it would be more respectful and would make a better impression if, instead of waiting till three o'clock, he went to Waterloo Station on the morrow and met the boat train. Having made this decision, he sat down and plunged into pleasant, roseate dreams about Flick.

CHAPTER XVI

IT WAS with a light and jaunty step that Bill strode over Chelsea Bridge next morning on his way to Waterloo. There had been a time in the silent watches of the night when, lying in bed reviewing the position of affairs, he had had certain uncomfortable doubts as to the stability of his character. Was not a man, he asked himself, who could so swiftly rebound from one love to another incapable of love in its deepest sense? Was not such a man incurably shallow and trivial and worthy of nothing but contempt? From 12:30 till a quarter to two he had been inclined to answer these questions in the affirmative; but at 1:45 precisely there had slid into his fevered mind the consoling recollection of Romeo.

Now, there was a chap. Generations of lovers had taken him as the archetype of their kind; and yet on Shakspere's own showing the fellow had been a perfect byword among his friends up till, say, 9:30 P.M. one night for his hopeless adoration of Rosaline, and it couldn't have been much more than 9:45 the same night before he was worshiping Juliet. And certainly nobody had ever accused Romeo of shallowness and triviality.

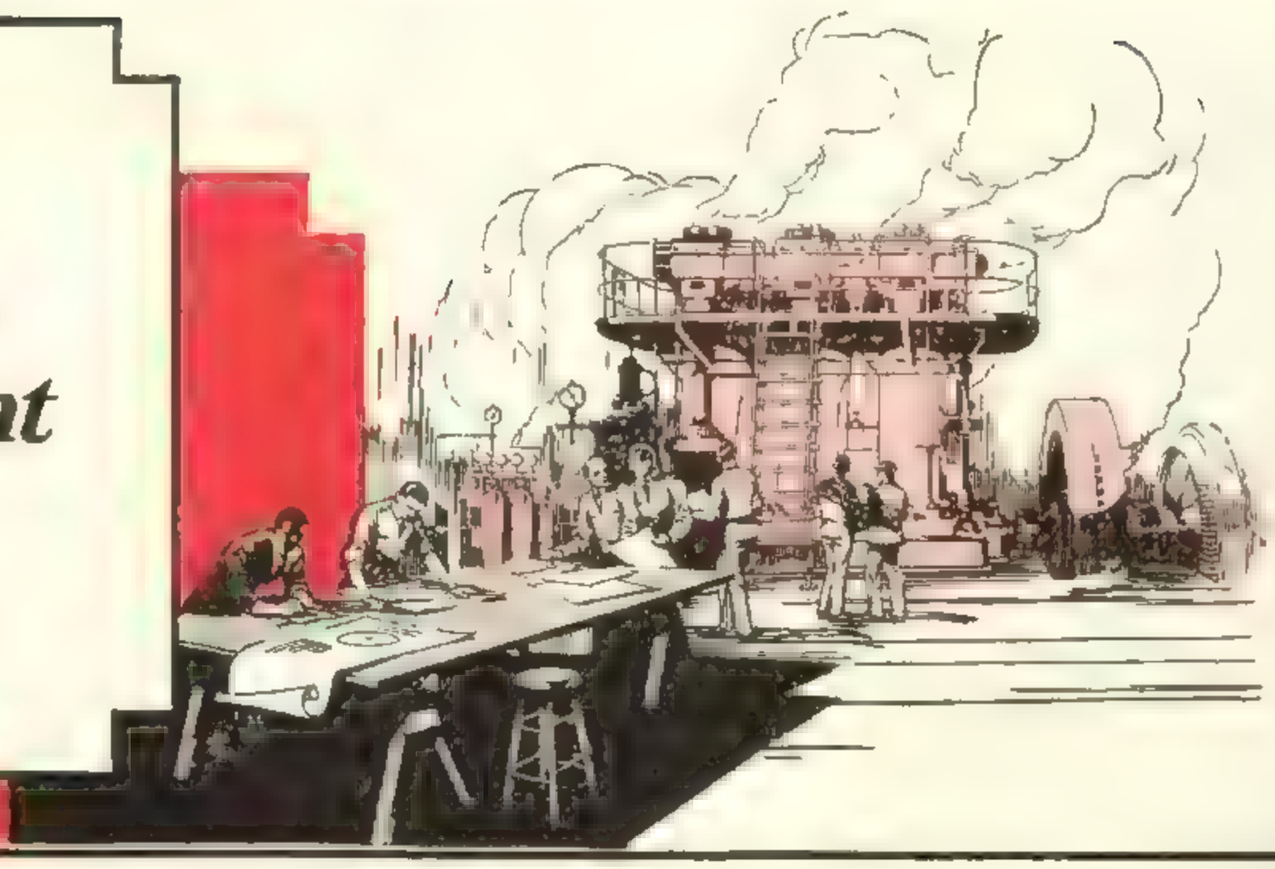
No, everything was absolutely all right. All that had happened was that the scales had fallen from his eyes, if you liked to put it that way; and that was the sort of thing that might happen to anyone. With each step that took him nearer to his destination Bill became more whole-heartedly convinced that Flick was the only girl in the world for him. What he had felt for Alice Coker had been the mere immature infatuation of a lad with no knowledge of life. He looked back to himself as he had been two months ago and seemed to be contemplating another being.

In addition to having settled this soul problem, he had also got the practical side of the thing straight. As soon as there was a boat he must go over to America, find Flick and pour out his heart. Every moment that he spent three thousand miles away from her was a moment irreparably wasted.

And somehow the thought of pouring out his heart to Flick affected him with none of that nervous paralysis which had come upon him on the occasion when he had—mistakenly—revealed his emotions to Alice Coker. Flick was different. Flick was—well, she was Flick. She was a pal. By the time Bill reached Westminster Bridge he was smiling at passers-by and telling policemen it was a nice morning, and in York Road he went so far as to give a hawker half a crown for a penny box of matches, thereby converting

(Continued on Page 36)

Why lubrication is important to plant executives



Someone must study it. Why?

Why is technical study of lubrication so necessary?

Because lubrication is an exact science and because efficient and economical operation can only be secured in your plant when the oils meet with scientific exactness the lubricating requirements of your machinery.

Is it necessary for you to study lubrication personally?

No. You are interested only in the results of lubrication. You can safely leave the study of it to experts who have specialized in lubrication for many years, and whose knowledge and experience will produce the result you wish—efficient and economical operation.

How can these experts help you to secure the desired results?

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Can you as a plant executive make profitable use of this exact knowledge?

Yes. The Vacuum Oil Company will gladly show you how correct lubrication will bring about less wear of your machinery—fewer repairs—less danger of shutdowns—and lower lubricating costs per unit of production.

A letter addressed to our nearest branch office will put you in touch with an experienced representative who will be prepared to discuss with you the financial benefits of correct lubrication, and to take up with your plant engineer the technical phases of the subject.

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Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

THE LUBRICATION AUDIT

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This report is based on:

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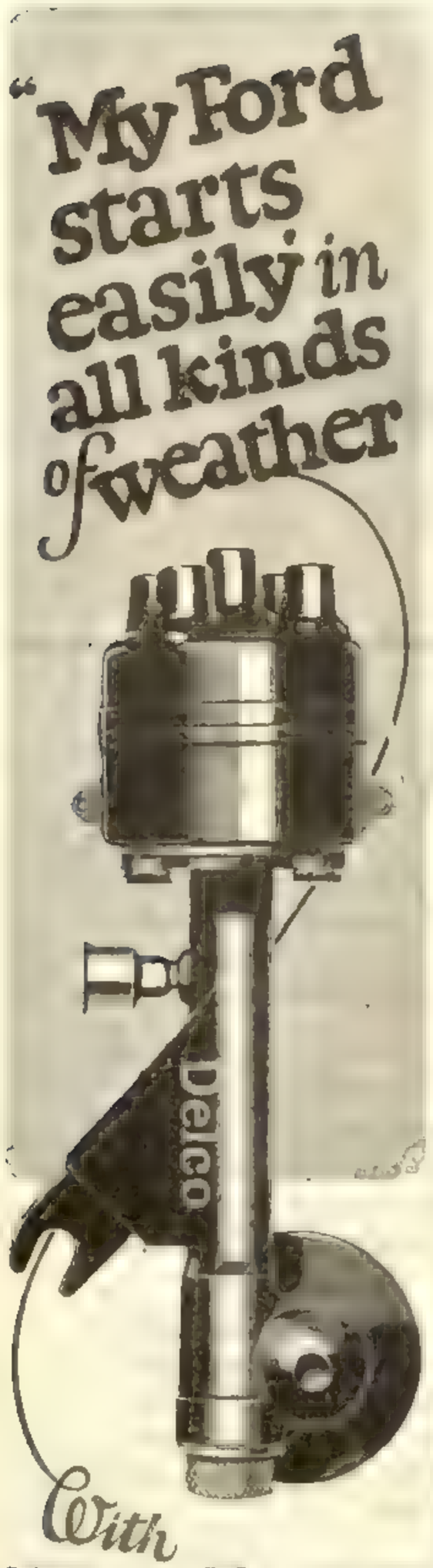

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See your nearest dealer, or write direct to United Motors Service, Detroit, national service representatives for

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
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(Continued from Page 34)

one who had always been a stubborn skeptic to a belief in miracles. He entered the bustling precincts of Waterloo at a sort of joyous trot, which increased to a gallop when a porter informed him that the boat train was even now discharging its passengers at Platform 13.

Bill had no difficulty in finding Platform 13. The march of progress has robbed Waterloo Station of its mysteries. Once it used to be a quaint, dim Wonderland in which bewildered Alices and their male counterparts wandered helplessly, seeking information of officials as naïvely at sea as themselves. But now it is orderly and efficient. Bill, not having known it in the days of its picturesqueness, had no sense of romantic loss. Yielding up a penny for a platform ticket, he charged past the barrier into the swirl of the crowd.

The platform was full of travelers and their friends and relatives. His native shrewdness telling him that Uncle Cooley would probably be at the far end of the train looking after his baggage, Bill wasted no time. It was his intention to show zeal, to save his u..cle trouble and annoyance by attending to the baggage himself, and incidentally to reveal himself in the light of the capable young man of affairs. He brushed aside a boy who was trying to sell him oranges and chocolates and sped upon his way, and was rewarded by the spectacle of Mr. Paradene hovering on the outskirts of the crowd like an undersized sportsman trying to get a glimpse of a dog fight.

"Hullo, Uncle Cooley! How are you? Have a good voyage? Shall I get you a porter?" said Bill efficiently.

"Why, William!" said Mr. Paradene, turning, and speaking with an agreeable cordiality. "I never expected to see you. Nice of you to come and meet me."

"Thought I might save you trouble with your trunks."

"Very good of you. But I'll look after them myself. I've got some valuable books I want to keep an eye on. I'll meet you down the platform. You'll find Horace there."

The prospect of a chat with Horace did not cause Bill any noticeable elation; but Mr. Paradene, who had now intercepted a passing porter and was pointing out trunks to him in the manner of a connoisseur exhibiting the gems of his collection to a sympathetic fellow enthusiast, seemed anxious to be alone.

"Go along and talk to him," he said. "That big one, that little one, and there are five more," he added to the porter. "You'll find another friend of yours with h m. At least she said she knew you."

"She?"

"Girl named Sheridan—Felicia Sheridan. Niece of Sinclair Hammond, the man I've come to stay with."

Waterloo Station is always in a seething and effervescent condition when a boat train comes in; but to Bill, as he heard these words, it seemed to boil and bubble like a caldron. Travelers, travelers' friends, travelers' relations, porters, paper boys, station masters and the persevering lad who was still trying to sell him oranges and chocolates danced before his eyes in a weird saraband. The solid platform seemed to heave beneath his feet. The whistle of an engine sounded like a scream of joy.

"Flick!" he gasped. "Is Flick here?"

But Mr. Paradene was too busy to reply. Accompanied by the porter, he was now in the center of the maelstrom, burrowing after trunks like a terrier in a rabbit warren. Bill, though he would have liked to ask a number of questions, respected his uncle's preoccupation and, drawing a deep breath, plunged down the platform with as much direct forcefulness as if he had been in sight of the enemy's goal line with a football under his arm. Indignant humanity scattered like smoke wreaths before him. And presently, after causing more hard feelings among his fellow creatures than a judge at a baby contest, he came to a space that was comparatively open. And there, her hand in the uncouth paw of the boy Horace, stood Flick.

II

IN A WORLD full of people who, happening upon Horace, immediately wished him elsewhere, nobody had ever wished him so far elsewhere as did Bill at that moment. Not even Mr. Sherman Bastable in his least affectionate mood could have found the boy's society more distasteful. His mere presence was bad enough, but far worse was that look of sardonic scorn on his freckled face—a look that seemed to ridicule all romance and wither it with a chilling blast. For an instant Bill had a sense of defeat. There was something hideously immobile about the boy's attitude that seemed to suggest that nothing could shift him. "Come one, come all, this platform shall fly from its firm base as soon as I," his demeanor said, and Bill was at a loss to know what to do about it, till suddenly an inspiration came to him. Few boys are averse to a quiet snack at any hour, and Horace was probably no exception to the rule.

"Hullo, Horace," he said. "You're looking tired and thin. Take this. You'll find the refreshment room down there through those gates."

The words acted like some magic spell. Horace's stomach had that quality which optimists try to persuade us belongs to the ladder of fortune—there was always plenty of room at the top. Without a word—or, indeed, any acknowledgment, unless a sharp grunt was intended for a speech of thanks—he seized the money which Bill was thrusting upon him and hurried off. Bill turned to Flick, who during this brief business interview had been drinking him in with round and astonished eyes.

"Flick!" said Bill.

"Bill!" said Flick.

"You darling!" said Bill. "I love you, I love you, I ——"

"Oranges and chawklits," said a dispassionate voice at his elbow. "Oranges, sengwidges and chawklits."

With prismatic dreams of murder filling his mind, Bill turned. Apart from the fact that any interruption at such a moment would have affected him like a blow behind the ear from a sandbag, he had supposed that in his previous conversations with this lad he had disposed once and for all of this matter of oranges and chocolates. It was a perfectly straight issue, to settle which both sides had only to show a little reasonableness and intelligence. The boy thought Bill wanted oranges and chocolates. Bill did not want oranges and chocolates, and he had said so perfectly plainly. Yet it seemed now that they had been shouting at each other across seas of misunderstanding.

"I don't want any oranges," he said tensely.

"Chawklits?" suggested the boy. "Chawklits for the lidy?"

"The lady doesn't want chocolates."

"Sengwidges?"

"Nor sengwidges."

"Buns, sweets of all descriptions, chawklit, nut chawklit, sengwidges, oranges, epples, Banbury cikes and bananas!" chanted the lad lyrically. He had a clear, tuneful young voice and he chirruped like a thrush in Maytime. The thing only needed music by Jerome Kern to be a song hit.

Bill grasped Flick's arm and hurried her along the platform. It is supposed to be a universal illusion on the part of the young, when in love, that they are entirely alone in the world; but Bill, great though his passion was, could not achieve this state of mind. Waterloo Station seemed to him absolutely congested. How there were enough people in London, large city though it was, to fill it up to such an extent amazed him. The entire population of the British Isles, together with visitors from every part of America, seemed to have banded together to prevent him getting a quiet word with Flick.

"Ever since you went away," he resumed, coming to a halt behind a luggage-laden truck, "I ——."

The truck became suddenly endowed with movement. It thrust itself between them like a Juggernaut. And when it had passed and he was about to speak again a finger tapped him energetically upon the shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir," asked a voice in rich Minnesotan, "but could you di-rect me to the telegraph office?"

Adversity makes strategists of us all. Bill grasped the other's arm and whirled him round.

"I don't know myself," he said, "but that boy over there could tell you. The one with the orange-and-chocolate tray."

"Thank you, sir. Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Flick darling," said Bill "ever since you went away I've been perfectly miserable. I couldn't make out at first what was the matter with me. Then I suddenly realized I've got to talk quick so get this. I love you. I —— I beg your pardon?"

He broke off icily, turning as he received a sharp prod in the ribs from what felt like the ferrule of an umbrella.

The stout woman with the brown veil flying from her hat repeated her question.

"Where can you get a porter?" Bill spoke in an overwrought voice. What there was about him that made all these people flock to him as to some human information bureau he was at a loss to understand. Goodness knew, he had been trying to make his face look forbidding enough, and yet they kept surging up to him in their thousands as if he were their guardian angel. He began to feel like one of those "Ask Mr. Halleran!" men whose cheery advertisements dot the roadsides throughout Long Island.

"Anywhere round here. They are popping about all over the place. There's one over there, standing by that boy with the chocolate-and-orange tray."

"I don't see him."

"He was there a moment ago."

The stout woman wandered away discontentedly, her veil flying behind her. Bill turned to Flick again.

"By your leave, sir."

A porter this time with a truck. The irony of the situation afflicted Bill. Here was a porter interrupting him, doubtless in search of stout women with baggage, and a moment before the stout woman had interrupted him in search of a porter. It would have been a kindly act on his part to bring these kindred spirits together, but he was otherwise occupied.

"I know what you're saying," he resumed. "You're saying 'What about Alice Coker?' Never mind about Alice Coker. That was a mere infatuation. Simply an infatuation. I love you and only you, and I believe—I honestly believe—I've loved you from the very first moment we met."

Amazing how easy it was to talk to her like this. The mere sight of her encouraged him to eloquence. She radiated confidence and comfort. It was as simple as telling an old friend that you were glad to see him. No trace now he felt of that fluttering self-consciousness which had set him stammering under the queenly gaze of Alice Coker. Silly nonsense that had been, imagining for a single moment that he could be in love with a girl who made him self-conscious. The whole essence of love—and Bill now considered himself an expert on this subject—was that it made you feel at home with a girl, happy with her, at your ease with her, just as if she were a part of you.

"Flick darling," he said, "let's go out and get married—quick!"

Her eyes were smiling up into his, the brightest, bluest eyes that had ever danced in human face; and Waterloo Station seemed to blaze with a brilliant and unearthly light. It soothed every nerve in his body, that smile of hers. It set him aglow with a happiness beyond all dreaming. It was like a lighted window welcoming a weary traveler home across the snow. And, taking advantage of the fact that this delightful station was full of people who were kissing one another, he bent over with no more words and kissed Flick; and the kiss seemed like nothing so much as the formal affixing of a signature to a document whose pleasant terms had long since been agreed upon and settled. It was so entirely simple, so perfectly natural and in order. And somehow it seemed to put matters on such a sound and satisfactory footing that for the first time since she had come to him out of this whirl of restless humanity he found himself able to talk coherently and conversationally.

"What are you doing over here?" he asked. "I was just coming over to America to find you."

"I ran short of money and I had to cable home, and they cabled back that I was to go to your uncle. He has brought me over."

"But didn't Alice Coker look after you?"

"I never went near her."

"Why not? Why, of course you wouldn't!" said Bill with a flash of belated intelligence. "What a consummate fool I was ever to think you would! The more I look back at myself, the more it seems to me that of all the hopeless fools in the world I was the worst."

"You weren't!"

"I was. Taking all that time to realize that I loved you! Do you really love me, Flickie?"

"Of course I do. I always have."

"I'm hanged if I can see why," said Bill candidly. "I know you do. I can feel it in my bones. But why?"

"Because you're the most wonderful man on earth."

(Continued on Page 39)

The crisp golden grains delight you if you're hungry — tempt you if you're not

Into the future of each human life stretch two broad Highways

"Thousands are slowly poisoning themselves to death by eating beyond their digestive capacity."

—*Right Food the Right Remedy*

"Only that portion of the food that is digested and absorbed can serve the purpose of growth and the maintenance of the vital functions."

—*The Principles of Human Nutrition*

In Grape-Nuts the precious carbohydrates have been *dextrinized* in the form your body most readily and smoothly digests and transforms into strength and vitality.

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The other is the road of nourishment—the road of strength and health.

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Served with cream or rich milk, Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration

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How to banish chatter from your Ford —*and still lubricate the engine perfectly*

This new economy oil, made for Fords exclusively, does both these jobs and makes possible 8 definite economies in operation

EVERY time your Ford chatters when you start, stop, or reverse, you are that much closer to a costly overhauling of your entire car.

All too often, you blame chatter on the transmission bands, and pay to have new ones installed. Yet in nine cases out of ten, worn bands are not the cause of chatter. It is usually caused by the use of an oil which fails to lubricate the transmission bands properly.

The problem of selecting your Ford oil

The selection of an oil to lubricate your Ford is a highly important matter. There is a scientific reason why this is so. The lubrication system of your Ford is so designed that *the same oil which lubricates the Ford transmission must also lubricate the engine.*

There are oils which temporarily stop chatter in the transmission—but fail to lubricate the engine properly. They cause a variety of engine troubles.

Likewise there are oils which lubricate the Ford engine properly but which fail to silence the chattering transmission bands. Again—only half the job done.

That is why you should use an oil which lubricates *both* the engine *and* the transmission properly.

Made for Fords exclusively

That Veedol Forzol, the new economy oil for Fords, does both these jobs perfectly has been proved by chemists in laboratories, engineers in road tests and—most important of all—by the practical experience of hundreds of thousands of Ford owners who now use it.

Veedol Forzol is made to lubricate Fords *exclusively* and is purposely designed to meet the unique requirements of the Ford lubricating system. Veedol Forzol stops chatter immediately. It lubricates the engine perfectly. And it thus makes possible 8 definite economies in operation.

The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol conservatively saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% savings have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, coasting is possible down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its power-seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from engine vibration and repair bills.

Why not banish chatter from your Ford, once and for all, and along with that relief enjoy the seven other economies that Veedol Forzol gives you? Any Veedol dealer will be glad to drain your crankcase and refill it with Veedol Forzol.

* * *

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Tide Water Oil Company

Ford Owners in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL FORZOL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

The economy oil for Fords

(Continued from Page 36

"By Jove, I believe I am! Anyway, I feel I am when you look at me like that."

Flick squeezed his arm.

"Bill darling, what are we going to do?"

Bill looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, get married! As soon as ever we can! That reminds me. I shall have to be looking for work. Can't live on nothing. But that will be all right. I have a hunch that Uncle Cooley will come out strong. All I need is a start."

"It's going to be very difficult."

"Not a bit. Watch me!"

"I mean, about me. I'm supposed to have come back to marry Roderick."

"What? You don't mean to say," demanded Bill with honest amazement, "that that silly business is still on? Do you mean to tell me that in this twentieth century people still think they can force a girl to marry someone she doesn't want to?"

"When you get a man like Uncle George and a woman like Aunt Francie making up their minds it doesn't matter what century it is," said Flick simply.

"You wouldn't do it?" said Bill with a sudden swift spasm of fear.

"Of course I wouldn't," said Flick stoutly. "But, oh, Bill darling, we've got to hurry up and do something! After what has happened, I know as well as I know anything that I shall be a sort of prisoner at Holly House. I'm in disgrace. I'm like a convict that has tried to escape. I daren't risk running away again until everything is quite settled. You must let me know the moment you're ready for me."

"I'll write to you."

"No, don't. They might see your letters, and then it would be more difficult than ever."

She broke off. Bill, whose eyes had never left her face, saw her start.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Bill," said Flick quickly in a low tone, "don't do a thing. Just stand where you are and try to look as if you were perfectly ordinary. Aunt Francie is coming. I might have guessed that she would be here to meet me."

The woman advancing up the platform was so exactly what Bill would have imagined any sister of Flick's Uncle George that he had a feeling almost as if they were old acquaintances. Nevertheless, he was far from being at his ease. Aunt Francie was finding some difficulty in navigating round a truck, and Flick seized the opportunity for further counsel.

"Stay where you are. She'll think you're somebody I met on board."

"How am I going to let you know?" said Bill hurriedly as the enemy appeared round the truck. "I've got it! What paper do you take in the morning?"

"The Daily Record. It's Uncle George's paper."

"Watch the Agony Column," whispered Bill.

Flick nodded briefly and turned to greet her formidable aunt.

"Aunt Francie!" she exclaimed.

There was a noticeable chill in the bearing of Mrs. Sinclair Hammond as she pecked at the cheek of her erring niece. Mrs. Hammond had much to say to her of a nature that could not well be said in front of strangers. The lecture of a lifetime hung on her firm lips, only waiting for Bill's departure to be released. Flick turned to Bill.

"Good-by, Mr. Rawlinson," she said brightly, extending her hand. "Thank you so much for looking after me."

Bill took his cue. With a courteous bow in the direction of the more than ever formidable Aunt Francie, he moved off down the platform. He had, as he went, something of the emotions of a knight of old compelled by other engagements to ride off and leave a maiden at the mercy of a dragon.

CHAPTER XVII

THE waiter, having brought coffee and cigars, retired; and Bill, leaning across the table, spoke in a low and confidential voice.

"Juddy," he said, "I've got something I want to tell you, old man."

Several times during the meal which had just come to a conclusion he had been meaning to speak, but on each occasion the orchestra of the Regent Grill Room, which has a nasty habit of bursting at unexpected moments into La Bohème and even louder classics, had been seized with a spasm which had rendered low-voiced confidences impossible. This had caused Bill a good deal of annoyance, for the necessity of confiding his affairs to a sympathetic ear had become imperative. A week had elapsed since his momentous meeting with Flick at Waterloo Station, and all through that week he had been going about laden down with a secret which it had grown more and more irksome to keep to himself. The time had arrived when he simply had to talk about it to someone, and in all this great city there was no one except Judson whom he could elect to the position of confidant.

Judson puffed comfortably at his cigar.

"Spill it," he said amiably.

He looked at his companion with friendly eyes. Apart from the fact that, having a pleasant secret of his own tucked away in his bosom, he was feeling well disposed toward all humanity, he felt particularly genial toward Bill. During this past week all his old affection and esteem had returned. Bill, for so long a blighted flower, had suddenly revived as if someone had poured water on him.

He had gone whistling about the flat, and tonight had reached such heights of jovial camaraderie as actually to suggest a dinner at the Regent followed by a visit to the Alhambra revue. Judson thoroughly approved of the change.

Bill looked about him cautiously. The waiter had disappeared. The nearest diners were out of earshot. The orchestra, its fever passed, was convalescing limply and seemed incapable of further noise for quite a time. He felt justified in continuing.

"I wonder," he said, "if you've noticed that I have seemed somehow different these last few days."

"I should say so!" assented Judson cordially. "Much more the little ray of sunshine."

"Well, I'll tell you why. Juddy, old man, I've discovered what love really means."

"What, again?" said Judson.

Bill frowned. Confidants ought to be more tactful.

"If you're thinking of Alice," he said, "that was just an infatuation."

"I see."

"This time it's the real thing."

"Ah!"

"What do you mean, 'Ah!'" demanded Bill. He was sensitive.

"Nothing, o' man, nothing. Just 'Ah!' Surely," said Judson, who came of a free race, "a fellow can say, 'Ah!'"

"You said it as if you thought I wasn't serious."

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it. I was only thinking ——"

"Thinking what?"

"Well, isn't it a bit rapid? I mean to say, a week ago you were raving about Alice, and it seems to have taken you just seven days to forget her and tack onto someone else. Not that I'm blaming you, mind," said Judson handsomely. "I admire a quick worker."

Bill knocked his cigar ash against his coffee cup. He was wishing that he had not been so peculiarly situated as to be compelled to waste his finest thoughts on a fellow like Judson. No soul. There you had Judson Coker in two words. All right within his limitations, and a pleasant chap to exchange trivialities with—but no soul.

"I don't know what you mean by a quick worker," he said.

"Perhaps it doesn't seem quick to you," said Judson pacifically.

"I've known Flick for years."

"Ah, Flick!" said Judson with enthusiasm. "Now, there's a girl in a million. If you'd been in love with Flick ——"

"I am in love with Flick."

"Now let's get this thing straight," said Judson. He drank coffee to clear his mind. The entertainment had been on a strictly teetotal basis, but nevertheless he was feeling slightly foggy. "A week ago you were crazy about my sister Alice. Then you switched to this other girl you're telling me about. And now you say you're in love with Flick. I don't get it, Bill, o' man; I don't get it. Sounds to me as if you were headed straight for bigamy. Not," he added broad-mindedly, "that I've anything personally against bigamy. Must be nice to have two homes to go to."

Bill groaned in spirit. Better to have poured out his heart into a listening-in device than to be squandering words on this poor worm.

"If you had twice as much sense you'd be half-witted," he said sourly. "Can't you understand that I've been talking about Flick all the time?"

"You mean Flick's the girl you're in love with?" groped Judson. "The second girl, I mean, not the third girl?"

"There isn't any third girl," said Bill between his teeth.

"But you said there was."

"I didn't. I should have thought that anyone with one ounce more brains than a billiard ball could have understood. I've suddenly realized that Flick is the only girl I have ever loved."

"Ah, now I see! Flick is the only girl you have ever loved? Well, it's a pity you didn't find it out before you let her go off to America."

"If she hadn't gone to America, I might never have known what I felt."

"Well, what are you going to do? Send her a cable?"

"She's back."

"No, really?"

"Yes. I found her at Waterloo last Saturday when I went to meet my uncle." Bill's voice shook. "I told her I loved her, Juddy, and she said she loved me."

"At-a-boy!"

"What she can see in me," said Bill, "I can't imagine."

"No," assented Judson heartily. "No."

"But there's a difficulty. You see, she has come back to marry that man Pyke."

Judson started.

"Not the fellow who said that it was Toddy van Riter who founded the Silks? Good Lord, Bill, you must stop that! That would never do. I've nothing against Toddy—Toddy, I may as well tell you, has come out of the business extremely well. I had a letter from him this morning—but this bird Pyke is one of the worst. On no account must you permit a corker like Flick to marry him."

"I won't," said Bill firmly. "But you see the position. She got broke in New York, and was scared, and cabled her people that she wanted to come home. They fixed it up for her to come home, but naturally it was on the understanding that she went ahead and married the fellow Pyke."

"The world's worst," said Judson. "The world's very punkest. It must not be."

"It isn't going to be," said Bill impatiently. "But you see the difficulty. Obviously she can't run away from home again until she is quite certain that I can look after her. And just at present it's difficult to see how I am going to be able to look after her unless I get in really strong with my uncle."

"You want to expose that crook Slingsby, and then he would eat out of your hand."

"But how do you know he is a crook?"

"He is, Bill, o' man—he is," said Judson earnestly. "I didn't tell you before, but I went to get a drink out of him one night, and he palmed off a cup of cocoa on me, saying that it contained nourishing fats."

"And now Flick writes and tells me that they are trying to rush this wedding through," said Bill. "I've been putting messages in the Agony Column of the Record every day, so we've kept in touch, and this morning I get a letter from her saying that they want to have the wedding come off next week. I seem to see myself letting them do it!" growled Bill. "If they try to start anything like that I'll take Flick away and marry her and get a job of some kind—any sort of job; just something that will carry us along till I make good."

"H'm—yes," said Judson doubtfully. "The only trouble is, Bill, o' man, when it comes to getting jobs I should imagine that you're a sort of Halfway Henry."

"A Halfway Henry?"

"A fellow with not enough brains to own streets and too much to sweep them," explained Judson.

"I'll sweep 'em, if it comes to that! You don't know what love is, or you would realize that a man will do anything for the girl he wants to marry."

The butterfly existence of a bachelor suited Judson so perfectly that this sort of thing was rather above his head.

"Can't say I've ever wanted to marry myself," he mused. "Still, I suppose there's something to be said for it. Must make a fellow feel pretty good, I imagine, to get up and say, 'No more, boys! Not any more for me! Got to be going now. Little woman waiting for me at home!'"

"Exactly," agreed Bill, pleasantly surprised at this evidence of sentiment in one whom he had supposed incapable of the finer emotions.

"But then," proceeded Judson thoughtfully, "there's the other side of the picture—when you sneak home at three in the morning and tiptoe up the steps and shove the key quietly into the keyhole, which you carefully oiled the day before, and turn the lock without a sound—only to discover

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Watch This Column

HOOT GIBSON

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SIR WALTER SCOTT

Here comes our boy "HOOT" again in a delightfully clean and exhilarating picture which bears the flavor of the circus and the Wild West, plus a love-story on horseback with most unusual complications. The title is *"The Sawdust Trail"* — adapted from a Saturday Evening Post story by William Dudley Pelley, published under the name of *"Courtin' Calamity."* A real circus forms the picturesque background and HOOT is supported by JOSIE SEDGWICK, DAVID TORRENCE, CHAS. K. FRENCH and other excellent players.

The womanly charm and beauty of VIRGINIA VALLI will prove mighty alluring to you in *"The Signal Tower,"* a clean romance of railroad people in which the main idea is Love vs. Duty. ROCKCLIFFE FELLOWES and WALLACE BEERY do such splendid work that they may be easily regarded as co-stars. The outstanding features are the thrilling railroad wreck, the very acme of realism, and the great fight in the tower. This picture was directed by Clarence Brown, who made *"The Acquittal."*

Don't get the idea from what I have been writing about clean pictures, that I am a "reformer." Heaven forbid! What I am really trying to do is to please the most people and to make pictures that *the whole family can see* without a single blush. So, I have instructed our directors to make clean pictures, because I am sure that's what the people really want.

Champion JACK DEMPSEY has become so deeply interested in the *"Fight and Win"* pictures he is making for Universal that he has kept the directors and his supporting players constantly on the jump. I believe these pictures will register a real triumph.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

that she has put the chain on the door. You've got to look at it from every angle, Bill, o' man."

Bill beckoned to the waiter, who had reappeared and was hovering in a meaning manner about the table. He was too revolted for speech. Once more he was regretting that necessity had compelled him ever to make a confidant of such a man.

He paid the bill in silence and rose from the table.

"One thing I've thought of," said Judson, trotting in his wake down the aisle. "You'll have to get a license. Suppose you have to make a quick job of it, you'll need a license. Can't get action without a license."

"I've got a license," said Bill coldly, and spoke no more till they were in their seats at the Alhambra. And then it was only to say, "Shut up!" to his companion, whose researches in the program had caused him to start babbling excitedly.

"But it must be the same," Judson was arguing with animation, thrusting his program into Bill's face and indicating the name of one of the personnel of the ensemble with an eager finger. "Prudence Stryker—such an unusual name. Must be the same girl I used to know in the Follies back in New York. I'll tell you in a second directly the chorus come on. . . . Yes! There she is! Second girl from that end. Well, I'm darned! Fancy her being over here!"

He relapsed into a momentary silence, only to emerge once more with a long and rambling story, told in a hissing undertone, about the night when he and Jimmy Boole and Freddy Osgood and Miss Stryker and a pal of Miss Stryker's whose name was on the tip of his tongue and a pal of Miss Stryker's pal whose name had sounded like Biscuit, only it could hardly be that—anyway, something that had sounded very like Biscuit—had gone to celebrate Jimmy's birthday down at that place in Greenwich Village and Freddy had got so plastered and tried to play the trap drums, though in his calmer moments, mark you, Freddy would have been the first to admit that he knew about as much about playing trap drums as ——

"Shut up!" said Bill.

"Oh, all right," said Judson, aggrieved. "Anyway, it's the same girl."

There is a brisk delirium about a modern revue which, though entertaining to the carefree mind, has the unfortunate effect of irritating the man on whose soul anything in the nature of a deep problem is weighing. It was not long before Bill, rendered distrait by thoughts of that letter from Flick, began to regret that he had been foolish enough to suggest this expedition. The blare of the music and the restlessness of the chorus afflicted his nerves. By the time the curtain fell at the end of the first portion of the entertainment he was convinced that he could endure no more.

What he wanted was a long walk.

"I'm going home," he announced.

"Going home!" gasped Judson. "But look here ——"

"You needn't come if you want to sit out the rest of it. I want to get away and think."

"Oh, think? All right then. See you later."

Bill left the Alhambra and, crossing Leicester Square, wandered aimlessly in the direction of Piccadilly. After the heat and turmoil of the theater, the cool night air was like a caress. The sky was a deep and mysterious blue, picked out with little stars that winked down at him as he walked as if they knew how he felt and would have liked to do something to help. It was a night for lovers to stand beneath their ladies' windows and ——

Bill stopped so abruptly that he was nearly run down by a taxicab. He wondered he had not thought of that before. Obviously there was but one place for him on such a night. He hailed the taxi, which, after some slight eloquence on the part of its driver, was about to move on.

"Wimbledon Common," he said.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE GATE IN THE WALL

(Continued from Page 7)

Presently Alden also took his departure, and now, for the hour was late, returned to his hotel and to his bed—but not to sleep. The day had brought to him too much for that, too much of romance, of glamour; too much that Boston could not offer, nor the Back Bay equal. If, he thought, he should be obliged to return to America tomorrow his journey across the sea had been well repaid.

The days which held Friday evening at a distance lessened one by one, though they seemed to linger and to take their departure most reluctantly. Alden did not encounter again the ubiquitous Mrs. Jack, so he could not ask her if his princess was to appear—which added a flavoring of anxiety to his impatience. He did show admirable restraint by not patrolling the street to which he had followed her on the day of their first encounter; but if he showed an extraordinary interest in Ghiberti's doors on the baptistery hard by the Duomo, that must be forgiven him. But she did not again visit the cathedral, and those long hours of waiting sufficed only to give him a most intimate acquaintance with those magnificent bronze portals whose forty-eight years of fashioning served as a school for most of the men whose names became immortal in Florence's golden day of art.

It was with difficulty that he prevented himself from being guilty of the *gaucherie* of presenting himself at the palace of Mrs. Jack's sister in mid-afternoon, but whatever one may charge against Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, they are willing to suffer for their ideals and have trained their wills to serve their code. He almost succeeded in being late.

The *principessa* was not yet arrived, but Mrs. Jack, quick to catch the disappointment on his face, reassured him.

"Alice snared her," she said, "so show your happiest face. It was an achievement of diplomacy, though. The Principessa Faustina has not appeared in society for six months."

"I am more than grateful," Alden said.

"Wait till you've got her—and had her five years—then report. Maybe you'll cut me dead. Young man, I've had experience."

"Don't put ideas in the young man's head," said Mrs. Jack's sister. "As a matter of fact," she said in her sparrowlike manner, "most marriages are endurable, and some of them are fifty per cent pleasant."

"I'm trying to keep up with you," Alden laughed, "but you've gained a full lap. You forget I haven't even met the young lady."

"But you're in love with her," said Mrs. Jack's sister. "Don't dare tell me you're not."

"If that were all there is to it?"

"What more?" asked Mrs. Jack.

"Well, for instance, there's her being in love with me and her being a princess, and all that."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Jack.

"And here she is," said the hostess; "and if she isn't the loveliest thing in Florence I'll never give another dinner."

She was. Alden admitted it. As she poised an instant in the archway he declared in his heart that no artist, no sculptor in the golden days of this queen of cities had left a record of beauty comparable to hers.

"My dear," exclaimed the hostess, "you have made an old woman very happy!"

"Your invitation was so sweet," said the *principessa*, "that I wanted to come." She smiled, but there was a tinge of wistfulness in her smile. "For long I have not wanted to see people."

"This," said the hostess, "is a young man I used to entertain by making noises like the animals in a zoo. He seems to have reached an age beyond that. If you find him tongue-tied or distant or difficult, remember he comes from Boston, where it takes years of acquaintance to bring a thaw." She accomplished the presentation and the princess extended a dainty hand.

"It is the custom to shake hands in America, not so?" she asked in delightful English.

"A custom I never appreciated before," said Alden.

"But he is not tongue-tied at all," the princess said with a charming lift of her eyebrows. "He knows to make the compliment as any Italian."

"We've driven the Indians back quite a ways from Boston," said Mrs. Jack, "and very few of us tuck our napkins in our collars."

"Oh, but I did not intend that," said the girl, in pretty consternation. "All the world can know that America ——"

"If you say it," said Mrs. Jack, "I shall scream. Let's not be politely international." She shook her finger at Alden. "It has become the custom for Europeans to assume a kindly attitude toward America, but if ever I catch you letting one of them get away with it!"

"I think I am afraid of Mrs. Gilbery," said the princess.

"You're not," said the lady abruptly. "Nobody is. I wish to heaven they were."

Now Alden Ware was blessed with manner; it sat upon him by habit and carried on quite apart from will or consciousness. It was only that which prevented him from bringing the Back Bay into disrepute that evening, for, from beginning to end of it, he moved in a daze. He would have stared—he would have stared mutely and appallingly—but it was impossible for a Ware to stare. He might even have tucked his napkin in his collar, as Mrs. Jack said Boston folk did not do, for the princess at his side was so much lovelier than the princess at a distance; the actuality of her than the dream; the brightness, the sweetness, the charm so much more enthralling than the picture he had built for himself of what she would be, that his destruction was swift and complete. To Florence he had journeyed for romance, and romance sat by his side and chatted with him. But for all that, he acquitted himself well, and such were his ancestry and his training that the keenest eye could not have detected the depth of his infatuation. It was a creditable performance when one stops to consider. After all, there is much to be said for New England.

So that first evening passed until the Principessa Faustina exhibited some little unease of manner and, turning to her hostess, said, "Bianca was to have returned for me. She is late. Can something have happened? It is not her custom to be neglectful."

"Perhaps your car is waiting."

"We have no car," said the *principessa* simply.

"Then I shall send you home in mine." She gave directions to a servant. "And you, Mr. Ware—will you be so good as to see the *principessa* arrives at home without harm?"

The girl opened her eyes wide at this—but she was among Americans, and her courtesy forbade any criticism of their customs, no matter how barbarous. And so it was that Alden came to sit beside her in his hostess' limousine. It was more than he had dared to hope for.

For moments his companion was a little more than reserved, for the situation was novel. Had she appreciated fully its novelty her reserve might have been more manifest; but she did not know that Bianca, her serving woman, had a few days before sent scurrying after this very young man an urchin to trace him to his hotel. Nor did she know that a nephew of this same Bianca was a page in that hostelry, nor that by servants' tattle Bianca knew a great deal more about the young man who had followed her mistress home than Alden dreamed could be discovered about him in Florence.

Bianca had her schemes. And so it was that she, with hired carriage, had failed to appear for her mistress—a stout interferer with the machinery of romance; an ample and whiskered old woman who hoped for the best, but did what she could to see that the best should arrive.

The ride of twenty minutes was exquisite pleasure to Alden; it was not unpleasant to Faustina. She was conscious of a dignity and charm in this young man, a sort of solidity compelling respect, an attitude toward herself which she was unable to define, but which was agreeably flattering. Above all, youth whispered its message to youth. Reserve melted and they were gay.

As the car halted before her door Alden drew a deep breath that was relative to a sigh. "I do not know the custom here. I am a stranger," he said, "and if I commit a

(Continued on Page 42)

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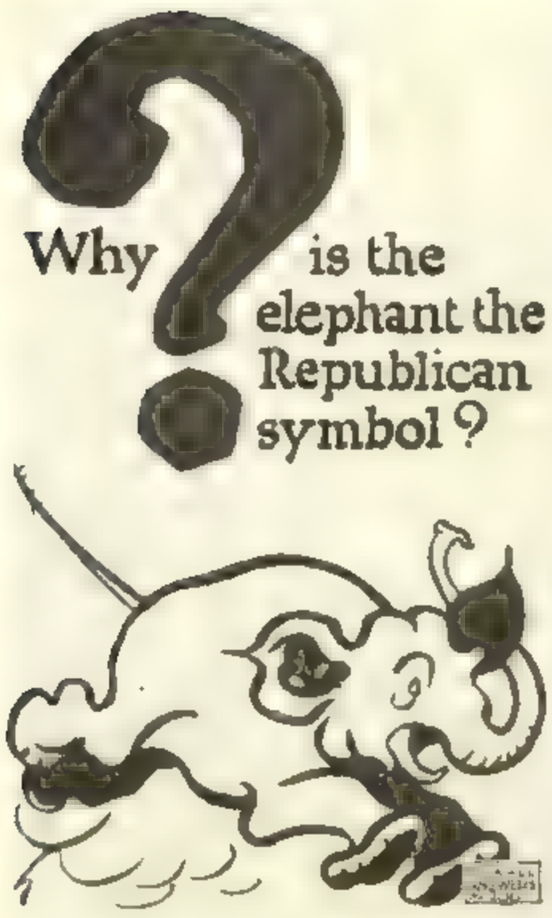

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(Continued from Page 40)

fault I beg you to lay it to ignorance rather than to intention to offend."

"I do not understand," she said.

"In my country if one wishes greatly to become one of the acquaintances or friends of a lady he is so fortunate as to meet, it is his privilege to ask her permission to wait upon her in her home."

"And you wish to become my friend?"

"Greatly," he said.

She considered, shook her head. "Not now," she said, and, perceiving the hurt look in his eyes, hastened to soften the rebuff. "It is not that—you are offensive to me." Her use of the word betrayed a slight unease in his language. "It is that—that I see no one. For reasons. It would not be polite even for an American to ask the reasons."

"Then I may not come?"

"It is impossible; no one may come. No, I shall tell you the reasons, for you come from America, and I would not have one who is a stranger and a guest of my country mistake. It is not that I would not receive you, Signor Ware. It is not that I am what your Mrs. Jack Gilbery called tonight a snob. No. It is that—there is a grief, and matters I do not understand." Her voice trembled but did not break. "It is that I am unhappy for because I love my father very much, but I have lost his love."

"That," said Alden with conviction, "is impossible."

"By day," she said—and having broken her reserve and spoken of her woe she found relief in telling it all to a sympathetic ear—"by day he avoids me. He will not look in my face. He hides from me. It is true. It breaks my heart. At night he goes away. I have asked him why and where, but he makes answers which do not answer. I feel that it is not good. No. That my father should leave his house upon some business each night, and come no more until far in the morning—it makes me to fear."

"Your father is a distinguished scholar. Perhaps it is that he is engaged in some research among the manuscripts in the library."

"If it were that," she said, "he would tell me." She caught her breath. "Since the war," she said, "we are very poor. I do not grieve. No. I grieve that I have lost my father's love. But it has changed him so. Ah, if you could but see how he was and how he is since the misfortune. In those days he had the power to make all happy when he was near. It was wonderful. Now he sees no friend. He grows aged. He lives in secret. It is my fear that he tries at night to make money by playing games."

"Gambling?"

"That is your word. Yes. Or that he is engaged in some planning—which he would not have me know of. You will pardon that I speak so much of what is private to me—but I must give my reasons. Is it not?"

Alden bent toward her and she met his eyes. "I am patient," he said.

"Patient?"

"I remain in Florence," he said. "I shall stay and stay and stay—until you find you may admit me to your friendship."

"Signor!"

"I will not worry you—not in the littlest—but always I shall be here, waiting." Then he smiled. "But you must not think harshly of me if I hope that sometimes we may meet as we have met tonight—or even if I try to bring it about. You will not always refuse invitations?"

"Oh, signor, it is not thus it is done. I—you have bewildered me. I do not know. Yes, it may be that sometimes I will accept an invitation—sometimes."

So it became the business of Alden Ware's life to see to it that the Princess Faustina and himself were invited to dinner by hostesses whom it would be difficult for her to refuse; and he succeeded, not, perhaps, beyond his deserts, but far beyond his expectations. In the course of a month he dined beside the *principessa* no less than four times, nor did he neglect his opportunities. Even Mrs. Jack, who was impatient with modern young men, admitted that Alden courted with efficiency and with fervor. But that he made progress was a thing no man or woman possessed eyes sharp enough to see. The princess locked her thoughts tightly, so tightly that Alden, buoyed by the bright hopes of his youth, was given no food for hope to feed upon. But he came to know the girl, for—confidence established in this foreign young man—she did not hesitate to be her natural self in his presence, nor, after that first night's disclosures, to talk with him more freely than she would talk with any other human being. He came to know her, and his knowledge but deepened his admiration and his love.

She was proud, not with the New England pride with which he was acquainted, but with that older, perhaps not finer but more comprehensible pride cast upon her like a radiance by centuries of noble ancestors. It, like the New England pride, is not conscious of itself in its finest flowering, but is more easily injured, is conscious of wider gulfs, and is to be more cruelly, more acutely injured by what it deems, mistakenly or rightly, to touch its code of honor. It may be artificial; it may set fictitious values upon fictitious wares, but when it is true to itself it is a splendid thing, let soviet and socialist and parlor reformer say what they will.

Somehow the Principessa Faustina reminded Alden often and often of that other princess who felt the rose leaf through any number of mattresses. She was to him a princess from a fairy tale, and he, when he came to scrutinize himself, reached the conclusion that he was ill-fashioned indeed for a Prince Charming. Yet he did not despair. Patience he possessed, and grim determination—and something which grew from glamorous attraction, from youthful infatuation, to the stature and force of a fine, devoted, deathless love.

Mrs. Jack—plain-spoken, delightful, helter-skelter old meddler that she was—became his ally and champion. She drew freely on her store of acquaintance with life and an uncanny insight into the reasons and ramifications of the nature of women, and did him much good. She was more acute than wise, more observing than philosophical, and not at all tolerant of anything; and it was her claim that she had no high regard for any human beings, but more especially not for women, being one of them and possessed of no vanities. She engineered for him what he could not have engineered for himself, and ventured what he would never have dared. But the height of her venturing was to invite a party of notables to a dinner in the *ristorante* La Buca, which Alden had discovered and had taken her to see.

It was the sort of thing she liked to do, unconventional, upsetting to her foreign friends, but nevertheless enjoyed by them under pressure of her personality. In the language of the day, Mrs. Jack possessed the attribute of being able to get away with it; and knowing this well, she got away with more than the wildest fancy of her Continental friends could imagine. They feared her, but they loved her. She had a vogue without wishing for a vogue; she was a power while being careless of power, and over and above it all, as the young undersecretary of the American Embassy put it disrespectfully, she was a good egg.

"I've arrived at a time of life when, heaven knows, the most catty couldn't muss up my reputation. And so, at last, I can have a good time." This was her dictum, and she lived up to it.

The dinner at La Buca was to be of a Friday night, and Mrs. Jack commissioned Alden to make the arrangements. It was to be an affair if the guest list could constitute an affair, for there were to be present the American Ambassador and his wife, popular figures in Italy; a great French novelist; the actual charming gentleman who was son to Husein, Arab king of the Hejaz; a duke and duchess—and others of such varied and glittering society as may be found in Florence during the season. The Principessa Faustina had been bullied into acceptance, and Alden was walking on air.

Alden arranged for a table at the left of the inner room, and left the matter of food to the Brothers Molossi, who were amply to be trusted in that respect. This done, he continued to occupy his time until the evening in walking up and down the streets, not with an eye to architecture, but in the tenuous hope of catching a glimpse of Faustina. He was a young man who did things with thoroughness and a single mind.

The party was conveyed from Mrs. Jack's to La Buca, a brief ride during which Alden experienced the joy of riding beside the *principessa*. If his pleasure was dimmed by the additional presence of an ambassador and an ambassadress he did not let it be known. He conducted them down the narrow stone steps, warning them at the right place to duck their heads under the threatening timber, and the oldest Brother Molossi showed them to their table with many gestures and grimaces of welcome.

The musicians were already there, for it was mid-evening, and from the first moment the party promised to be a tremendous success. From king's son to Boston commoner, all were in carnival humor, adventurous, gay as only brilliant people can be gay, and the trousers of Caruso more than warranted all Alden's enthusiastic press notices of them.

No sooner had they settled themselves than the little fat tenor arose, fingering the enormous folds of his chin deprecatingly and thinking, doubtless, of the Leghorn sheep upon which he had wasted his glorious voice. His round onion eyes made his apologies with that touch of diffident humor which seemed to live in them, and then concertina and guitar commenced the accompaniment to Santa Lucia, that song loved of the populace of Florence. His face grew redder and redder, his button nose pointed higher and higher, his gelatin cheeks quivered, and he was at his best. Even those clear, wonderfully powerful high notes were with him tonight. Perhaps Chianti had wafted away the fog in his throat of which he so often complained, and, as he finished, the room burst into an uproar of applause. The barytone with the sad parenthetical eyes smiled wanly and his parenthetical mustache and parenthetical eyebrows took on an additional droop.

The bibulous master of the concertina maintained that stolidity from which he never departed save in times of such stress as when Caruso dropped a five-lira note on the floor and could not find it under the feet of the patrons. Then he, too, demonstrated the soul of an artist.

"I am glad I have come," said the Principessa Faustina to Alden. "It makes me to feel gay and to laugh. He is so droll, not so? And the eyebrows of the man with the guitar—so wonderful eyebrows. It was you who made that Mrs. Gilbery invited us here."

"If you enjoy it," Alden said, "the place has justified itself."

"Such a big words!" she exclaimed. "Come, we shall be comfortable and speak in Italian. Then I shall remember big words to bewilder you."

She was happy as a child, charming, taking on new beauties with her unaccustomed vivacity. Alden never before had seen her so. She bubbled with talk and laughter. This, he thought, was her true self, a wonderful self, a self so lovable as to bring to her feet the whole masculine world. The desire to tell her so, the demand of words of love to have themselves spoken, became almost a physical pain.

"Is there more?" she demanded. "Oh, I want much more! I want to laugh. I want to enjoy."

"There is much more," he said. "Wait until the man with the concertina plays his castanets against Caruso's nose."

"Make him to do it—at once!" she cried, and Alden called out, as was the custom of the place, making known the *principessa's* request.

"And then?" she asked.

"Then comes the best of all," he said, "but it is a surprise. I have told not even Mrs. Jack."

"But you shall tell me."

"Not even you. You must wait."

"Cruel," she said, and smiled into his eyes.

The castanet player was demonstrating his uncanny skill—and a method of his own. He held the castanets in his left hand and rattled them with the nimble fingers of his right, not at all in the Spanish manner. It was amazing—and he accomplished the most absurd feats. He played tunes on Caruso's nose while that gentleman endeavored to remain dignified and self-possessed. He wrung humor from the little wooden clappers themselves until Alden thrilled to the happy laughter of the girl at his side.

"Oh," she said, "you do give me the good evening. I make you many thanks."

It was during this time that from the back of the room came subdued greetings: "The Cavalier" "A good evening, Cavalier" "A glass of Chianti, Cavalier."

"You must not look," said Alden "He is here but you must not look until I say the word"

"Who is it that is here?"

"The Cavalier. But you shall see."

(Continued on Page 44)

288

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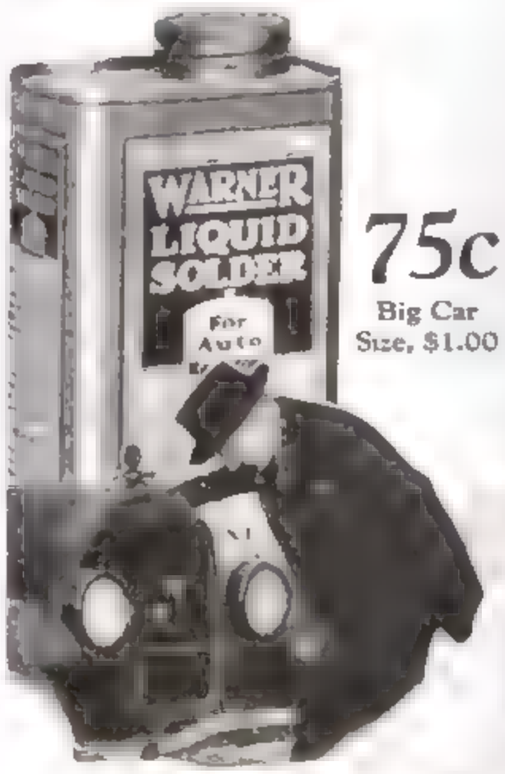

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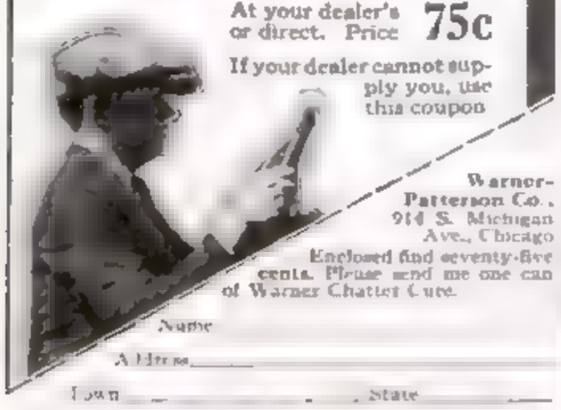

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(Continued from Page 42)

The guests began to shout their demands. "The drunken man, Cavalier." "The Kaiser and the Emperor, Cavalier." "Twelve Mothers." "The Neapolitan Tough."

The little old man, smiling his benignant smile, pressed about him his frock coat and moved toward the front. It was a kindly old face in spite of fierce white mustaches and imperial, and Alden wondered what tragedy must lie behind, what story of disappointment, of undeserved failure. What turning of the world could have brought this artist of the first class to sing for coins thrown upon a plate in La Buca?

The old man faced them, and lifted an empty *fiasco* from the table. It was to be the drunken man.

"Now you may look," said Alden. "But watch his face! Watch the changes of his face."

Faustina turned her head while Alden settled back to enjoy her enjoyment. She looked. Alden heard first a little sound in her throat as if she choked. He saw her eyes grow large and black, her cheeks lose their color. Her hands closed upon the cloth of the table and she half arose to her feet—and then she glanced for an instant at Alden with a look in her eyes which he would never forget. In them he read horror—horror of something she saw, and hatred of himself for compelling her to see it.

And then she looked again at the Cavalier. Her features softened; grief, woe unspeakable, showed themselves to his uncomprehending eyes. And then something very fine and admirable—something he was able to recognize as courage such as he had never seen.

The Cavalier was rambling on, the room rocking with laughter at his mimicry. Slowly the *principessa* got to her feet, nor dared Alden put forth a restraining hand. She got to her feet and stood straight and slender, white and motionless, staring at the Cavalier.

In a moment his eyes encountered hers. His voice seemed to clog, to stumble. The absurd expression of maudlin wisdom vanished from his face to leave cheeks white as the hair upon his venerable head, and with an involuntary gesture he lifted his arms to the height of his waist and dropped them again.

Silence fell. The diners sensed that a thing was happening before their eyes. Faustina pushed back her chair and took a step toward the Cavalier, a step and another step.

"Father! Father! Is it this ——" Her voice failed.

The old gentleman swayed, gripped the table for support, and averted his face. He spoke no word. Faustina continued to advance under all those prying, curious eyes, which must have seared her pride as with white-hot irons.

"Come, father—we must go," she said in a cold dead voice.

The Cavalier did not move, did not speak. He dared not raise his eyes to his daughter's face, but Alden saw two dread tears of agony course down his cheeks.

Faustina was at his side now, and Alden's heart stood still. What was to come? How was this girl's soul to manifest itself in this hour of calamity? She lifted her hand and gently touched the cheek of the old prince, her father, and it was to be seen how he quivered.

Then, before them all, conscious or unconscious of scores of staring eyes, she threw her arms about his neck and pressed her soft cheek to his.

"Father. Father. Dearest father!" she said softly—and there was no accusation in her voice, no humiliation, no anger—only love and a great, deep, wonderful pity.

Alden was standing. As Faustina began to draw her father away, to lead him toward the door, he pressed toward her. When he stood at her side she became aware of him, and fixing him with hard repellant eyes she said clearly, so that all might hear, "How dare you intrude, sir! Have you not done enough already!"

The boy stood, pale, humiliated, aghast at this ending to the joyous evening of his planning. He stood staring after father and daughter until they climbed the narrow stairs and passed through the ancient stone doorway. And then he followed in the footsteps, not following them, but seeking the air, demanding space and speed. Hatless he plunged into the alleyway, and hatless he paced the cobbled streets of Florence until dawn broke in the east.

Without sleep, without breakfast, he sought Mrs. Jack at an hour earlier than decency sanctioned, but met her issuing from her door.

"Young man," she said with compressed lips, "I was going to your hotel. Where have you been? What have you been doing? What are you going to do?"

"I—what can I do, Mrs. Jack?"

"H'm. Don't dare stand there and tell me that your Back Bay pride is in the saddle. Don't dare to do it. What if her father did sing in a restaurant? What of it? Is it anything for you and your family and your neighbors to stick up your noses at? Suppose it does get out at home that the old dear sang for five-lira notes chucked onto a plate—what of it? He's a prince just the same, and she's a princess, and they were noble when Bunker Hill was an ant heap." Her heat mounted. "I'm ashamed of you. You—you're insular. You make me blush for my birth. Be still! I say he's an old precious. Think of what it meant for him. Think of that! If he had a million ancestors not one of them ever did a thing that approached it. Not one. I—I would get down on my knees to him. And all for her. That's love! The bearer of one of the noblest names in Florence to turn mountebank to keep his daughter wearing the clothes of decency. Do you think he didn't die a fresh death every night? You and your little horizon! I—you—don't ever dare to speak to me again."

"But, Mrs. Jack," expostulated the bewildered unhappy boy, "I—you're wrong. It's not that. It's that I did it. I am to blame for her being there—and facing that. What can I do? Whatever can I do?"

"Do, you young idiot! Go marry her. If she won't see you, break in! Climb the wall. She hates you. Of course she hates you. But what of it? I went there last night and had the door slammed in my face. I'm going to let them slam it again this morning if they get any solace out of it. There's my car. If you want to be able to look at yourself in the glass without blushing, get into it and scoot!"

"But"—he looked at her beseechingly—"what can I say?"

She sniffed. "Say? Say 'I love you.' If she won't come into the room say it loud enough for her to hear in the next room. If you can't get into the house, shout it from the street. She's wounded. She's bleeding. She's bruised in something more fragile than her flesh, and that's her pride. Poultice it with love. Are you going to stand there all day like a gawk?"

Before he could plan, before he could formulate the difficult words he was to utter, Alden found himself beside the door in the wall surrounding the old palace garden. He pushed the bell. The delay before response was of the briefest and he found himself peered at through a cautious crack by no less a person than Bianca. Her face was not clement.

He handed her a card which she received stolidly. "Will you ask your mistress if she will receive me?" he asked clumsily enough.

She withdrew, wordless, shutting the gate and leaving him to nose against its inhospitality. Presently she returned.

"The princess," said she harshly, "directs me to say to the signor that she does not wish to see him at this time nor at any time in the future."

Having delivered this message she did not close the gate, but remained peering into his face with shrewd, eager old eyes. What she saw must have given her satisfaction.

"Will the signor forgive an old woman?"

"What is it, Bianca?"

"Is the signor bold and determined?"

"I do not understand."

"Would the signor see my mistress at any cost to his dignity? Would he, perhaps, put his body in peril?"

"Bianca," said Alden in his misery, "I think I would risk my life to see your mistress' face at a distant window."

"That," said the old woman with a nod, "is love."

"It is love," said Alden.

"I, whom you see here, have known it. It is good—though the young do not clearly understand the nature of it. Signor, I am

but an old woman and a servant, but I worship my little mistress as if she were of the blessed saints. She would send me away from her forever if she knew I thus bandied words with you—and then I should die. But one takes risks for love such as mine—and such as yours. I would see her happy, signor, if it be but for a day or a year. And there is no other road to happiness but this one you are walking. It is the truth. I, who have lived long, know."

"But she will not see me, Bianca. What can I do?"

"I dare not admit you. I dare not. Nevertheless, if the signor is not afraid, and if he loves my little mistress as a man should love, he will find that, twenty paces to his left, this wall may be climbed. There are places for the hands and feet. The library is at the left of the entrance, signor. My master is there. It would be well to avoid it. On the right is a small room, and there my mistress weeps. I have said my say."

With that she closed the door softly.

Alden hesitated an instant. His inherited instincts were all against the climbing of walls and the forcing of his presence upon young women who repulsed him; but he took resolution, scrutinized the wall for the promised handholds, and in an instant was astride the coping. For an instant he felt indescribably foolish before he dropped into the garden and so burned his bridges behind him. But there he discovered that it was a far different matter to enter burglariously a dwelling house than it is to scale a garden wall. He faced the grim stone façade of the building apprehensively. It was not that he was afraid of the police, nor that he was alarmed for his personal safety; but he was in a state of terror lest he be made to be absurd.

This was but a momentary phase. He asked himself what was any humiliation he might suffer compared to the humiliation the *principessa* suffered the night before, and then, a trifle tardily, he remembered his love for the lady herself and picked his way toward the stone archway, under which the door stood ajar. For all his resolution he could not help wishing he came sword in hand with rascals to fight and blood to be shed rather than in a neat four-in-hand tie with nothing more dreadful in view than a scornful command to leave the premises. In the good ancient days they stabbed a man but did not laugh at him. They took their romance seriously.

Nevertheless, he did not draw back, even when he reached the door, which evidently Bianca had left ajar for him. He opened the door and entered boldly—at least he would not sneak and cringe like a porch climber—and stood in the square, bare, cold-tiled hall. And there he made a decision in which his stiff-necked Puritan ancestors had no small part. Instead of approaching the door behind which Bianca had informed him he would find the *principessa* he turned toward the door of the room in which sat the prince.

The old gentleman sat in a stiff-backed chair staring before him with eyes that did not see. Alden advanced into the room and waited, but the prince did not perceive him, so that it was necessary for the young man to continue until he could have reached out to touch the other before his presence was recognized. Then the prince raised himself half erect by his arms and dropped again into his chair.

"Sir," said Alden, praying for words, "I can offer no excuse for this intrusion, but I can give a reason."

The prince's eyes scrutinized his face, not in alarm, but rather with offended dignity; then Alden saw recognition kindle and resentment flame

"I know you," said the prince; "you were often there."

"Often."

"And have you followed me here to demand a song of me; or shall I, perhaps, impersonate for you the wine drinker?"

"I came because there is something I must say to you. I presented myself at your door, but was refused admission. There was nothing to do then but to climb your wall and force myself upon you."

"A strange method—but who am I to object to methods? Nor am I of an age to eject you. Make your offer, but be no more offensive than the nature of your business demands."

For an instant Alden did not comprehend; then he understood. The prince knew him, recognized him as a habitué of La Buca, and took it to be fact that his

(Continued on Page 46)

"List to the Tale of an Old Pine Table"

Fancy an ordinary kitchen table—five years old—selling for almost double its original cost after half a year on a roof top! And all because of a coat of Valspar Varnish-Stain!

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LINCOLN
SHOCK ABSORBERS

Continued from Page 44

intrusion must have some connection with that place, or another place desiring to make use of the genius the old man realized the possession of.

Alden flushed. That he should be mistaken for the agent of a cabaret was not flattering, and for an instant his eyes hardened with resentment. But it was of brief duration. The old prince sitting there under weight of his affliction, suffering under what he must have regarded as blackest crime against his name and lineage, nevertheless was wholly admirable. He suffered, but no mark of suffering was permitted to exhibit itself to this stranger, nothing but a calm splendid dignity. It was splendid—the manner in which he awaited the fresh, the supreme affront which he foresaw—the bartering for his services as a mountebank. Alden did a thing which his training and his city had ill equipped him to perform; he stepped for an instant out of his character as an American, became Old World, possessed of a manner not ashamed of some degree of exaggeration. He stepped back a pace and bowed from the waist, and into that bow he managed to put respect, admiration, esteem, those things for which the old man's soul must most greatly have hungered.

"Prince de' Billiati," he said, "I came to say two things. The second of these is that never in my short life have I been compelled by any man's conduct to such respect and admiration as by your own." The speech did not sound stilted in that room and in those circumstances. "I was present last night. I went out from that place knowing that I had stood in the presence of the greatest courage of which man is capable. That is the second thing I came to say."

"It is not what I expected to hear," said the prince. "And the first thing you came to say?"

Alden gathered words. He was not aware that other eyes beheld him than the prince's, or that other ears listened. Had his ears been attentive he might or might not have heard a soft rustle at the door. There may have been no rustle.

"The first thing I came to say," he began, "is, that though I know I am unworthy the daughter of such a father, or of the father of such a daughter, I love the Principessa Faustina with all my heart and soul. It was to say that to her that I came, that I have forced my way here. It seemed to me that I could not be at peace until she knew it as I know it."

"You are magnanimous, sir," said the prince coldly.

To that Alden had no reply to make. The words hurt him as he had never been hurt, wronged him, put upon his young honesty and fine youthful intentions an unendurable taint.

All this showed upon his face with such fidelity that the prince lifted his hand and said in a voice somewhat altered, "I wish, sir, to withdraw those words."

Alden bowed, and presently continued. "I love your daughter," he said. "All I ask is your permission to tell her as I have told you."

"Have you reason to suppose she will wish to hear you?"

"None."

There fell a brief musing pause, which the prince ended by saying, "You are the American."

Alden's heart bounded at this. So she had mentioned him to her father! "I am an American. My name is Alden Ware."

The prince nodded. "My daughter declined to receive you. What do you hope to gain by my permission?"

"Nothing but the privilege of telling her face to face what is the truth: That I love her with all my strength, and honor her with all my soul—to beg her to become my wife."

"You are young, and have, perhaps, been bitten by the butterfly of romance. You will have no regrets? I know something of the pride of the people from which you spring."

"Romance! I had forgotten romance," said Alden. "But there is romance, and I confess that I am romantic—without shame. I have dreamed of being your daughter's knight, of wearing her glove! I want to be her knight, sir, and you may laugh at me if you will. My heart is hers, I am hers, all I possess is hers—and, if she would, knowing my love, toss me her glove from a window as I pass, and nothing more—I should be content. But those things do not happen. Even that is more than I may hope."

"You would marry the daughter of a man who played the clown in a cheap wineshop?"

"I would marry the daughter of the man who proved himself the finest gentleman living by doing that thing," said Alden.

The prince bowed. "After all," he said, "youth and the romantic point of view alone may stand upon the heights. But we old men have our pride. It may be something less worthy than pride. I am unaware of my daughter's opinion of you, but I cannot grant you the permission you ask We have come so low that we may accept nothing." He arose "Good morning, Mr Ware." He extended his hand. "That is all, I think."

"But "

"My daughter has declined to receive you. There remains nothing to discuss. It seems she has taken her decision."

Alden turned, having no recourse but to bow his acquiescence and withdraw. The prince remained standing, following him with kindly, sorrowful eyes. The boy passed from the house, down the graveled walk and through the gate in the wall. Then with reluctant steps he turned to the left, past the uprearing of the rugged stone wall of the old palace, his head bowed, his heart sore and despairing as only the heart of youth may become. He had journeyed to Florence for romance; he had found it, and it had dealt ill with him.

Above his head was a tiny window piercing the masonry—a window crossed by iron bars which must have had some ancient story to tell. A hand, a small white hand, appeared, birdlike. Something grayish and soft dropped at Alden's feet, and he stopped, stared, lifted it in his fingers. It was a glove, still warm and fragrant. He held it, unbelieving, in his palm; he stared upward unavailingly. For a moment he stood immovable, then his chin lifted from his chest, his eye glowed, his heart sang, and he turned to retrace his steps toward the gate in the wall.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

mother, Mr. Wallace's mother, the nurse and the baby. It was the only thing to do. If that baby had lived it would not have been more than two years before he would have been reciting the story of Chicken Licken and Henny Penny. On the whole, it was a good day's work.

I met Irma Hyde at the dinner that the Blakes gave to celebrate the fact that they were still living together after two years of married life.

"I'm putting you next to Irma Hyde," Mary Blake whispered to me, "because I'm sure you'll like her. She's very literary; quite a highbrow, in fact."

"They tell me you write," said Irma when we were seated at the table.

"Yes," I murmured gloomily.

"How thrilling," she said. "You must meet such interesting people."

"I do," I replied despondently. "Charley Dickens and Bill Thackeray are my dearest friends. And hardly a day passes that I don't see the late Lord Tennyson ——"

"How perfectly adorable," said Irma. "Do you know, I get the most wonderful ideas for stories, only I don't get time to write them. If you and I could get together some evening I could tell you the ideas and you could write them."

"That would be grand," I said without enthusiasm.

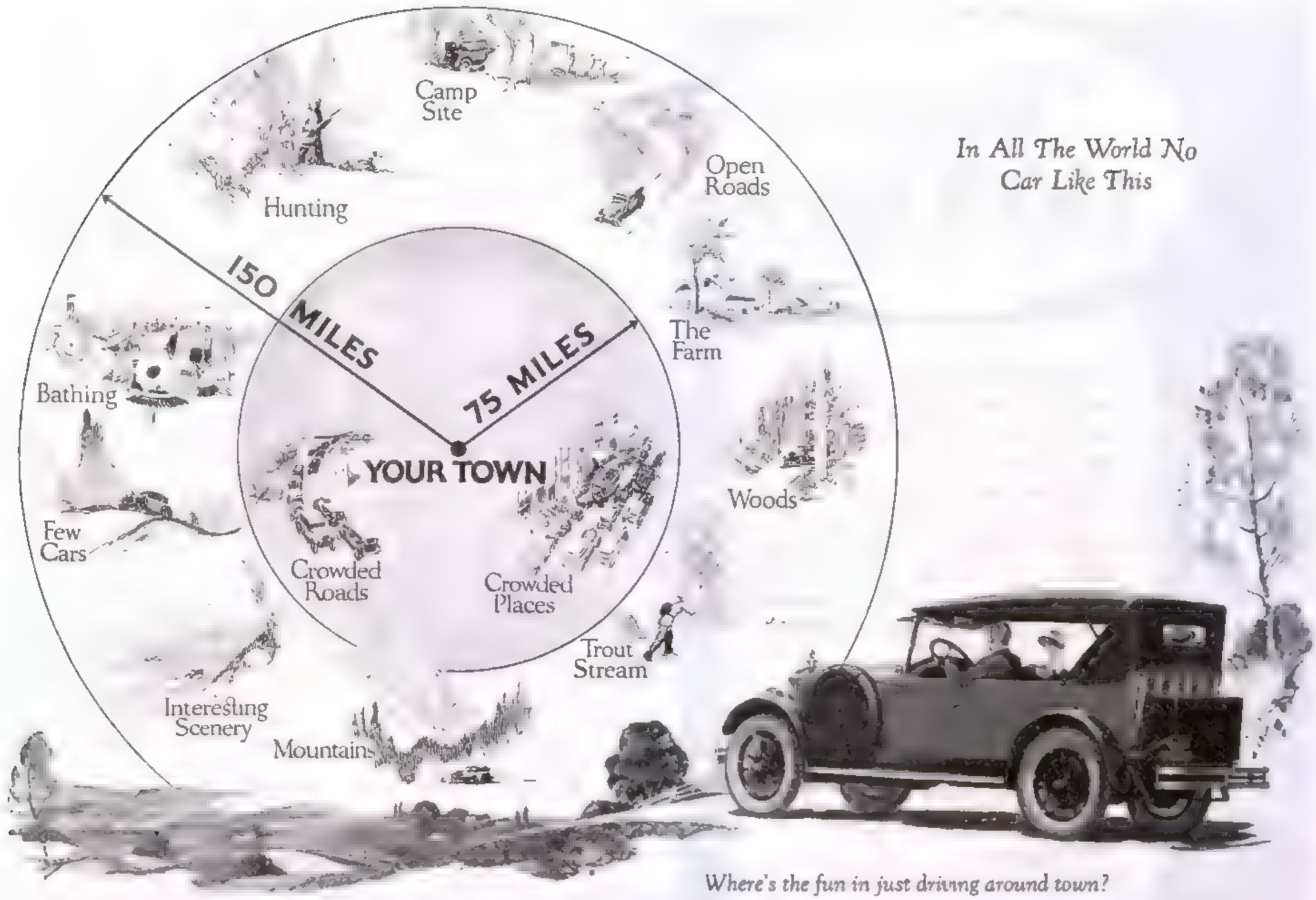
"Wouldn't it!" said Irma. "Here's one that would make an awfully cute story. This actually happened to a girl I went to school with; she used to be my married sister's chum."

"Won't you have an olive or something?" I said.

"It seems that this girl—I'll just give you the outline, and of course you can write it up in your own way; this girl ——"

Surreptitiously I slipped one of the bichloride-of-mercury tablets that I always carry with me into Irma's gin. She died shortly after, they tell me, in horrible agony. It served her right.

—*Newman Levy.*



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Where's the fun in just driving around town?

Increase Your Week-End Touring Radius

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Look at the map above. What delights await you weekly if you had a car that would make such trips as surely and as comfortably as the powerful Jewett. Perhaps you hesitate, with good reason, to attempt such longer trips with a lighter, less able car than Jewett, although it cost about what Jewett costs. But Jewett, remember, is built for hard service, high mileage, recreation without vexation.

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If you're going to have any fun on your week-end trips you've got to have a car that can get away from the army of concrete crawlers—take side roads comfortably.

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You will notice Jewett's amazing power countless times daily in its quick getaway. You run around the "crawlers." Accelerate from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high. You will notice Jewett's power in marvelous pulling over poor roads—in scampering up hard hills in high where most cars shift or stall. Whatever your route you breeze steadily along in Jewett, conscious always of "big-league" power.

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INCORPORATED

PEP LETTER NO. 3

(Continued from Page 9)

he would go on to Martinsville and be there to start selling first thing in the morning. But his call average was shot to pieces now.

Well, no need to stand here for half an hour. Might walk around the burg. But not with this heavy baggage. Why not leave it inside the door of Katzenberger's store? He picked up the bags and stepped to the door. Katzenberger himself was standing in the doorway frowning down Main Street, wishing there was some way of waking up the town. "Mebbe a zale on something," he was thinking to himself.

Donaldson entered. "Missed my car," he explained.

"So?" said Mr. Katzenberger absently.

"Should think they'd run cars to Martinsville oftener."

"Too many they run now," declared Katzenberger. "People come ofer here to shop and rush around chust pecking at merchandise. No dime to look at anything. The next car back they must catch. How can I zell them a bill of goods?" It was a long speech for Katzenberger, but he felt deeply on this subject. "Two cars a day, I vould like to zee," declared the merchant. "Chust two."

"Something in that," agreed Donaldson.

For fifteen or twenty minutes he stood there talking with the merchant. And then suddenly into his mind flashed the reply Katzenberger had made him when he had asked "How many rolls of this pattern could you sell if the price was right?" Katzenberger had replied promptly, "A garload—eef the price vas right—but id ain't."

Now just how much was there behind that remark? Katzenberger was not a man to deal in wild flights of imagination, nor yet in figures of speech. He was a man who thought down close to the floor all the time. Caster-minded, as it were. He had actually thought carload or he would not have said carload. And he could have the jobber's discount on a carload order—seventy-five rolls.

"Mr. Katzenberger," he shot the question, "how would you go about it to sell a carload of linoleum—if the price was right?"

Mr. Katzenberger was no longer buying. He had given this young fellow an order. Now he was merely chatting, his hands behind his back, fingers interlaced, business guard down.

"Vell," he said thoughtfully, "mebbe I'd put on a big zale." Something in his mind began to buzz. Sale? "Have a big Linoleum Veek. Everywhere advertise it. Prind up some big circulars with special prices, by boys send them out everywhere—all over the coundry." He was gesticulating with his hands now. "The front windows put full of linoleum all veek, and newspaper ads all over the coundry, 'Big Bargains in Linoleum at Katzenberger's this veek—Laying free. Come in and zee the new padderns, from the factory direct.'"

He stopped as he caught the eager look in his listener's eye. "That's making belief like anybody could zell a garload," he stated with a shrug, and tried to turn his attention indifferently to the vista of Main Street as it stretched out before them under the slanting rays of the afternoon sun.

But it was too late. He had let down his guard to a very serious young salesman two thousand three hundred and eighty-five miles from a girl whose picture at that moment came up between him and the 4:23 trolley for Martinsville, which stopped momentarily in front of the door and was now rolling out again.

II

FIVE months after Katzenberger's New York Furniture Store—Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Pianos on Easy Terms—had received and disposed of its carload of Beardsley linoleum in one grand big Linoleum Week, Arthur Donaldson was on his way home to the Annual Christmas Travelers' Round-Up of the Beardsley Linoleum Company. And as his train rolled East, on some half dozen railroads solid cars of Beardsley linoleum were rolling West, each car consigned to an individual dealer in Donaldson's territory.

To go back a bit in our story, five months before Donaldson had returned to the town of his first carload order on telegraphic advice from Katzenberger that the car had arrived; and for a solid week, lost to the home office, he had worked with that merchant to put on a linoleum sale that "covered Webster County's floors in a week," as a free puff in the editorial columns of the Webster Daily Banner had expressed it.

Then he had said a grateful good-by to Katzenberger and taken up the trail with a tried and proved plan for selling an entire carload of linoleum between sunup Monday morning and midnight Saturday night.

In his sample case were page and half-page and quarter-page newspaper ads, needing only minor changes to adapt them to any furniture store in any town. Also handbills and store placards and photographs of the three linoleum windows, not to mention a notebook full of ideas in connection with the sale.

In his pocket was a letter from Wainright explaining how, by Watching his Watch and Standardizing His Sales Talk, he might speed up and increase his calls to an average of 4.12 and his sales to 3.337. But under his hat was a strong suspicion that no matter how other things might be sold, the way to sell linoleum, in that country at least, was to forget all about railroad time-tables and interurban schedules, and just camp in a city or town until he had induced one furniture dealer in that town to buy a carload of Beardsley linoleums, and then, leaving with that merchant the ideas and copy that would sell it when it arrived, go down to the railroad depot or the trolley station and wait for the next train or trolley to take him to the next town.

Now, as he rolled East, he smiled to himself as he went through the home-office-correspondence binder in his grip. Stopping at one letter he read with mock severity, "'I am pained to note, Mr. Donaldson, that your daily Call Average has fallen to 1.346 and ——' My, my!" he chided himself mockingly. And then he turned to the succeeding letters, with their at first veiled and then openly demanding requests for information as to how he was selling linoleum by the carload!

He grinned broadly. To none of these requests had he given a satisfactory answer. To be sure, on Friday night of the week of Katzenberger's sale he had written a long, enthusiastic letter to Wainright, telling all about the plan; and this letter he had meant to mail just as soon as the sale was successfully over on the morrow.

But on Saturday noon the clerk at the Franklin House, where he had stayed that week, had handed out with his room key another baronial envelope. And this letter contained what had been to his mother a perfectly innocent piece of news, but one that had made Donaldson see red.

"The only excitement this week has been the Tennis Club dance. Your father—yes, he is feeling much stronger now—and I went down for a short time to look on, and it was a pretty, pretty sight, I can tell you, with the beautiful decorations and the girls in their lovely evening frocks and the men in their Tuxedos. Let me see if I can remember who was there. Well, there was Edna Gale with Roy Chatterton, and Mildred Leavitt with Harry Crabb, and that pretty little Virginia Crews with tall Will Andrews, and Eleanor Wheeler with your boss, Mr. Wainright, and ——"

"Wainright!" he had gasped. Wainright! With Eleanor Wheeler? Why, he must be almost old enough to be her—well, her big brother, at least! But then, older men had always fallen for Eleanor—it must be her self-assurance. But ——

Standing there in the lobby of the Franklin House he had reached into his pockets and drawn out his enthusiastic letter to Wainright, all ready to seal and mail as soon as he should have the final sales figures that evening; and stepping over to the wastebasket by the telephone booth he had torn it into shreds. Grim, challenging little shreds.

III

PRESIDENT BEARDSLEY, of the Beardsley Linoleum Company, arrived from Florida on Monday and had himself driven right to the office. President Beardsley was one of those rarely gifted men who seem to be perfectly capable of running a business successfully by showing up at the office on alternate rainy Fridays in May and December.

For one thing, he had the faculty of biting boldly into the hardest kind of business nut without breaking the kernel—or his teeth! And he always threw the shells away

(Continued on Page 50)

DODGE BROTHERS
TOURING CAR

Where downright sturdiness is a first condition of popularity, Dodge Brothers Touring Car is invariably spoken of in terms of praise.

So universal, in fact, is the car's reputation for doing unusual things, that the unusual no longer excites surprise.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

32

(Continued from Page 48)

promptly, no matter what or who they were.

By Tuesday noon President Beardsley had bit into the sales-department nut. "He might make a good statistician, but he's a hell of a sales manager," had been his comment on that kernel after going over the portfolio of Individualized Pep Letters Nos 1 to 8 inclusive which Wainright had submitted to him as one of the most important exhibits in connection with his trial months of stewardship as sales manager.

"Why doesn't he send the salesmen slide rules with time-tables printed on 'em, and be done with it?" he grunted.

By Tuesday afternoon he had been reminded tactfully that the men would arrive Thursday for the Annual Travelers' Round-Up and—of course he would not forget about the President's Prize which would be presented at the big dinner Friday night.

"Oh, yes, the President's Prize."

Well, he must look after that tomorrow when he went to the city. It was something he never delegated, the selection of this prize. He enjoyed buying it. His method was to look around until he had found something that he would have only dared dream of himself in his younger days, and then buy it, regardless of price.

A graphologist, studying President Beardsley's handwriting, would have known from the wide-open bottoms to his *f*'s and his *g*'s that niggardliness was not one of his characteristics. When he gave, he gave something handsome.

The following day, in the city, after a luxurious luncheon at a luxurious café, with a luxurious cigar in his mouth, he strolled forth up the avenue, window-shopping for the President's Prize.

First a perfectly wonderful piece of luggage in the window of an exclusive sporting-goods shop took his fancy. But he promptly rejected that—wasn't startling enough. Then he almost bought a super something-or-other radio set concealed in a wonderful hand-carved cabinet, but voted that down as being of no use at all to a salesman on the road.

And then he saw the watch! It was a watch such as he had dreamed of for years, but never supposed existed. A squarish watch with the handsomest dial he had ever seen, and the handsomest case he had ever seen, and the handsomest chain attached.

Stepping into the store he announced, "I'll have that squarish watch in the window."

The clerk, a pimply faced young upstart, smiled condescendingly. "That watch and chain sell for fourteen hundred dollars, sir," he informed him in what he tried to make an awesome tone.

"Did I ask how much it cost?" snapped Beardsley. "I said I'd take it." Which quite promptly changed the young man's manner.

Beardsley pulled out his check book and wrote a check for fourteen hundred dollars. "Now hold this watch until Mr Wainright, the sales manager of my company, telephones you the inscription to engrave in the back case. And send the watch out to Hampden to my office Beardsley Linoleum Company—by special messenger Friday afternoon. Get it there by five o'clock without fail" And he started out, satisfied.

Meanwhile at the plant all was excitement The men twenty of them had all arrived, and the place was overrun with them Excited Consumed with curiosity to know who had won the President's Prize for the Beardsley Linoleum Company, unlike most companies, kept the men's standing secret right up to the night of the banquet, figuring rightly or wrongly that they would try harder if the thing were kept mysterious.

In fact it was not until Friday morning that the figures were all tabulated and Wainright called up the jeweler and gave him the inscription and the name to engrave in the watch case

At five o'clock Friday afternoon, with the big dinner at which the President's Prize was to be presented just two hours off, Wainright sought out Arthur Donaldson.

"We're going to have a number of informal talks this evening," he said, "and I'm going to call on you to tell us how you've managed to land all these carload orders. So be prepared to give a little talk."

At that same second a special messenger from the city was delivering into the hands of President Beardsley a small package containing a fourteen-hundred-dollar watch and chain.

In the privacy of his office Beardsley unwrapped the box, took out the handsome velvet case and, opening it, fed his eyes on the watch of his dreams.

"By George, but that's a beautiful timepiece!" he informed himself. "It looks almost as beautiful as my first shiny dollar watch looked to me when I was a kid—and I didn't think there were any thrills like that left!"

He lifted the watch out of the velvet case and turned it over respectfully in his hand. Then with his big thumb nail he pried open the back cover, squinted his eyes and read the fine script engraving:

ARTHUR DONALDSON
IN RECOGNITION OF HIS
HAVING SOLD THE LARGEST
VOLUME OF BEARDSLEY'S
LINOLEUM EVER SOLD BY
ONE SALESMAN IN A PERIOD
OF ONE YEAR.
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF
R. W. BEARDSLEY, PRES.

"Donaldson—Arthur Donaldson? Must be that young fellow from the sales department that we sent out West a year ago. Wainright said nothing about him last summer when we were going over the sales quotas of the various men for the first six months. Must look into this. Anyway, he's a lucky young man to get a watch like this. If it doesn't make his eyes pop clear out of his head I'm a rotten purchasing agent for a prize for a young man!"

IV

THE Round-Up Dinner was served in a large private room in Hampden's exclusive Town Club. The menu was one that made even Simpkins, the club's steward, glow with pride to think that he was steward of a club boasting a member who could order—and pay for—a dinner like that!

The dinner itself was finished, and now the cigars were being passed—Beardsley's own, made and boxed for him in Havana.

At the center of the big horseshoe table Sales Manager Wainright was nervously taking a drink of water, trying to clear the huskiness in his throat, preparatory to making the opening talk. He arose. President Beardsley moved his chair back a foot, crossed one leg over the other and prepared for an evening of boredom. He hated the mechanics of business anyway, but particularly he hated this sort of thing this banqueting and—well, this whole three-day jazz-'em-up party.

Wainright was speaking "Men," he was saying, "speaking for Mr. Beardsley and myself, and my associates here at the home office, I want to say that it gives us all the greatest pleasure to welcome you here tonight and ——"

"He can leave me out of that," commented President Beardsley mentally, hitching his cigar half across his face with his teeth a trick that he often fell into when worried or preoccupied. "That's Donaldson over there—that good-looking dark-haired young man with the serious mouth"

Mechanically he put his hand in his coat pocket. Yes; the package was there all right He glanced at Donaldson again and pictured the watch chain across his vest.

As for Donaldson, he was hardly thinking at all Leastwise not of what was going on around him. He was mentally rehearsing the happenings of the afternoon He had seen Eleanor! And there were certain signs! Very favorable! For one thing, she had said in her offhand way, "If your jazz banquet is over in time tonight, Arthur, why not stop in on your way home and give me a little Burton Holmes on your Western travels? I'll be up if the porch light's on."

"All through the year," Wainright was saying—and how endlessly he was talking—"we here at the office have tried to back up you men out on the firing line. In fact, I think I may say that never before has the home office taken such pains to help each man individually bring out the best in him—his latent possibilities—as we have endeavored to do this year by making a study of each man's individual potentialities and ——"

"That mess of Personalized Pep Letters, or whatever you call 'em, I suppose you're referring to now," commented President Beardsley to himself, hitching his cigar to the other corner of his mouth. "I don't believe you're much of a sales manager. No imagination Your idea of progress is to add ten cents' worth of sales to last year's dollar's worth. Mine is to add twenty-five cents' worth at least."

"As you all know, men," Wainright continued, "tonight the big secret is to be let out. The winner of the President's Prize is to be announced. As Sir Philip Gibbs so effectively put it, 'Now it can be told!' But before I do tell—before the year's silence is broken and the name of the fortunate man is uttered, I want to take a few minutes to bring out forcefully the point that I have been hammering at in my letters for the past few months."

Once again President Beardsley's cigar started its half rolling, half hitching course from corner to corner of his mouth. "He's a hell of a sales manager to work for a man like me," he suddenly decided. Whereupon he subsided and smoldered for five minutes while Wainright talked on.

"And now, gentlemen, it gives me very great pleasure to announce the winner of the President's Prize; but before the prize is presented I am going to ask him to tell us how he did it—not only exceeded his quota by the largest percentage, but sold more Beardsley's linoleum in the past year than any other Beardsley salesman has ever sold in a year's time. How he manages to sell carloads of linoleum where most of us would sell ten or fifteen rolls! I am going to ask him to talk before he receives the prize, for knowing what the prize is as I do, I am sure he will be unable to collect his thoughts for a speech after our president has done his part. Gentlemen, I call upon Mr. Arthur Donaldson, winner of the President's Prize, to tell us how he has done it!"

Donaldson, flabbergasted, came back to earth with a bump! He found himself standing up suddenly, with all eyes on him and his ears full of applause. He cleared his throat. He blinked his eyes. Then, coming to, he squared his shoulders and set his jaw.

"Good type," commented President Beardsley, narrowing his eyes to an appraising squint and secretly informing himself that this was the kind of young man to whom a fourteen-hundred-dollar watch and chain ought to go.

"Well, fellows," he was saying, "I can't make a speech, but I'll be glad to tell you how I stumbled onto this carload idea."

"Like the modest way he gets under way," decided President Beardsley. "And"—glancing up and down the table—"he has the crowd with him already."

"You see, it all came about through an accident One afternoon last summer I was hurrying to make a call in a little town out West and I dropped my watch on the sidewalk and broke "

At the word "watch" President Beardsley came as near jumping as President Beardsley had ever come in his life. He sat up. Watch? Dropped it and broke it? Fine! A watch as the President's Prize was an inspiration.

"Well, it was a lucky accident for me," continued Donaldson.

And then he went on to tell simply, unaffectedly the whole story. How he missed the car to Martinsville. How he went back and fell to talking with Katzenberger. How he stayed right there until he finally induced him to sign on the dotted line for a whole carload of Beardsley linoleum.

"When I left Katzenberger I glanced at my watch and found that it had stopped—at six o'clock—and it's been six o'clock ever since. I find that it often takes six-o'clock selling to close a carload order, but ——"

Every man in the room was sitting forward in his chair listening That talk was like news of a hidden treasure to them. It would mean heavy increases in commissions for every man of them, once they hit the road again.

The idea was so simple! Why had none of them stumbled on it before? Why hadn't the factory thought of it? This young fellow decidedly had the goods.

But poor President Beardsley! His face was a study! And his mind! Running around in frenzied thought circles "Well I'll be damned! Well, I'll be damned!" The watch! The perfectly good fourteen-hundred-dollar watch in his pocket! He couldn't present that! Not to a man who sold by the carload instead of by the hour! He wouldn't even use it if he had it! Why, he owed his success to a busted watch!

Complete consternation! "Well! I'll be damned! Well—Well Well? What" Quick! What? Donaldson will be through talking in a minute. The President's Prize—what?" Frantically his cigar hitched from corner to corner, across and back, across and back again Then suddenly it stopped stock-still and he clamped his teeth down on it "What if he is young?" he demanded of himself. "Wasn't I when I started this ——"

Three minutes later Donaldson wound up his talk.

"Well, you see, the idea is simple enough—and it's really Katzenberger's, of course, not mine—but I have found that it takes a heap of selling to get it across to dealers. But somehow—well, you fellows know how it is, if you have a big idea to start with and a house like this behind you, you can put over 'most anything!"

And Donaldson sat down amid the ringing applause of his fellows—applause so genuinely hearty that there could be no mistaking the good will behind it. At the head of the table President Beardsley sat, cool, collected, waiting calmly for his part in the program. When the applause had subsided he arose slowly, removed the cigar from his mouth and spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are all going to be surprised at this year's prize. No ordinary prize would fittingly reward this young man who has discovered how to make us all more effective in our work and more prosperous. No article of merchandise could adequately express my personal gratification—and I believe yours as well, if I read your faces aright—for his contribution to our common welfare."

A pause, deliberate, prolonged.

Hushed expectancy.

"It may come as a shock to those of you who were not in the secret—and I might add that very few were—to learn that our sales manager, Mr. Wainright, has resigned that post to take an important position in our New York office in charge of a new department of marketing research which will be particularly necessary if we are to carry out this carload-selling idea ——"

Now it was Wainright's face that was a study! The president was right—very few were in on the secret! And it was a shock!

"And so, gentlemen, the office of sales manager being vacant, it struck me that the job of sales manager, and the salary that goes with it, might be a fitting prize to present this evening to our friend and coworker, Arthur Donaldson!

"That, I believe, concludes our evening's program," announced the president when the applause had died down.

And while the men were still gathered around shaking hands with their astonished new boss, President Beardsley might have been seen at the edge of the crowd slipping a certain squarish watch into his own waistcoat pocket, a smile of quiet satisfaction playing around the corners of his mouth.

Ten minutes later a terribly excited young man was leaning forward peering anxiously out of a dashing taxi as it rounded the corner of Twelfth Street into Greenwood Avenue. Yes! The porch light was still on!

A grinding of brakes. A dollar bill. A husky "Keep the change."

The dash up the steps. The almost too sudden opening of the front door. "S-h-h-h! Don't wake mother and dad. I had an awful time getting them off to bed at 10:30 . . . What's the big excitement?"

"Eleanor! I've been made sales manager! Cross my heart! President's Prize! All those carload orders, you know! No more traveling! Be right here at home!"

If you've ever been through it yourself you'll understand how it happened. Somehow, there they were, standing in the hall talking in excited whispers and feeling rather strange toward each other, after a whole year of separation, with almost the width of a continent between them. And then it couldn't have been as much as three minutes later there they were in each other's arms! With the year and the continent behind them and a glorious future in front of them!

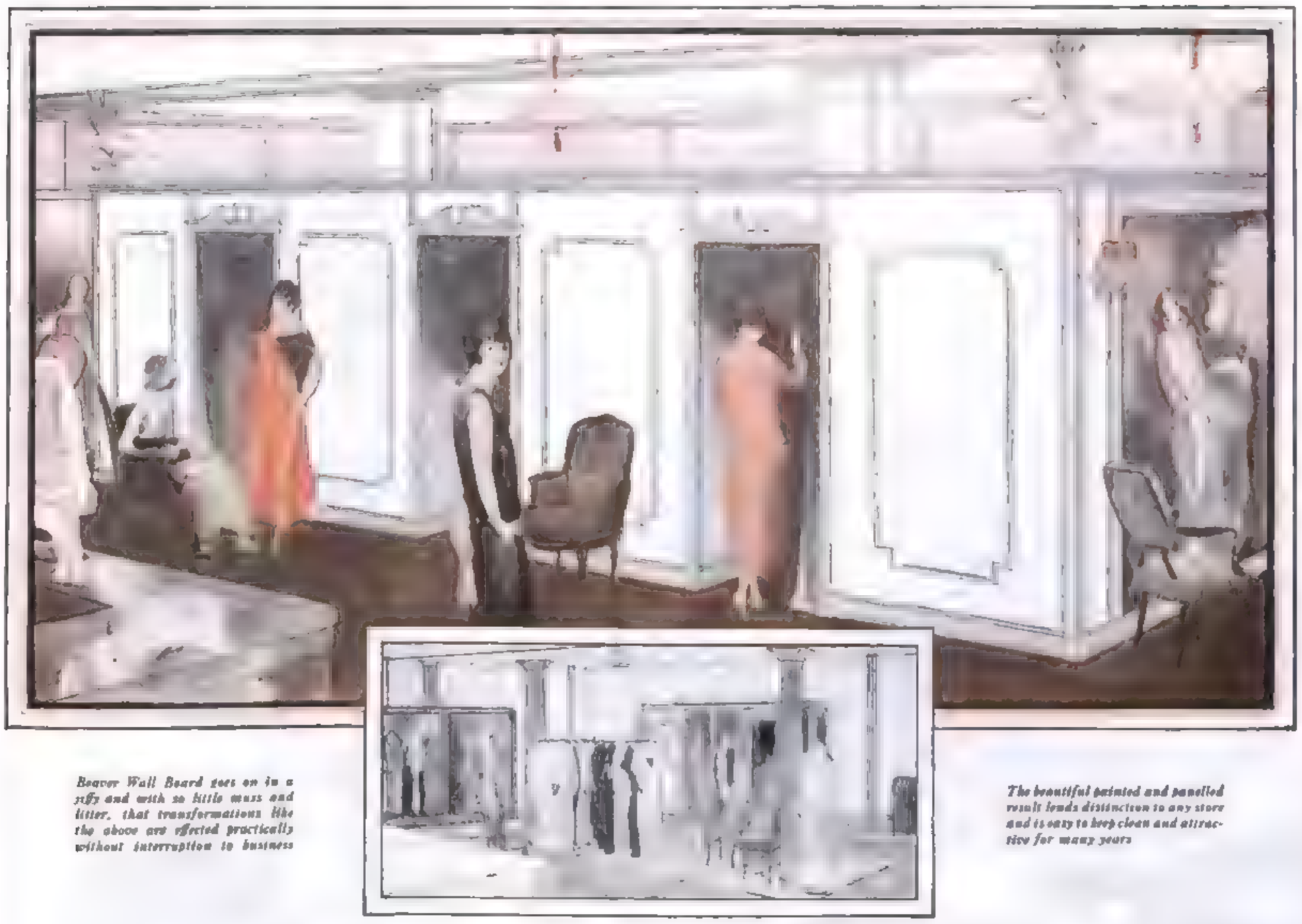
A future that had to be plunged into right away! Who should they invite to the wedding? And when should it be? Who would they have stand up with them? What sort of a wedding dress? Where should they live? How should they furnish the dining room—oh, millions of terribly important questions to be settled—at once! There in the luxuriously furnished living room, with its soft shaded lights and its snuggly couch. A steady murmur of low voices, Arthur's deep and almost husky, Eleanor's soft and musical, talking, talking, talking. Then lengthening periods of wonderful silence

Finally Eleanor stifled a languorous yawn. "Arthur, dear, what time is it anyway?"

Arthur pulled out his watch—the watch he had been selling by for six months.

"Six o'clock," he said with a grin.

And, scandalously enough, the first premonitory signs of a December dawn at that moment revealed the face of the grandfather's clock in the hall. And it was!



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The beautiful painted and panelled result lends distinction to any store and is easy to keep clean and attractive for many years

Before You Repair or Remodel Send for the Free Beaver Plan Book

There are any number of places in new construction, as well as for remodeling and repairs, where genuine Beaver Wall Board will save you time, labor and money. Mail the coupon and find out about it.

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Genuine Beaver Wall Board is made entirely of tough, new *Spruce Fibre,* laminated under tremendous pressure. Comes in large, smooth panels 32 and 48 inches wide and from 6 to 16 feet long. Easily handled. Quickly applied, direct to studding or over old walls and ceilings, with hammer and nails. The only wall board *completely sealed and sized* on both sides, ends and edges, with patented Sealtite formula. Requires no priming. Saves $5 to $10 per average room in painting cost alone. The Art Mat Surface gives charming decorative effects.

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Are you planning a new home, factory, garage? Have you rooms that need re-doing—ceilings that are shabby? Mail the coupon. We will send a free copy of the new *Beaver Plan Book.* It tells all about Beaver Free Plan Service—how to use it, etc. Tells also about the advantages of genuine Beaver Wall Board—its wide versatility—how to apply, finish, etc.

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Gentlemen: Please send me free samples of Standard and Jumbo weight Beaver Wall Board. Also a copy of your new *Beaver Plan Book* which tells about the Beaver Plan Service.

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Also send information on the Products checked:
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113

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WALL BOARD

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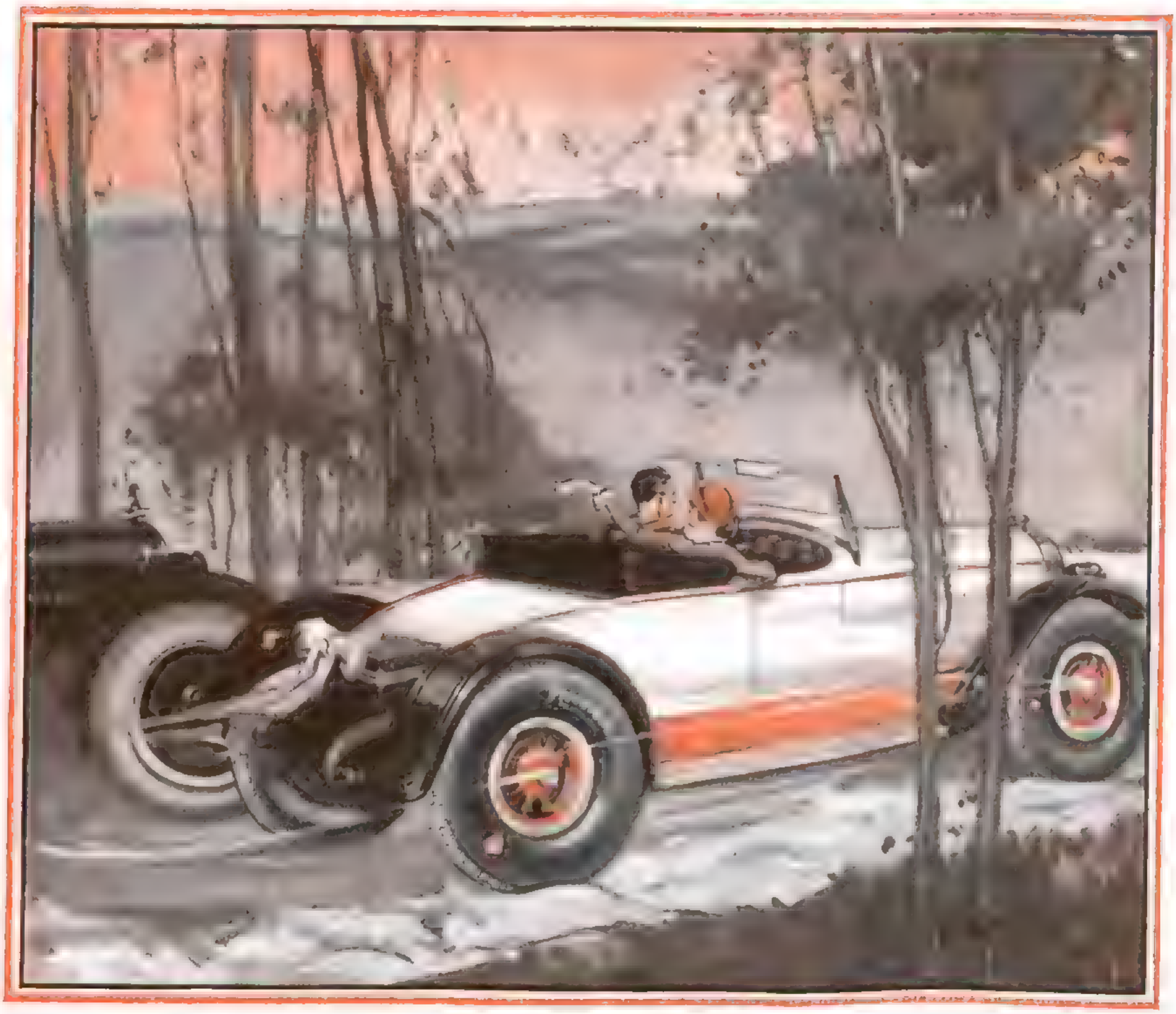
AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE



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Enjoy a Real Tour on

BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

THESE remarkable low-pressure tires have so thoroughly taken the strain and fatigue out of continuous driving that touring now offers motorists a new and exhilarating sensation.

Balloon *Gum-Dipped* Cords reduce delays and increase the distance that can be safely covered daily. No detouring to avoid bad roads; no slowing down at cut-up stretches. A higher average speed without dangerous spurts.

Such advantages have already put full-size Firestone Balloons on many thousands of cars.

Motorists of long experience have been the first to realize how great a development the true Balloon Tire is—how much it adds to comfort, safety and car conservation.

Follow their example and recommendations in making the changeover on your car. Insist on Balloon *Gum-Dipped* Cords—mounted on the small diameter wheels, built by Firestone and applied anywhere at low cost by Firestone Service Dealers.

For it is Firestone gum-dipping, Firestone design and construction and the special Firestone wheel equipment which assure you the full measure of balloon tire superiority.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

FACTORIES:
AKRON, OHIO
HAMILTON, ONT.

Firestone

How to judge tobacco

The true test lies inside the pipe—not in the pedigree, says Mr. Krob

In the following letter Mr. Krob points out that once we are past the infantile stage of "taking the watch apart to see what makes it run," we learn that true happiness is a matter of appreciation rather than of analysis. How do you feel about it?

Lorain, Ohio

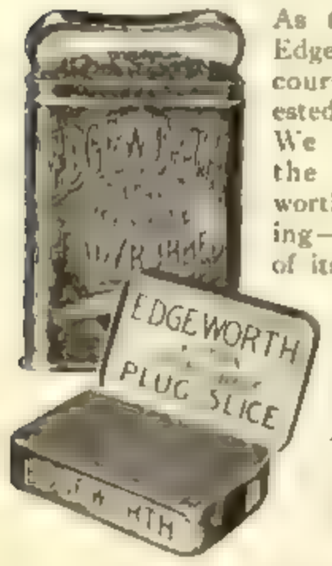
Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Most people who are buying Better Light look up at the fixtures we install and say, "That's wonderful," when they should not even be interested in the fixtures. They should look down at their desk-top or counter or work-bench, where they actually use the light. They always want to consider it "F.O.B." the lighting fixture, instead of "Delivered" to the working plane, where it is to be utilized.

Personally, that's the way I look at tobacco. Many manufacturers go into detail telling us where their product is raised, how it is blended, how long it is aged and how well it is packed, and place this information before the public in their advertisements.

Why should we care whether tobacco is raised in the Sahara or on an iceberg, whether it is a blend of "57 Varieties" or run-of-the-mine, or whether it comes packed in cork or cast-iron containers? I buy my tobacco because of the way it tastes in the pipe. That's why I use Edgeworth.

Sincerely yours,
K. M. Krob



As the producers of Edgeworth we are of course vitally interested in its pedigree. We are absorbed in the blend of Edgeworth and in its curing—in every detail of its development.

But all our work and experiment and study has but *one object*—that Edgeworth may prove its worth "Delivered—Pipe."

And that's all we expect you to be interested in.

A great many men like Edgeworth and have written to tell us so, but it doesn't necessarily follow that *all* men will like it. Perhaps you will find something in Edgeworth to dislike—we'd be glad to know about it.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the one and only test that counts. If you like it, so much the better for us both. If you don't—well, that's *that!*

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

THE FALLING BEAN

(Continued from Page 13)

Excusing himself, going out to be in his office before three o'clock, the closing hour of the bean and stock markets, Benmore Hooper walked, head down, oblivious of the sharp dangers of the automobiles and bicycles of the streets of Washington at war. It was not that he himself had believed in backing beans to the utmost—not alone in word but in deed. In the bean market, as well as in the press! It was not that he himself was practically ruined by the fall in beans. But all these others—his own staff, the other department staffs, the intelligence officers, home and foreign, the accelerators of public opinion, the general publicity staff! All that magnificent organization of propaganda for the country, going on, cheerful, contented, completely functioning today, and within six months' time, gone—all dissipated, its members precipitated into private life!

Head down, brooding, he passed uncertainly back to his personal suite of offices.

III

INTO the dark, empty, echoing corridor of the deserted Senate Office Building came from an unlighted office the sound of a strong, sonorous barytone voice. It was Ben Bumpus Boone, the possible future candidate for the presidency, practicing in the twilight his coming speech before the national convention of the Furious Farm Defenders. Dated from that important event, it would be sent in advance to every newspaper of consequence in the United States.

"Fellow citizens in a great republic—Mister Chairman," the measured voice began: "The bean, sir, is a little thing. It sounds absurd for me to say to this enlightened gathering that the fate of nations, of freedom, of civilization itself hangs today upon so small a thing. And yet, who in this vast assemblage, within the hearing of my voice tonight, would have the boldness to assert that this apparently preposterous statement is not a commonplace of the world's news today?

"Let us take, sir, very briefly, a rapid survey of the place of the bean in the military art as recorded by the historian. It was Alexander, sir ——" The rolling periods went on.

The dark-faced stranger, listening intently at the closed door, waited alone in the long, vacant hallway for their conclusion.

"Yes, my friends, yes," they rolled on. "A bean seems a little thing—a very little thing! But, sir, is it not precisely the little thing today—in science, in medicine, in industry—upon which the mind of man is focused; which, in the providence of God, sums up today in the stupendous totality of human effort, human duty, human achievement? And if we, in this great crisis of the world, but do our own little thing—our bit, so called—no more will be required of us.

"Let no one complain, then, that he cannot have a perfect part in this great turning point in the history of the race. The struggling farmer, who strives his best to make two beans grow for the world's market where there was but one before; the humblest housewife, who against all pleading rigidly conserves her beans upon the nation's beanless days—who will say that these have not made their sacrifices, done their bit, given their national service?

"But as for the man—if there be such—the glutton, the self-indulgent weakling, the man who, in secret or in public, with unbridled appetite evades or will not enforce upon himself this first, most sacred fast of patriotism—this national conservation of the food of war, the motive power of armies—let him beware! The spirit of high self-sacrifice in this nation did not die at Valley Forge. It is electric in the air today. And the coward, the craven, the weakling, who will not make this prime sacrifice, upon which the conscience of the American people is so aroused today—better far for him that he lay in the trenches of the Hun when the armies of the enlightened West, well-fed, full-nourished, invigorated by the free and daily sacrifice of a free people, rise and overwhelm them with freedom's towering tide—strong with the food of pioneers, the strength of civilization's hardy frontiers!"

Concluding from the ensuing silence that the speech was done—for the time, at least—the dark serious stranger in the hallway at last turned the knob, and walked into the half dusk of the senator's outer office.

"Who's there? Who are you?" boomed the hearty voice of the recent speaker from the obscurity of the inner room.

"My name is Browne," said his visitor, with a touch of restraint.

Ben Bumpus Boone, having snapped on the electric light, observed him closely. A tall dark man, with heavy tortoise-shell spectacles, and an oblong golden key—the well-known Phi Beta Kappa key of scholastic excellence—shining against his dark vest.

"Come in, Mr. Browne," said Ben Bumpus Boone. "Mr. Browne, what can I do for you?"

"Your secretary, Mr. Jones, is not here?" asked the dark stranger, with a touch of hesitation in his voice.

"No, sir," said the senator. "No, sir, he has gone for the day. Is there anything I can do?"

The stranger looked up and then down before answering. "Well, perhaps," he said. "The time is short, and the matter is very urgent."

"Go ahead, sir. Tell me, by all means," said Ben Bumpus Boone in his free generous manner. "Perhaps I may be able to help you—who knows? Sit down, Mr. Browne. Tell me what it is you wish."

His visitor, being seated, looked up gravely. "It concerns his aunt—Mrs. John Jared Jones," he stated.

"Oh, yes?" said Mr. Boone, with the rising accent of one waiting for further information, and watching now quite intently.

"You know her of course—or of her?" asked the stranger, continuing his questioning.

"Well, slightly," said the senator, after a considerable hesitation in his turn. "Very slightly. But yes—yes—I can say, perhaps that I know—or know of her. Why?"

The stranger did not respond at once, but sat as if waiting for the senator to go on.

"You know, perhaps, of her financially?" he asked again finally.

"I have understood, sir, that she was a woman of large financial means, sir, if that is what you mean," said Ben Bumpus Boone, watching him now very closely indeed, as he saw the other was also doing with him.

"Then you have heard perhaps the various stories about her operations?" asked the other—the visitor with the spectacles and soft polished manner, still evidently feeling his way.

"About what operations?" asked Mr. Boone sharply.

"You have not heard the stories about her?" asked his visitor, still cautiously.

"No, sir, I have not, sir. What stories, sir?" asked Mr. Boone, his voice still more metallic.

"That the aunt of your secretary has been selling beans!"

"What!" exclaimed the popular statesman, still more harshly.

"Short—upon the bean exchange! Ten thousand tons! And several hundred shares of all the bean carriers!" the stranger proceeded, concluding finally his statement.

There was now a well-marked silence.

"Just what does that mean?" asked Senator Boone, finally breaking it.

"Do you not know?" the stranger asked, his grave searching eyes upon him.

"No, sir."

"Selling short—that is, to take advantage of falling prices?" he asked, and looked up for an understanding—an understanding that he did not get. "You know that much?"

"No, sir. No, sir. I have no knowledge, thank God, sir," said Senator Boone, his voice now growing both stronger and more rapid, "none whatever, of the operations of Wall Street or of the bean market—or of finance of any kind, I am glad to say. What is it that you mean, sir? What are you driving at?" asked the senator, his voice now growing ever louder and more rapid.

The visitor, after another hesitation, at length reached into the inside pocket of his fancy cut but quiet suit, and drew out a typewritten paper.

"Have you seen this, Mr. Boone?" he asked with great politeness, in the manner of one approaching a subject from another angle.

Ben Bumpus Boone, reading it, gave a great start. "War Department! Cease buying beans. Order 17,263!" he stammered. "Do you mean that this is true—authentic!"

"It is," said the polite but still-faced stranger, with his grave eyes always on his face.

"If that is so, then the war is over! The war is done!"

"You did not know it then, before—you have not seen this document before?" asked the grave-eyed stranger, this unidentified Mr. Browne.

"No, sir. I certainly did not, sir. Why, sir?" demanded Ben Bumpus Boone, now very loudly indeed. "Why, sir?"

"Then you would not know what I have come to see you about," his soft-voiced but alarming visitor told him.

But Ben Bumpus Boone would not be put by. "What is it, sir? Of what are you speaking? It is my right to know! I insist!" he cried out loudly.

The still-eyed and mysterious stranger answered him now very calmly.

"It is this story that is starting on its way through Washington about the aunt of your secretary."

"Yes? And what," asked Senator Boone, confronting him—"what is that story?"

"The story I have already spoken of—that your secretary's aunt is in the bean and stock market today, selling beans and the bean carriers short on a tremendous scale. In anticipation of the end of war!"

The popular senator and future possibility for the presidency sprang upon his feet.

"It's a lie—a lie—a damnable and outrageous lie! An invention of my enemies!" he cried; and striding rapidly across his inner office he closed its door into the outer room. "But if it is so," he cried in a lowered but not less serious voice—"if this man—or his aunt—or any of his relatives—in any way or on any pretext, by any subterfuge—is selling beans upon the secret information gathered in my office—then he will leave—without waiting for his hat!"

He stopped suddenly as an idea struck him. "I will send for him. I will bring him here at once. You shall make your charges in his presence!" exclaimed Ben Bumpus Boone.

"That would perhaps be best," agreed the grave and reticent stranger.

"Yes," said Ben Bumpus Boone ceremoniously, and stopped again as he took up his desk telephone.

Central finally answered him. Going from one number to another, he sought his confidential publicity secretary, Mr. Jones, until he located him at length at the home and by the private telephone of his broker.

"Come," he said harshly.. "And come a-running. I want to talk to you!"

Until Mr. Jones arrived the two who awaited him sat, saying very little, watching different objects in the sparsely ornamented room, glancing only hastily at intervals at each other.

At last the hastening secretary opened the outer door, stood before them in the entrance to the inner room.

Rising and confronting him, Ben Bumpus Boone spoke.

"Mr. Jones," he said, with extreme ceremoniousness, "this gentleman, here behind me, has made, sir, a very serious charge. He states, if I understood him, that, taking advantage of information secured by you while in the employ of this office, your aunt has been speculating heavily, in great sums, upon the stock and bean exchanges."

"Again!" said the voice of the stranger from behind him.

And at that, Ben Bumpus Boone was silent, astonished, relieved by the sudden change of expression upon the face of the man before him.

"Why, damn me!" said John Bunyan Jones, the confidential publicity secretary of Ben Bumpus Boone, with a strong emphasis on the last word, and started forward with his hand outstretched in greeting.

"Don't you see, chief? Don't you understand?" he cried gayly. "This is Q. V. 3 of the intelligence department!"

The face of his chief, while it changed expression, did not yet relax.

"Then why in thunder didn't you say so?" he asked the now smiling stranger.

"I was waiting for you to begin," the latter told him.

And Senator Boone, standing still, started smiling slowly, tentatively himself.

(Continued on Page 56)

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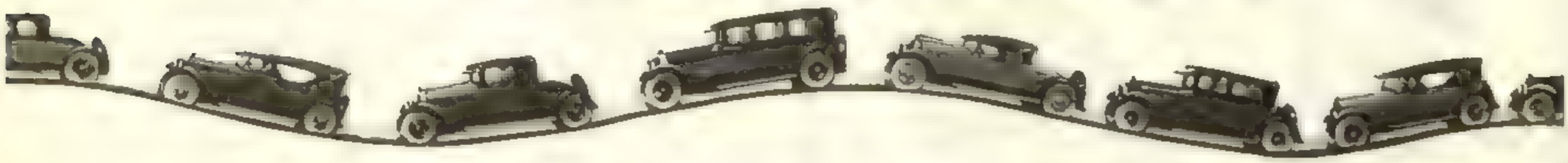

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(Continued from Page 54)

"You must remember that from the first I was instructed that you must know nothing. That you were to have no knowledge of your secretary's aunt's operations in the markets," his visitor was saying.

And Senator Boone now started laughing heartily.

"And that in no case should I come here or communicate with you," said the stranger, Mr. Browne, the mysterious Q. V. 3 of the intelligence service. "That it was just as well that we did not meet each other. And indeed I would not be here now if it were not necessary. If it were not for your danger."

"My danger!" said the popular senator from the agricultural state, his broad smile fading as these words recalled him to the present situation.

"This story that's starting out—about your aunt!" continued the grave stranger in the dark-rimmed glasses, turning now to Mr. Jones, the secretary.

"You know how it goes," he said, "from the tipsters and New York financial correspondents to the various general and departmental heads of publicity—at the lunch hour, at the Rendezvous. From the heads of the publicity bureaus to the stenographers and the lady publicity assistants. And then, of course, it's all out—all over Washington."

"Yes," said the two before him.

"As it is now—starting all over Washington that the aunt of the secretary of Ben Bumpus Boone is plunging again in the bean stock market."

"No!" exclaimed the two other excited voices.

"And you know what that will mean—the first announcement to the world—prematurely—through a so-called leak in this office—of the greatest secret of the ages—that this war is over—that the War Department has ceased buying beans!"

"Which is tantamount to the same thing!" said Ben Bumpus Boone, with stiff lips.

"Yes," said the grave visitor. "It will be a most notable scandal; one that will go down the ages."

"What shall we do? What can we do?" asked the white-faced secretary.

"You must resign! Get out of here! Go!" exclaimed his chief, waving both arms in his emotion. "Before my enemies get busy! We must forestall them! You must resign."

"But that alone would merely confirm—exaggerate the rumor," the quiet-voiced and grave-faced Mr. Browne, the Q. V. 3 of the telephone and the intelligence service, pointed out. "Lead possibly to an investigation."

"That's it!" said the pale-faced Mr. Jones.

"But he must go—get out of Washington! At once! That's sure!" said Senator Boone.

"Yes," agreed his visitor calmly.

"Well then! Well! What would you do? What shall we do?" exclaimed the highly popular senator, walking in great perturbation up and down his inner office—in marked contrast to the quiet Mr. Browne.

The latter waited before making his low-voiced reply.

"There is but one thing which can be done now," it came at last.

"What? What?"

"Mr. Jones' aunt must die!"

The gleam of understanding, which quickly sprang into the rolling eye of Ben Bumpus Boone at this abhorrent and unnatural suggestion at first, as quickly died away.

"Why? What good would that do?" he asked, in evident disappointment.

"In Honolulu," explained young Mr. Browne, of the intelligence service.

The eye of the listening statesman was aglow again, waiting as he went on.

"Where Mr. Jones must go at once—on urgent call—to take charge of her estate, as sole heir and executor."

Ben Bumpus Boone, the possible future people's candidate for President, leaped to his feet. "You've done it! You've turned the trick! You've saved my life!" he cried, and wrung the quiet well-dressed visitor's long hand.

Turning now to his waiting secretary, he attacked the problem before him with his characteristic vim. "You must go. Go. At once. To Honolulu. On the next train! When does it go—the next train go?" he cried, as his chain of thoughts came to him. And turning to his desk he threw one paper after another into the air, with the vigor of one accustomed in youth to the operations of the hayfield, in the dim hope of finding a Pacific Coast time-table.

"Get your hat. Go home. Get the next train. We will take care of the death notice—and the notice of your resignation," he was crying.

"I will take care of that personally, in all the press," said the quiet voice of Mr. Browne, of the intelligence service.

Handing his hesitating assistant his hat, Senator Boone, with his well-known irresistible vigor of manner, clapped him upon the shoulder.

"Good-by. God bless you, my boy!" he said. "And we will let you know by cipher how your aunt's account in the stock and bean market is going."

IV

THE news of the death of the aunt of John Bunyan Jones in the press of America was very simple, a mere stickful or two under the Washington date line:

PRIVATE SECRETARY'S AUNT IS DEAD

WASHINGTON, Oct. —— The sudden death, announced here today, of Mrs. Catherine Pringle Jones at her city house in Honolulu, removes one of the most remarkable figures of the Pacific Islands. Succeeding at the death of her husband, John Jared Jones, to his vast plantations, Catherine Jones has been called by the natives the Pineapple Queen. Although by nature retiring and very little seen, Catherine Jones was a woman of great force of character, and her immense fortune has been invested by her in dealings in all the exchanges of the world—especially in agricultural staples—of which, although so far removed, she has bought and sold tremendous quantities by cable during the past half dozen years in the markets of this country.

Her nephew, John Bunyan Jones, for the past few years the confidential secretary of Senator Ben Bumpus Boone, is named as the sole heir and executor of her estate, estimated at several million dollars. He has already left for Honolulu to take charge of his new interests.

Rarely—perhaps never—has Washington been so stirred by publicity as by this brief announcement of the death of that most picturesque operator in the bean and stock markets, the aunt of the secretary of Ben Bumpus Boone. It fell like a thunderclap upon the real judges of real news—the news behind the news in the newspapers. There could be no further concealment from these of the situation as it was. The whisper went from mouth to mouth:

"What—dead? The aunt of the secretary of Ben Bumpus Boone already dead! In Honolulu! And John Bunyan Jones already on his way there—to manage his immense estate! The war is over!"

The inference was too plain—to those in Washington who knew anything at all. If there was any doubt before that the War Department had ceased buying beans, that the end of war was now at hand, it was now destroyed.

The price of the bean plunged downward in the bean market; the bean-carrier railroad stocks following from the opening. The private wires from Washington to Wall Street were never idle; the tipsters and Washington's financial correspondents did not take their clothes off for twenty-four hours—scarcely took their telephone receivers from their ears. And at the lunch hour at the Rendezvous Restaurant there was talk of nothing else among the sad-faced, discouraged set of publicity men and women who gathered there. There was not a man—scarcely a lady—publicist who did not realize that the end of their wonder-working efforts in the war was come; that their long happy conferences at luncheon-time were over; that soon they would be scattered again across the country, seeking another job in a land whose labor market was already flooded with publicity agents, even before the addition of this great body trained up by the grim necessities of war.

Benmore Hooper, the great government publicity agent, seeing the changed company, silent at their lunch hour, realizing their hard situation, could not repress a groan.

It seemed unthinkable that all this wonderful machinery of publicity, of accelerating and directing public opinion—this new art built up at such tremendous cost by the combination of the American press agents' methods with the best and most successful methods of the military secret-service propaganda of Europe—should be lost entirely to the Republic at the closing of hostilities. But how could it be otherwise? Who was there to continue it? And as his mind went over this, he thought also of himself, of the many others who, backing up their word,

(Continued on Page 58)

Only Hudson and Essex Have The Coach

It Alone Gives Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost

So Why Buy An Open Car?

(Continued from Page 56)

their publicity by their deed, had bought beans and the bean carriers in the open market, assisting in that rise of prices, that prosperity, which is so essential to a country engaged in a great war.

A sense of resentment, of injustice, came over his fine sensitive face. What right had John Bunyan Jones—what right had Ben Bumpus Boone—always so ostentatiously their friends—to withhold their private information from the Government's publicity agents from the accredited agents of a country at war; and give it to this distant woman—this aunt of John Bunyan Jones, in the Sandwich Islands? This wealthy woman, whom no one ever knew; whom no one would ever see. Who now lay dead—so suddenly dead, in Honolulu! It was not mere negligence. It was bald and deliberate treachery.

Benmore Hooper turned toward his table with a bitter exclamation.

"Ben Bumpus Boone," he pledged himself, "will never be President of this country! Not if I can help it!" And looking about the changed and melancholy scene he knew that all these somber lunchers, all these ex-newspapermen and magazine men and poets and lady publicists who had been gathered into the publicity service of their country through the war, would feel the same; and, once recalled to their respective homes at the close of war, would act exactly as he would in this matter.

Turning, he walked over to his own table—the large well-filled round table of their conferences, about which so many long happy profitable lunch hours had been passed. No one now laughed or called to him. Even the youngest and most attractive lady publicist at the right hand of his seat looked up as he sat down, giving him a wan, mirthless and bitter smile.

"It is a travesty, is it not?" she said. "Almost grotesque."

"What?" he asked her sharply.

"Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"This is beanless day," she told him.

He only groaned. "Wait until Ben Bumpus Boone comes up for nomination for the presidency!" he said once more to himself, bitterly, between his teeth.

▼

IT WAS twilight again in the Senate Office Building. Again the voice of Ben Bumpus Boone boomed dully and half intelligibly from his closed office into the deserted corridor, in rehearsal for the oncoming convention of the Furious Farm Defenders.

"The bean, sir ——" it began, and stopped, broken.

Inside, Ben Bumpus Boone, clutching his thick hair, walked back and forth in intense agitation across his inner office.

"I can't do it. I can't go through with this!" he cried aloud. "It is a farce. Worse than a farce!"

Falling heavily into his swivel chair, he groaned, and buried his face in his hands. He groaned—and suddenly looked up. For there was someone in his outer office—a knock at his inner door.

"Come in!" cried Ben Bumpus Boone, springing to his feet, turning on the light.

Before him stood the still only partially known Mr. Browne of the intelligence service, the mysterious furnisher of the dope upon which the profitable but disastrous operations of Mr. Jones' aunt had been founded in the bean market.

"What is it? You look ill!" asked his visitor solicitously.

Ben Bumpus Boone raised his eyelids, browned and bruised with his sleepless nights.

"That accursed aunt of my secretary! That aunt of Jones! Oh, why did I—unskilled in finance as I was—let him have her speculate in beans?"

The other gazed in sympathetic silence through his heavy glasses as the senator went on.

"It was my fault, in a way," he said. "I know it. I am too friendly—too complaisant—too easily led. I am willing to do almost anything for my friends—for my humbler subordinates for the common people; and so I have often laid myself open to misinterpretation by my enemies."

"There will be no public investigation," his visitor suggested, "with Jones' aunt dead, with Jones in Honolulu, out among his aunt's plantations, scattered through the islands of the Pacific."

"No. But worse. Far worse than that!" cried Ben Bumpus Boone, now clutching at his strong thick hair.

"Worse?" the other echoed after him.

"Yes. Could anything—anything be worse than this?" said the great publicity senator—the idol of the South and West, springing to his feet.

"What do you mean?"

The other answered with a groan. "The free-publicity boys are all out after me! The whole free-publicity gang in Washington—governmental, private, military, newspaper! All out after me—sworn to have my scalp, to hang my hide up on the door! The whole outfit in Washington—both the full press agents, and the half press agents and third press agents and quarter press agents among the journalists in Washington," said the tortured man, starting to walk back and forth across his inner office—"are all out gunning me, have sworn to get me. Every man Jack of them!"

He strode faster and faster, back and forth.

"And that's only half—half the story," he cried, going on elucidating his position. "For now, with the end of the war, all these men—all these ex-magazine writers, and lady writers and ex-newspapermen—will go back to their homes, scattered through every hamlet, every city, every county in the country—sore, irritated, out of a job, hating me as no man was ever hated before; and scattering, like the last bomb in a Fourth of July fireworks, through every congressional district of this broad land, this false, damnable, unprintable, but for that very reason irrefutable fabrication of the speculations of my secretary's aunt in the bean market. I'm lost—lost! Whatever chance I ever had for the presidency is gone—with that bunch out sworn to get me—scattered out from Maine to California," said the popular idol of the great South and West, sitting down heavily again, burying his burly head in his hands.

"Not if you will be guided by my advice," said the low and scholarly voice of his companion out of the ensuing silence.

The desperate man raised up his bloodshot eyes to his.

"What advice?"

"To take advantage of this psychological moment—this very scattering of the press agents and the demi-press agents out of Washington after war."

"Doing what?" the senator asked of him, staring up through his thick eyebrows.

"By making your pre-presidential free-publicity chain," said the grave and scholarly voice of his visitor.

"My what?" inquired Ben Bumpus Boone hoarsely.

"Your chain of free-publicity agents across the country—controlled in your interest!"

His listener gazed at him, with a first returning gleam of hope in his reddened eyes.

"But how?" he asked.

"By tying all these press agents and these near press agents to you making them your friends, your ministers, your helpers, your agents—instead of your enemies—just before they are thrown back throughout the United States."

A growing hope shone in his hearer's eyes, together with a startled look of wonder.

"Thus forging your pre-presidential chain of free publicity from coast to coast! Solidifying your hold upon the mass mind of this country, by acting at the psychological moment," the other was explaining on, with studious face and curious highbrow theoretical use of words.

"But how—how?" gasped the great free-publicity senator, overcome by the scope, the tremendousness of this scheme.

"By giving them jobs—or placing them in jobs!"

His hearer sat speechless, suspicious, doubtful, while the speaker went on, in his unusual academic speech, elucidating his plan.

"You will see readily, senator," he said, "what the situation will be—if you care to make this arrangement, this combination of publicity interests with me. You operating from Washington, I from New York—the two great distributing centers of free publicity in the United States! And with this iron chain of our own agents across the country."

Ben Bumpus Boone, more doubtful, more suspicious every moment now, thought best to say nothing, merely to watch and listen to this man—and let him talk on.

"You, senator," he was saying, "working from the one great center here—as the greatest expert, the master mind in the shipment of free political publicity from Washington to the great agricultural publicity markets of the South and West. I, operating from the other center—the general center of free-publicity shipping in New York! With our own agents or operatives in the movies, the radio, the press throughout the land—all in jobs in which they were placed or employed by us. And so our men!"

Now Senator Boone broke in at length—to check this extravagance; awaken him from this grandiose and impossible dream of power.

"Jobs, I suppose," he said sarcastically—"for all!"

"Oh, no. Merely for those we need," the calm, still apparently reasonable voice of his visitor was proceeding—"only the ones who would be of real consequence in publicity for us. Not the poets, the rank amateurs, the lady publicists—all the ruck that make the most noise but nobody would believe on a bet."

"I understand. I understand all that," said Ben Bumpus Boone bluntly. "But just the same, there are the others."

"Yes."

"Who's going to give them—or get them all these jobs?"

"I will," said the grave Mr. Browne.

The time had come, Ben Bumpus Boone could see, to end this thing—to stop this madman's bluff—to puncture this wild balloon of this strange, impractical, if not definitely crazy highbrow. For he saw now what all this probably was. This man—this grave-faced man, with the stilted speech and the tortoise-shell glasses, who had set loose this free floating dream, who had made this tremendous and unworkable proposal—was without much doubt a victim of delusions. Looking at him now he thought he noted, indeed, a strange thick gleam continually growing in his eyes and a greater sharpness in his voice.

"And who are you?" inquired Ben Bumpus Boone, in full rich tones. "How can you do this?"

The grave-faced stranger paused before answering, looking up seriously at his questioner, his hand upon the shining key, the golden key of scholarship, upon his vest.

"I am Marcus Aurelius Browne," he said then in his suave and cultivated voice.

For a moment the great popular radical or free-publicity senator sat silent, his round, thick-jowled and resolute face stiff with sudden horror. But only for a moment.

"The Marcus Aurelius Browne?" he cried. "Of Wall Street! Of New York!"

"At your service," said the spectacled and heavy-haired man in the chair before him, bowing slightly. "After a year and a half of service in the war."

And now Ben Bumpus Boone, the idol of the South and West, of the agricultural and laboring man, his momentary weakness gone, stood forth and faced him.

"I defy you!" he said loudly. "I defy you—and Wall Street—the stock market—the cotton, wheat and bean markets—all those sinister influences and greater gambling hells which you represent! And as for this trap which you have set for my feet—this devilish fabrication of my enemies, concerning the speculation of my private secretary's aunt, I will say ——"

But, looking now, he saw the scholarly looking Mr. Browne smiling an amused but not unfriendly smile.

"Do not," he said, now interrupting, "say anything. It is not necessary. I wish to be your friend. Your ally—not your enemy. And I need you as certainly as you need me. I have been," he continued, in the other's silence, "the mental and intellectual agent of Wall Street, yes—the much needed point of contact with the public mind which it must have. I have been all that, yes. You are entirely right."

His hearer listened, spellbound by the suavity of his voice, the academic and even highbrow words and manner of his speech.

"And it is precisely because of that—because I am an ambitious—a very ambitious—man and know the exact limitations of financial and corporation publicity in its contacts with the public mind, that I come to you—to offer you this alliance—to satisfy at one time both your ambition and my own!"

"What is your offer?" asked Ben Bumpus Boone, striking heavily on the leather seat of his swivel chair, as he sat blindly backward.

"First, to fulfill your great ambition—to make you President; and after that—fulfill my own!"

"What ambition is that," asked Ben Bumpus Boone, lifting up his bloodshot eyes from underneath his heavy brow, "of yours?"

"To be the secret inside public-relations counsel of the President; to write his speeches, direct his interviews, establish all his contacts with the mass mind—both in America and abroad!"

The voice of the senator at last answered him, hoarse and harsh. "In other words, to be the President!"

"Is there anything so impossible then in this particular portion of my plan?" the visitor asked him, with a slight but very well-informed smile.

"No," Ben Bumpus Boone was compelled to admit. "No," he said, dropping a heavy hand upon his desk as he slumped down heavily in his chair. "And I the figurehead!" he muttered half aloud.

And yet, what could he do? This man had him.

"I'll do it. I'll do it!" said Ben Bumpus Boone now heartily, leaping up, as he recalled the whole details of the operations which involved this man and the unfortunate speculation of the aunt of his confidential secretary, John Bunyan Jones.

"I'll do it, gladly!" cried Ben Bumpus Boone's strong hearty barytone.

"That is fine," said the stranger with the glasses and mild manner, but the sharply shining eyes. "That is fine. But," he went on, speaking after a slight mutual silence, "we must not forget. We must not deceive ourselves. We are not the only ones who will have this idea."

"What idea?"

"That having won the war, the free publicity of America will play a part—a continually growing part—that it will probably go far indeed toward picking out our future Presidents!"

Ben Bumpus Boone started, struck at once by the irresistible reasonableness of this statement.

"And that being the case, others besides us will soon be developing this same plan; will soon be starting their own pre-presidential free-publicity combinations, forging their chain of press agents, placed personally in the strategic centers of publicity throughout the country."

"Soon!" said Senator Boone loudly. "Soon!" he spoke out louder still, recalling sharply the alertness and mental ingenuity of the other free-publicity candidates for the possible future nomination for the presidency. "Come on. Let's get busy!"

"Tomorrow morning," said the visitor, rising, "I shall be in with our plan, the outline of which I have already almost completed."

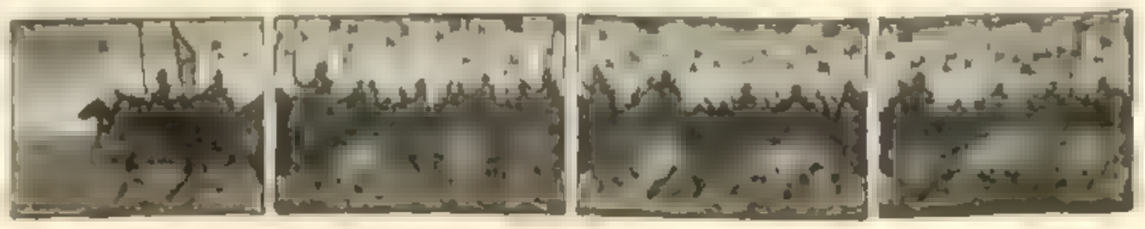
The senator sat alone when this man was gone, thinking his strangely mingled thoughts—happy thoughts of the extraordinary strength of his new connection; uneasy thoughts about his bargain with this man who, now holding him helpless in his hands, planned to be the secret future ruler of the United States—by holding in his power its combined publicity. A great fear and dread possessed Ben Bumpus Boone; a great and sudden apprehension of this strange silent personality, with its tremendous dream of power—the almost mad ambition which, he saw, now burned behind that studious, spectacled face, that Phi Beta Kappa key.

He was interrupted finally by the jarring call of his telephone. It was a telegram in cipher from John Bunyan Jones en route to Honolulu. He took it and translated it:

No wire from you. Am anxious. Do not close aunt's accounts before positively necessary.

Ben Bumpus Boone started, conscience-stricken. In his excitement he had forgotten entirely to keep Jones posted upon the now stupendous profits of his aunt's estate in the still madly falling bean market.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Turner. The fifth and last will appear in an early issue.



THE FOUR BEST TIMES
TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH

Brush your teeth when you get out of bed in the morning, after lunch at noon, after dinner in the evening, and before you go to bed. If you are away from home at noon have a second brush at your place of business.

Four dangerous hours in a tooth's day

YOUR teeth can make you suffer. You know that when they ache. When you have a toothache, the damage is done. Nothing remains but to have a dentist fill your tooth or pull it out. The real danger began long before you had that toothache. It began when the tartar germ first attacked your tooth.

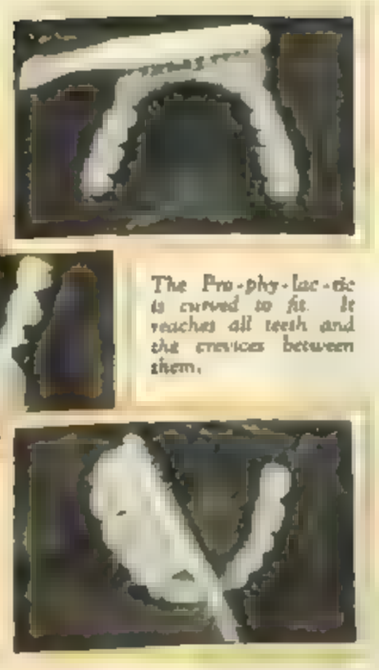
Tartar is a hard, rough substance. It attacks the enamel of your teeth. It infects your gums. It forms on your teeth when you least expect it. The four most dangerous times are in the morning when you get out of bed, after noon-time lunch, after supper or dinner in the evening, and before you go to bed.

Those are the four best times to brush your teeth. Use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It is scientifically designed to clean out-of-the-way places and prevent tartar from forming there. The wide-set, saw-tooth-pointed bristles reach all teeth and the crevices between them. The large end tuft cleans the backs of all teeth, and all surfaces of the rearmost molars. Be sure to brush well. Night and morning use a good dentifrice. Always use plenty of water. Above all, be sure your tooth brush cleans all teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic does so.

To keep teeth beautiful

See that the name Pro-phy-lac-tic is on the handle of your tooth brush. Brush your teeth as shown in the photographs at the lower left, and they will be clean and beautiful. Remember that A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes — prices in the United States: adults' regular size, 50c; adults' small size, especially suitable for boys and girls, 35c; and babies' size, 25c — are made in three different textures of bristles — hard, medium, and soft. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet on the care of teeth. Florence Manufacturing Company, Dept. A-7, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

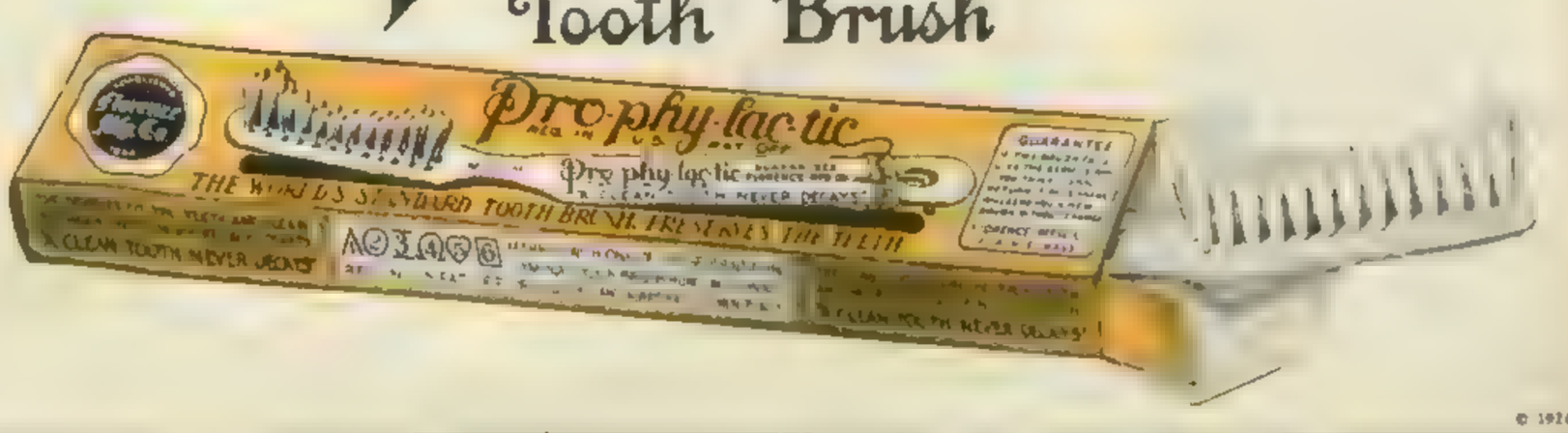


Brush downward over the upper teeth and gums. For the lower teeth and gums brush upward. Always brush away from the gums.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit. It reaches all teeth and the crevices between them.

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth at the same time the serrated bristles clean the crevices between the teeth

Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush



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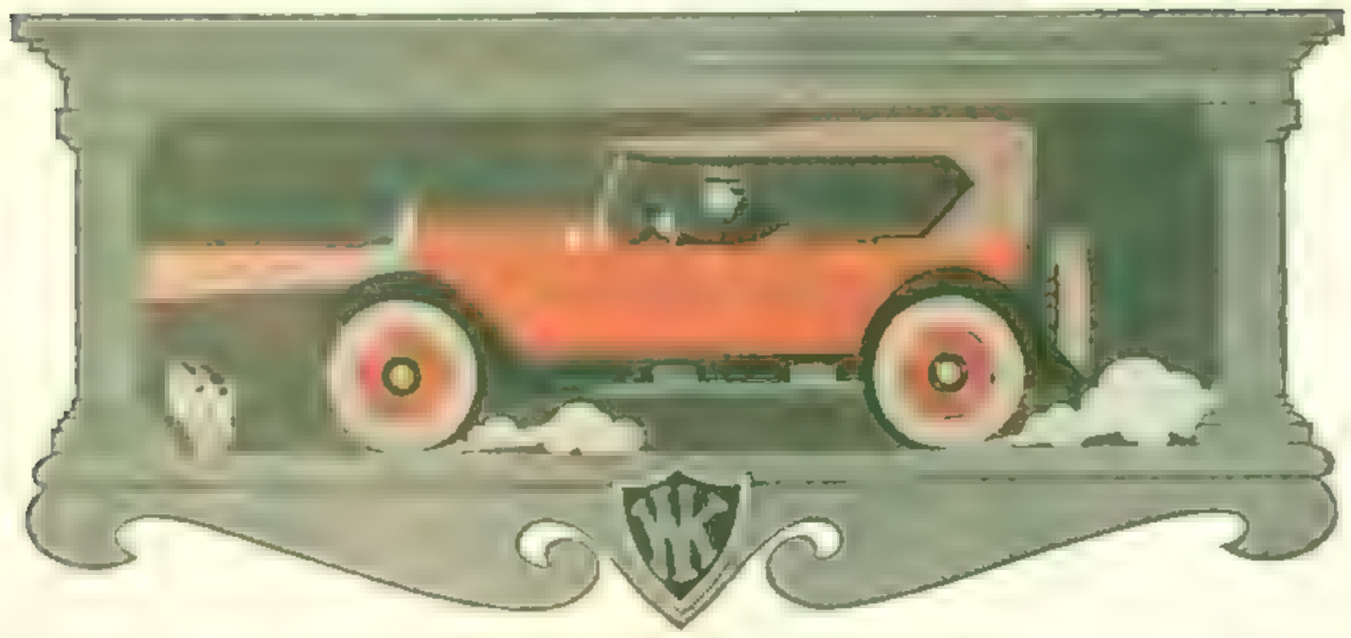

It's Knight Time in America

A thousand wonderful girls in a thousand towns are waiting tonight for a Knight to arrive with the only boy in the world. It's Knight time in America!

Turn to the Knight and you turn to motoring happiness that lives up to your dreams. The beauty of the Knight—the quiet of the Knight—the endurance of the Knight—everything about the car warms up every ounce of pride within you!

Here is a car that starts out by giving you the thrill of a lifetime—and then keeps right on thrilling you season in and season out. The matchless Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine actually, literally *improves with use!*

At 15,000 miles the Willys-Knight engine is silkier and quieter than the day it leaves the factory. Its valves *never* need grinding. It never gets clogged with carbon. On, on, on, and on, on, on—time on end—this engine goes on whispering about its business—faithful to its job of making you happy.

Fifty thousand miles in a Knight—without once having a mechanic fuss with the engine . . . that is a common experience among Willys-Knight owners. The fact is, that in all the ten years Willys-Knights have been going out into the world, no Willys-Knight engine has been known to wear out!

Small wonder, indeed, that people the land over are turning to the Knight in swelling numbers. It is Knight time in America because the time has come when people want an automobile they can *keep* and enjoy with no strain on the patience or purse. The Willys-Knight is—IT!

Willys-Knight Models: 2-pass. Roadster $1175; 5-pass. Touring $1195; 7-pass. Touring $1295; 5-pass. Coupe Sedan Standard $1450, De Luxe $1550; 5-pass. Sedan $1695 (De Luxe $1895); 7-pass. Sedan $1905; all prices f. o. b. Toledo
We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.
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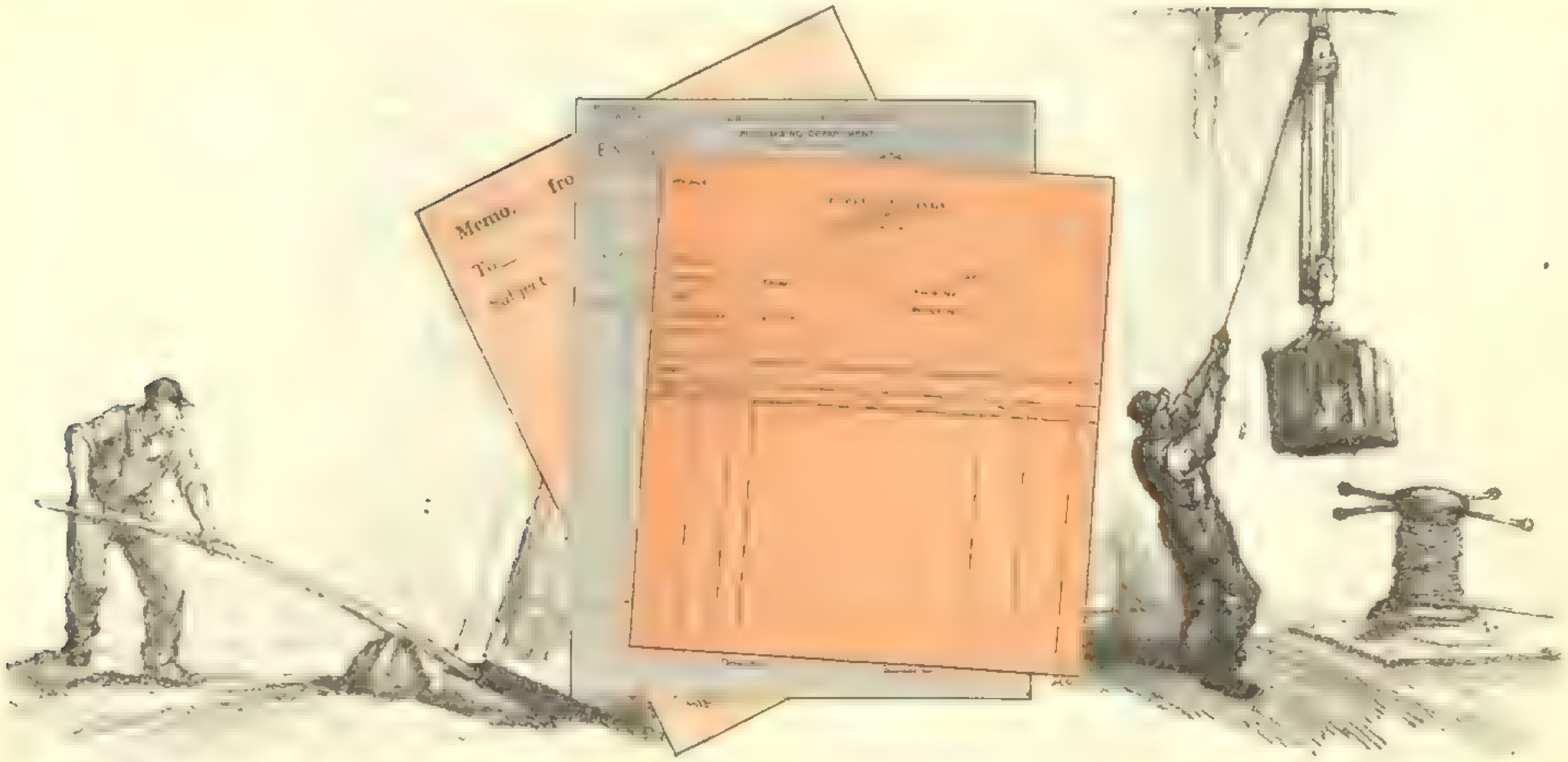
WILLYS KNIGHT



The lever that lifts business loads

BACK in your grammar school you read about the lever, the pulley, the wheel and axle, and the inclined plane.

They were called "the mechanical powers." They moved things that main strength couldn't budge.

The printed form is a mechanical power in your business. Like the lever and the pulley, it has no power in itself. But it will multiply any power that is applied to it.

The difference between blank paper and a printed form is the difference between main strength and leverage.

Imagine scoring a baseball game without a printed score card. Try to invoice a bill of goods without a regular billhead. It doesn't look like something to be paid.

What is a memo without a date line? How good is a time card without a space for hours and minutes? What is the value of an order blank without a dotted line?

Printed forms are levers. They increase power. They increase speed. They insure accuracy. They fix responsibility. They get work done.

There is more to printed forms than paper. There is color. The fact that Hammermill Bond is made in twelve colors as well as white is very important. Different colored forms signal their purpose to the eyes. Blue says, "I am a job ticket." Pink says, "I am a Production Order." Red says, "Rush me." Yellow says, "I come from the President's Office." Gray says, "Send me to the Accounting Department."

In weight too you get special service from Hammermill Bond. You want different weights in originals and in duplicates, heavier stock for records than for short-lived forms. Hammermill Bond is supplied in three finishes that give a bond, a ripple, and a linen effect. Hammermill Ledger is especially adapted for use with standard office appliances, loose-leaf ring books, billing machines, accounting machines.

Your printer knows Hammermill Bond and can quickly get it in any desired weight, color or finish, large or small quantity. He will gladly work on the understanding that to save time and profitless shopping you want all your office, store, or factory forms printed on these papers.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

THE TASTE OF THE THUMPER

(Continued from Page 15)

Uncle Bead tossed his quid into the bushes and gazed thoughtfully at the semicircle of air bubbles collected on the liquor. Slowly, almost ceremoniously, he brought the edge of the cup to his lips and sipped reflectively. He winced slightly as if the taste was repellent, and then lowered the cup and stared off at the ragged sky line far above. For a full minute he remained perfectly immobile, his eyes narrowed and his forehead a crisscross network of puckers. Abruptly his face cleared and he turned to young Keenas.

"Boy, what sort of water's in yo' spring down thar?" He pointed toward the creek a few yards below them.

"Freestone," replied the youth succinctly. "Why?"

"I thought so." Uncle Bead ran his fingers through his hair and then shook his head slowly. "But, boy, I'll take oath thar's some sulphur water somewhar about that likker."

"Well, I'm damned!"

Keenas' jaw dropped and over his face there spread a look of utter disbelief and bewilderment. His staring gaze moved from the old man to the jug and then back again. Old Jake stood watching the two, apparently suppressing his laughter with effort.

"Have ye been usin' any sulphur water, Keenas?" Old Jake's head was thrust slightly forward and his entire body grew tense as he awaited his answer.

"I washed them jugs in that sulphur spring back of the barn." Keenas spoke each word slowly, never taking his eyes from those of Uncle Bead.

Old Jake's roar of laughter echoed from the surrounding hills. He bent almost double and when he straightened he was gasping for breath. Tears were glistening in his eyes as he smothered another outburst.

"Laugh, ye old jackass," growled Uncle Bead. "That's what ye allus do when ye're bested in a argyment."

"I—I ain't laughin' at ye," sputtered Old Jake. "I'm laughin' with ye. I take my hat off to ye, Bead—ye an' yo' taster. Lord, the sulphur what the jugs was washed with!" Again he imitated a jackknife, but this time with silent merriment.

Mollified, Uncle Bead set the cup down and glanced at his watch. From the log behind him he picked up an old-fashioned muzzle-loading squirrel rifle and threw it across his shoulder.

"Ten o'clock, Jake," he announced. "Le's go home an' take a look at them jugs. Goin' that way, Halliday?"

"Part of the way. I'm turning off at the forks of the road."

Silently they slipped through the forest, the old hillmen carefully choosing their steps and picking their way along such portions of the surface as would leave no definite trail. Halliday emulated them, stepping in their tracks as often as possible, and wondering at their ability to break through the most dense of the thickets without making a sound to mark their passing. They reached the crossroads and halted.

"Court's two weeks off," said Halliday. "The prohibition docket comes on the following Monday. I'll see you both then, I suppose. I'm depending on you to have everything ready by that time. If you want me for anything, drop in my office."

"Ye can depend on us," grinned Uncle Bead, "but I don't figger we'll need ye till the trial."

"All right." Halliday unhitched his horse from a bush beside the road and, with the customary "So long" of the mountains, rode rapidly away. Setting a pace that belied his age, Old Jake led the way toward the cabin, and Uncle Bead found it difficult to keep up with him. A quarter of an hour later they turned through the gate toward a roomy log house perched precariously on a bank a few yards from the road. They walked around to the rear, where a number of jugs were aligned in the sunshine on the porch.

Old Jake caught up one of these and turned it bottom upward. In the comparatively soft grayish substance two small crosses fashioned like the letter X had been scratched deeply with some sharp instrument. A half dozen others showed the same markings, and both of the old men examined each jug with minute care.

"The sneak done a good job," grunted Uncle Bead. "How d' ye reckon he got a chancet to fix 'em all thataway?"

"Must've been nobody home. Me an' Keenas ain't hyar much, an' he must 'a' slipped in when he saw us leave."

He sat down on the edge of the porch and rested his elbows on his knees. Uncle Bead leaned against a post.

"Ye say ye got them jugs from Gabe Turner?"

Uncle Bead cut a splinter from the post and began whittling thoughtfully. Old Jake nodded.

"Didn't buy all he had, did ye?"

"No. Thar's fifty or mo' thar now—was the last time I was down thar. Why do ye ask?"

"Ain't that little Poley Boney Wilson which sometimes stays in the sto' fo' Gabe—ain't he yo' grandson?" went on Uncle Bead, ignoring the other's question.

"Um!" Old Jake was watching his companion intently.

"Ain't he been a-wantin' to go West an' be a cowboy er somethin'? Seems to me like he was tryin' borrow the money some time back."

"Ye ol' son of a gun!" Old Jake shook with that peculiar silent laughter of his and slapped his knee ecstatically. "I can already hear that jury say 'Not guilty!'"

The lengthening shadows of late afternoon found the two old clansmen sunning on the front porch. Old Jake, who had tilted his chair at a dangerous angle against the wall, came slowly to his feet and yawned. Uncle Bead removed his smoke-blackened pipe from his lips and glanced up inquiringly.

"I've been thinkin' fo' the last hour, Bead," drawled Old Jake, stroking his graying beard. "Ye know I'm gittin' old an' I ain't as spry as I used to be. When I git outta this I'm goin' to buy out Gabe's sto'. We've been dickerin' an' my mind's made up. Thar must be somethin' purty wrong about makin' an' sellin' likker er they wouldn't be sech a ruckus raised about it. I never could see no wrong in it, Bead; but I reckon times have changed some since we was raised up. Back in them days people had diff'rent ideas. 'Member Preacher Hartsock who used to have that bonded still?"

"They've kinda growed off an' left us, Jake." Uncle Bead knocked the ashes from his pipe and then rested his chin in his cupped hand. "'Pears like the country's gone plumb crazy with the heat er somethin'. A man can't jest figger whar he's at. We go an' vote fo' some feller who says we're the salt of the earth, an' then he goes an' passes some fool law to reg'late us. While the people air yellin' an' hollerin' fo' him he goes an' grabs hisself off a big graft boodle, an' the one that gits the most gits in-ves-tigated. Our day's over, Jake, an' I'm plumb glad to hear that ye're goin' into somethin' which ain't agin the law—as yet."

They lapsed into silence, and somewhere far back in the hills a whippoorwill began its mournful early evening call. An old hen came around the corner of the house cackling vociferously. Seeing the occupants of the porch, she stopped and eyed them curiously. Just then the clink of a horse's hoof as it struck a stone far down the road brought the pair to an attitude of alertness.

Four horsemen and a pedestrian came into view at the bend of the highway a hundred yards away. The hillmen studied the cavalcade for a long minute and then Uncle Bead whistled in surprise. Old Jake whirled suddenly toward the open door, but Uncle Bead caught him by the arm and held him firmly despite his struggles. The pedestrian was Keenas Yaunce and the horsemen were the sheriff and three deputies.

"'Tain't no use in raisin' a ruckus, Jake," pleaded Uncle Bead. "'Twon't do no manner of good. They've got Keenas an' that's all thar is to it. 'Tain't no hangin' crime as 'tis, but it mought be if ye git yo' gun."

Old Jake subsided with ill grace and sank heavily back into his chair. The light in his cold blue eyes glittered dangerously as he watched the approaching horsemen. The cavalcade came to a halt at the gate and the sheriff dismounted, threw his bridle reins to a deputy and advanced swiftly toward the porch. The two old men arose and stood stiffly awaiting him.

"Howdy, men." The sheriff stopped with one foot resting on the bottom step.

"Howdy, sheriff," returned Uncle Bead, while Old Jake remained silent.

The officer fumbled in his inside coat pocket and pulled out a sheaf of papers from which he selected one.

"I've got to serve this little paper on ye, Jake," he said, opening the folded document. "Do ye want me to read her to ye?"

"He knows what's in it," explained Uncle Bead shortly.

The sheriff shot a searching look at him and laughed in frank surprise.

"It shore beats the devil how ye fellers get the news so quick. It's my business to know about these indictments, and I hadn't heard of this one till I met my deputies down on Crane's Nest Creek this mo'nin'. Then I come up here and find out that you already know all about it."

"Uh-huh," grunted Uncle Bead unconcernedly. "I see ye've got Keenas."

"Caught him red-handed," admitted the sheriff complacently. "Captured that crazy still too. One of the boys is guardin' it now. We're goin' to take her to town and put her on exhibition—charge ten cents admission."

He laughed at his joke, but got not a smile in return.

His attitude was one of careless unconcern, but all the while he kept a watchful eye on Old Jake.

"Well, Jake," he said at last, "are ye about ready to go to town and fix up yer bail? I reckon Uncle Bead'll accommodate ye."

"All right, sheriff." Uncle Bead began to fear Old Jake's silence. "Git yo' coat an' hat, Jake."

The instant that Old Jake disappeared through the door, Uncle Bead stepped close to the sheriff.

"Go back out to the road an' wait," he whispered hoarsely. "Jake's riled about Keenas. Let me talk to him. Ye can hold me responsible—I won't let him run 'way."

"Shore, Bead. We ain't in no hurry."

The officer turned and walked back toward the gate.

Uncle Bead found Old Jake leaning thoughtfully against the mantel and staring at a heavy-calibered revolver suspended from a deer's horn above him.

"Don't act foolish, Jake. Le's go to town with 'em. I'll fix yores an' Keenas' bails an' we'll be back by midnight."

"Give me a little time, Bead." Old Jake was breathing hard. "That sheriff's laugh allus did rile me. I nigh about lost control out thar."

"Take all the time ye want, Jake. They ain't goin' to hurry us. I'll hitch yo' mule fo' Keenas an' we'll get mine as we go down the ridge."

Night closed about them when they were still an hour's ride from the little county seat, and by the time they reached the outskirts many of the houses were already darkened, for many of the citizens still clung to their mountain early-to-sleep habit. The clatter of their horses' hoofs on the street aroused several dogs, but otherwise their entry apparently passed unnoticed. Near the courthouse they halted and waited while Uncle Bead dismounted and climbed the steps of the rickety old building in the depths of which Attorney Halliday maintained a dingy two-roomed office.

His heavy footfalls echoed hollowly in the musty corridors as he made his way through the pitchy darkness to where a light shone at the bottom of a door. While yet fifteen feet away the door opened and the light flooded the hall.

"Careful of those boxes!" cautioned a voice from inside. "You'll break your neck over 'em. Come on in."

The sudden brightness blinded Uncle Bead for an instant and he stood staring into the room.

"Uncle Bead! What on earth?" Halliday caught a chair and dumped several books on the floor. "What's happened?"

"Nothin' to git plumb excited about," replied the old man, sitting down and removing his battered hat. "I jest come to git ye to fix up the bail bonds fo' Jake an' Keenas. The sheriff ——"

"Keenas? Did they get him?" interrupted Halliday.

"Caught him an' his thumper a little after dinner today. We got away jest in time, I reckon. Then the sheriff come an' got Old Jake."

"Where are they now?"

"Outside, waitin' fo' me to git ye execute them bonds."

"You say you made this Ginger Ale yourself?"

HOME-MADE GINGER ALE—did you ever hear of it? Yet right in your own kitchen you can make a ginger ale that rivals the most delicious drink you ever tasted. It is marvelously easy. Its cost is extremely small. A 25c package of Hires Household Extract makes 80 glasses of sparkling ginger ale which would cost at least $4.00 to buy.

Furthermore, this thirst-quenching, wholesome beverage has a flavor no other drink can have. The extract is made with real ginger root and other pure ingredients in accordance with a secret Hires formula. A few bottles kept on the ice and your home is always prepared against the arrival of unexpected guests and the thirst demands of the entire family.

You can also buy Hires Household Extract for making *rootbeer* at home. A 25c package makes 80 glasses.

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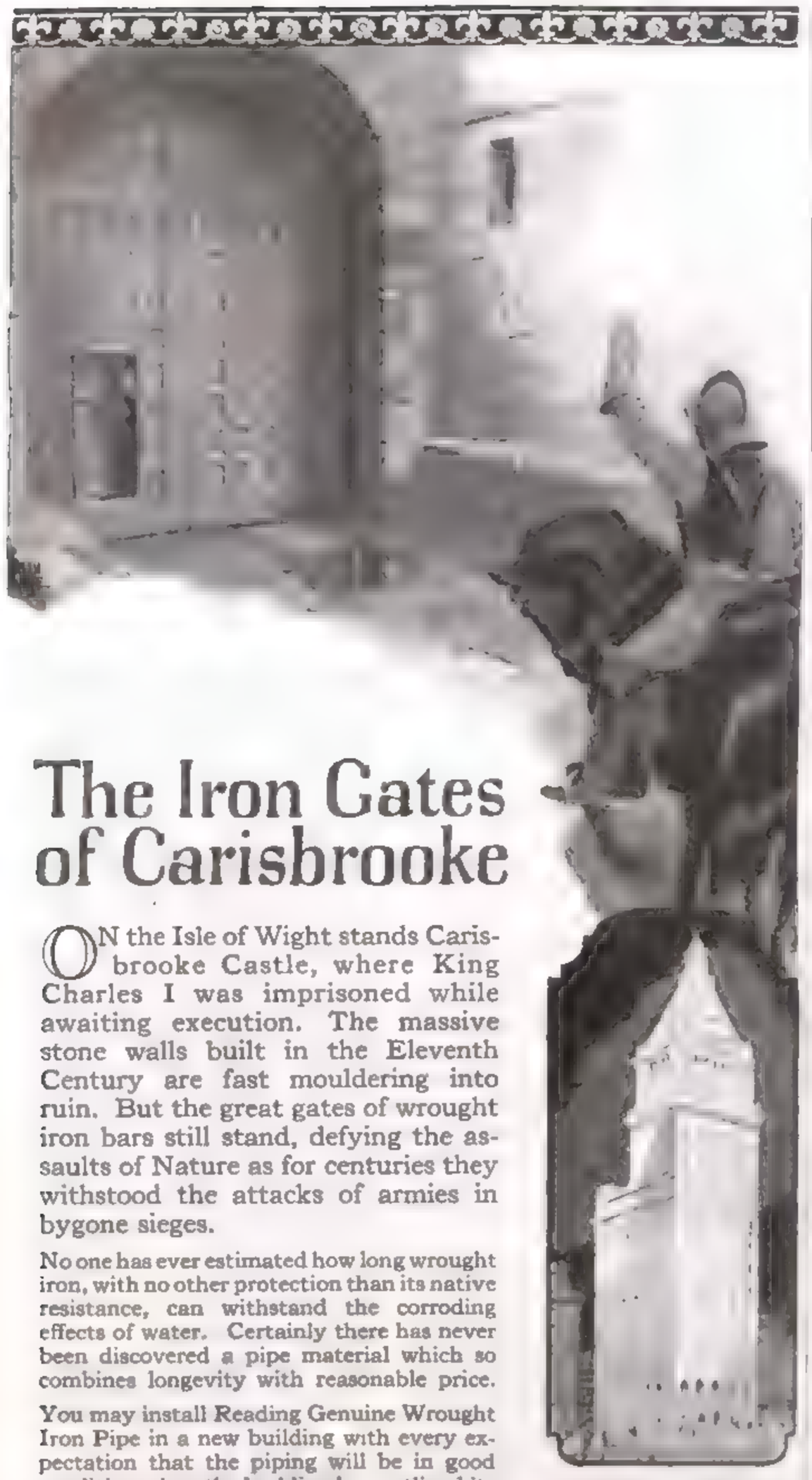

The Iron Gates of Carisbrooke

ON the Isle of Wight stands Carisbrooke Castle, where King Charles I was imprisoned while awaiting execution. The massive stone walls built in the Eleventh Century are fast mouldering into ruin. But the great gates of wrought iron bars still stand, defying the assaults of Nature as for centuries they withstood the attacks of armies in bygone sieges.

No one has ever estimated how long wrought iron, with no other protection than its native resistance, can withstand the corroding effects of water. Certainly there has never been discovered a pipe material which so combines longevity with reasonable price.

You may install Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe in a new building with every expectation that the piping will be in good condition when the building has outlived its usefulness.

Installing new piping or even repairing a leak after the building is completed is always an expensive operation. True economy demands the installation of pipe that *lasts*. "Reading's" first cost is but slightly more than that of inferior pipe.

When considering building or replacements, specify Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe.

Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is installed in the Union Central Building, one of Cincinnati's most notable business structures

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READING, PA.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

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EST. 1838

READING PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

Halliday reached for his hat and the electric light switch at the same time, but Uncle Bead stayed him.

"Let 'em wait. I want to talk to ye fo' a little while. Thar ain't no hurry." He crossed his knees and placed his hat back on his head, pulling the brim low to keep the light out of his eyes. "Keenas was caught flat-footed an' I figger he's got to take his medicine. 'Tain't no use in his standin' trial, is thar?"

Halliday deliberated for an instant.

"Well, it being his first offense before the court, I might be able to compromise; but I expect that the best we can do is to get him to confess and take the minimum penalty—thirty days and fifty dollars."

"I figgered as much. Keenas is young an' he can stand it, but it'd nigh about kill Jake to send him up. We've jest got to cl'ar him."

"Have you two discovered anything of importance?" asked Halliday.

"Nothin' yet, but I reckon with a little luck we can do it. This'll be the last time ye'll have to defend Jake. He told me today that if he got outta this case he was goin' to buy Gabe Turner's sto' an' quit scoutin'. An' ye know Jake's word's as good as his oath. He's gittin' old an' I reckon me an' him ain't rightly onderstood about the crime of makin' good likker. We was talkin' today an' we decided that our idees were kinda outta style an' that we mought as well sorta drop out. But"—his eyes twinkled—"I reckon we'll be able to show 'em a trick er two befo' this trial's over. I'll let ye know what we find in time fo' ye to git ready."

An hour later Halliday stood on the street corner and watched the two old hillmen and the youthful moonshiner melt into the darkness in the direction of the mountains.

On Monday morning of the second week of court, the judge, a benignant, white-haired jurist of the old school, opened the prohibition docket. From the size of the list of indictments, the grand jury and county and Federal officers had been exceedingly busy; and the court room was crowded with bearded and sinewy mountaineers, the majority of whom were witnesses in various cases. The odor of stale tobacco and musty papers mingled with that of fresh floor oil, and the breeze stirred a faded geranium in a pot on the window sill back of the bar.

The customary jury of five was chosen from the veniremen and they took their seats in the box directly in front of the raised dais on which his honor sat. A low buzz of conversation filled the room as case after case was called by the judge, to each of which the commonwealth's attorney, Roarin' Rufe Carty, bellowed a stentorian "Capias." Roarin' Rufe, outside the court room, was as mild-mannered a man as could be found through the hill country, but once before the bar of justice his entire demeanor changed. His voice became a veritable shout, and the loungers on the street below were able to hear each word of his vituperative and vitriolic charges. With the speed and explosiveness of a machine gun, he would fire questions at witnesses and sometimes frighten the more timid into strange and unaccountable admissions.

"Commonwealth vs. Keenas Yaunce," intoned the judge.

Halliday arose to his feet from among the barristers across the aisle from the commonwealth's attorney.

"My client wishes to confess to the charge against him and asks the mercy of the court."

Granting the minimum sentence, the old judge turned again to the docket and the mill of justice ground exceeding fine with such monotony that more than one juror caught himself napping. But when the case against Jake Yaunce was called a stir of awakened interest ran through the room and the sheriff called for order. Quickly the news spread to the street, and through the doorway began to pour a steady stream of visitors. They had long since learned that Jake Yaunce and Saint Bead Sparr, the Damon and Pythias of the Cumberlands, would make possible an intensely entertaining hour or two.

"Jacob Yaunce in the court room?" queried the sheriff, sweeping the crowd with searching glance.

"Hyar!"

Old Jake arose from his seat in the rear of the room and marched down the aisle, looking neither to left nor right. At his side stalked Uncle Bead, who did not even hear the subdued stir of amusement that rippled through the audience. At the gate in the railing Halliday met them and whispered a word to Uncle Bead. The latter obediently dropped into a seat in the front row vacated by an obliging friend

Roarin' Rufe, when he had assured himself of the presence of two important witnesses, arose and faced the jury.

"Gentlemen, you've all heard of the shaking beech tree." His tones were a deep rumble like that of storm-heralding thunder. "For the benefit of any who perchance might not possess that knowledge, I will state that a certain beech tree on top of the mountain has become a blind tiger. The purchaser of liquor may lay his money on a rock at the roots of that tree and return in fifteen minutes to find his money gone and in its place the amount of liquor he wanted. I am going to prove to you beyond the shadow of a doubt that Old Jake Yaunce is the proprietor of that blind tiger. The evidence will speak for itself."

He sat down and scribbled hurriedly on a yellow writing pad for an instant, while a court official called the first witness, one Deputy Corlis, a prohibition-enforcement officer of small stature and quick, nervous actions. His story was brief and pointed. He declared that he had been sent out from the central office to run down the beech-tree case, and that he had spent a futile week in the vicinity of Indian Gap without finding a tangible clew. Morally certain that Old Jake Yaunce was the man he wanted, he asserted that he employed one Jase Woodward to assist him. The latter had marked a number of jugs on Old Jake's porch. Then, with money which Corlis had loaned him, Woodward had purchased moonshine under the beech tree, and the jug bore the mark Jase had scratched on it.

Halliday fired a few perfunctory and aimless questions in his cross-examination, a mere pretense to keep up the appearance of the fight, and dismissed the witness.

"Call Jase Woodward!" A complacent smile played around Roarin' Rufe's mouth.

A tall weather-bleached hillman, thin almost to the point of emaciation, slouched across to the stand and seated himself gingerly. He shot a furtive glance at Old Jake, as if fearful of the consequences of his betrayal, and then began fumbling with a brassy watch chain at his butternut vest.

"Are you Jason Woodward?" Roarin' Rufe lowered his voice encouragingly.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the jury in your own words what you know about the case against Jacob Yaunce."

Almost verbatim, he repeated Corlis' story, except that part which pertained to his marking the jugs on Old Jake's porch. He described in detail how he had watched the house until he saw Old Jake and Keenas leave and how he had cut two crosses on each jug with the point of his pocket knife. When he had ended his recital, Roarin' Rufe reached beneath the table and raised a brown earthenware jug holding approximately a gallon. He glanced at the bottom of it and then handed it over to the witness.

"Do you recognize that jug?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the jury where you saw that jug before this and how it came into your possession."

"Hit's the one I got under the beech tree, an' one of them I marked at Jake Yaunce's."

"You're positive of that?"

"Shore."

"Cross-examine."

The glow of elation lit up Roarin' Rufe's face as he leaned back in his chair and interlaced his fingers across his vest.

"You are absolutely certain that you placed those marks on that jug?" shot Halliday in staccato voice, pointing toward the vessel which was making the rounds of the jurymen.

"Shore."

Halliday reached down at his feet and lifted a pair of leathern saddle pockets to the table. Opening one of the flaps, he removed two other jugs of similar appearance and walked over to the witness box, carrying them in his arms. He gave them to Jase, who examined them curiously.

"Do you recognize those jugs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you seen them before?"

"I marked 'em on Jake's back porch."

"Examine those marks closely!" ordered Halliday. "I want you to be certain. Did you scratch those crosses with your knife?"

"Object!" shouted Roarin' Rufe. "He just answered that question."

(Continued on Page 66)

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(Continued from Page 64)

"He hasn't identified those marks," explained Halliday calmly. "He only said he marked the jugs."

"You may answer the question," the judge ruled, nodding toward the witness.

"Yes, sir, I made them very marks," replied Jase emphatically.

"You'll swear that these jugs came from Old Jake's back porch?"

"Yes, sir—onless ye've been to the beech tree too."

The titter that greeted this statement swelled to a gale of laughter and the judge was forced to resort to pounding his gavel to restore order. Halliday's crooked grin lingered and there was mockery in his tones as he dismissed the witness.

"Call Gabriel Turner—that is, if the prosecution has no more witnesses."

"Those two are all I will need, your honor," announced Roarin' Rufe, satisfaction written large across his face.

The storekeeper advanced slowly, nodding here and there to an acquaintance and apparently enjoying the spotlight of interest. He sat down and faced the jury with the air of one who knows he has startling information to impart.

"You are Gabriel Turner, storekeeper at the foot of Indian Ridge, are you not?" asked Halliday.

"I am."

"State to the jury whether or not you ever saw these two jugs on the table here." He placed one of the vessels in the witness' hands.

"I fotch 'em hyar in my saddle pockets this mo'nin'," he replied, after making a swift examination of them.

"Where did you get them?"

"Outta my sto'—they're part of the stock I bought last spring."

"And those marks on the bottom—they are on each one of those jugs, are they not?"

"Yes, suh. Leastways, they was on about two dozen of 'em. I didn't look at the rest."

"You've been selling these jugs to quite a few people from time to time, haven't you?"

"Five er six a week, I reckon, on the average. I guess nearly ever'body's bought a jug at some time or t'other—that is, all of 'em who live close enough to trade with me."

"That will do."

Halliday glanced across at the commonwealth's attorney, who was palpably taken by surprise at the unexpected turn. His expression had changed from one of complacency to concern and disappointment, and he beat a tattoo on the table with his pencil in evident anxiety to get at the witness.

There was not one in the court room who did not realize that Roarin' Rufe had lost his case unless he disproved the witness' statements. Old Jake turned slowly around, and under the partial cover of his hand winked broadly at Uncle Bead. Roarin' Rufe came to his feet suddenly and towered over the witness.

"When did you discover those marks on the jugs? Who showed them to you?" he shouted, shaking an accusing finger under the very nose of the witness.

"Why, Uncle Bead p'inted 'em out to me one day last week—I believe 'twas Monday, 'long about two o'clock."

"What was he doing looking at your jugs?"

"He was buyin' a couple, an' one of 'em was cracked in the bottom. He ast me if them crosses was my cost mark."

"Are they?"

"No; I figgered they was put on by the company what made 'em."

"Then you don't know who put those marks on them?"

"Ain't I jest said I didn't?" questioned Gabe with heat.

"Who else stays in your store?"

"Poley Boney Wilson has been workin' thar some off an' on."

"I suppose you mean Napoleon Bonaparte Wilson. Whose son is he?"

A smile of confidence was coming back to the commonwealth attorney's face.

"Le's see—I reckon he's Allaphair Wilson's youngest boy."

"Allaphair Wilson is the daughter of Jake Yaunce, the accused, is she not?"

"Yes," admitted Gabe.

"So!" Roarin' Rufe's tone was one of deep sarcasm. "Where is this Poley Boney now? He can explain about the marks." He turned toward the bench. "I am going to subpœna him, your honor, and I can get him here by tomorrow morning if you will grant me that postponement."

"Then ye'll have to hurry," advised Gabe dryly. "Poley left the mountains Sunday afore last an' went West somewhar to be a cowboy."

Another ripple of laughter ran through the room and the sheriff called sharply in admonition.

Roarin' Rufe, spreading his hands in a gesture of futility, sat down heavily and his expression of ludicrous dismay brought a smile from the jurors. Uncle Bead maintained a passive countenance, albeit his eyes were glinting with twinkles and his beard was quivering suspiciously.

During the interlude while the room was growing quiet, 'Jase Woodward leaned across the railing and began whispering hurriedly to Roarin' Rufe. After the first few words the latter came to his feet, caught the hillman by the arm and led him out into the corridor.

"Give me two minutes' time, your honor," he called, and before the judge had time to reply the door closed. When he appeared again it was apparent that he had another important card up his sleeve. Noticing that Gabe Turner was still on the witness stand, he nodded toward him in dismissal and waved him aside.

"Is Saint Bead Sparr in the court room?"

A sudden and unnatural stillness greeted his question. Uncle Bead's eyes narrowed to slits and his gaunt form stiffened at this unexpected move. For a space of thirty seconds he sought vainly to fathom the prosecuting attorney's motive, but Roarin' Rufe's face remained enigmatical. Baffled, he turned to Halliday for some sign that might throw a light on the mystery; but the latter was listening to something Old Jake was saying and shaking his head in emphatic negation.

Sensing his own tensity as well as that of the crowd whose composite eyes were trained upon him, Uncle Bead relaxed and with studied nonchalance awaited the next play of the commonwealth.

"Come forward and be sworn, Saint Bead," ordered Roarin' Rufe irritably.

With that easy, swinging stride of the mountaineer, the old man walked swiftly to the witness box.

"Ye're meanin' me, I reckon." Uncle Bead's voice was truculent. "My name's Thomas Henry Sparr, but it's Mister Sparr to ye, suh."

"Mister Clerk, will you be so kind as to swear in Mr. Sparr?" Roarin' Rufe was elaborately sarcastic.

Uncle Bead placed his hand on the stained Bible and smiled with content when the faces of the jurors told him that his belligerent attitude had at least not displeased them.

Although outwardly self-possessed, his mind was seething with conjectures and possible explanations of his being called to the stand. He had always avoided the beech tree for fear of just such a contingency as this, and he knew that his evidence in that respect would not hurt Old Jake in the least. But intuition told him that Roarin' Rufe was planning some ingenious move, and he had seen the prosecuting attorney's ability in this line enough to respect it.

"You're a citizen of this county, are you not, Mr. Thomas Henry Sparr?"

Uncle Bead turned in the swivel chair and faced Roarin' Rufe. The audience leaned forward in their seats, apparently determined to catch each possible word of the examination.

"I am, suh."

"How long have you known the prisoner, Jacob Yaunce?" The lawyer's voice was gradually rising.

"'Bout fifty years."

"Did you ever shake the beech tree?"

Uncle Bead hesitated until he remembered that he could not be indicted for any admission while on the witness stand.

"I have, suh."

"Who sold you the moonshine?"

"I never seen nobody. Jest put down my cash an' got my likker ten minutes later. Found it settin' a-waitin' fo' me."

"You have what might be termed an educated taste for liquor, haven't you, Mr. Thomas Henry Sparr?" demanded Roarin' Rufe, abruptly changing tactics.

"Object!" interrupted Halliday, coming to his feet. "That question is irrelevant to this case."

"Your honor," explained Roarin' Rufe, rising, "I think I can show you in a few words that the question has a direct bearing on the case. This court, your honor, has just convicted Keenas Yaunce, the defendant's nephew, on a charge of manufacturing liquor. The still which was captured at the time of Keenas Yaunce's arrest is what is known as a thumper still and was the only one of its kind ever seen in the Cumberlands. The liquor which Woodward bought at the beech tree, I have reason to believe, was made by that thumper still.

"Now, your honor, it is apparently a scientific fact that the thumper still turns out a whisky which contains a greater alcoholic content than the average still. It is also said to have a slightly different taste from that made in the old-fashioned way. If so, there is no man better qualified to detect that difference than Mr. Sparr. His discriminating taste is a byword in the Cumberlands. Why, your honor, it has been told on good authority that he once detected sulphur in a drink, and it was later discovered that the jug had been washed in a sulphur-water spring."

Halliday, apparently divining Roarin' Rufe's purpose, again sprang to his feet; but the latter waved him back with an imperative gesture and advanced a few steps closer to the jury.

"I propose, gentlemen," continued Roarin' Rufe, "to make that test of the thumper liquor here in the court room. If Mr. Sparr says that it isn't the thumper liquor that Jase Woodward bought under the beech tree, then I'll drop the charge. If he declares that it is, I'm perfectly willing to leave the rest in the hands of the jury. Woodward tells me that some of that liquor has been kept for evidence."

"We object, your honor," broke in Halliday, "on the grounds that such a proceeding is without precedent in any court. It would be unfair to the defendant as well as to the witness. The sense of taste cannot be developed to such a certainty."

The old judge pondered for a full minute, his chin resting on his cupped hand and his eyes closed.

The wailing cry of a baby somewhere in the rear of the room appeared startlingly loud and then died away in muffled sounds as its mother stilled it.

"It seems to me," replied the judge slowly, "that as far as this court is concerned, it cannot discriminate between the five senses. A man's sight may deceive him at times, and at best he can only swear to the best of his knowledge. However, I'll admit that there is a ground for your objection, and I am willing to leave it to the witness. If he will rely upon his sense of taste under oath, I cannot see why I should prevent it."

Uncle Bead saw Halliday's anxious eyes upon him as the court awaited his reply. He gripped the arms of his chair, fighting for time. Dully he saw his knuckles grow white under the strain of that grasp and he folded his hands in his lap. Blindly he sought a loophole, but he found none and the silence grew interminable.

"Will you taste that liquor and swear whether or not it is from the thumper still?" Roarin' Rufe leaned toward the witness and each word came like the crack of a whip.

But Uncle Bead seemingly ignored him.

"Will you or will you not?" he fairly shouted.

"Your honor," drawled the witness, "I'm not hard of hearin'. Is it plumb necessary fo' this—this jackass to bray in my ear like that?"

A wild guffaw among the mountaineers seemed fairly to rock the building and it was five minutes before the sheriff was able to restore order

"The witness will answer the question," ordered the judge with asperity, apparently nettled by the hilarity and disrespect toward a court official.

"I reckon so, your honor, if I have to," replied Uncle Bead slowly, and it was with an effort that he turned and looked at Old Jake. The defendant was smiling unconcernedly.

A deputy came from the witness room, carrying a number of packages in his arms. He placed them on the table before the commonwealth's attorney and unwrapped them, exposing two half filled bottles, a fruit jar also about half filled, a stone jug and a hot water bottle. Then he arranged five tumblers in a row beside the vessels and withdrew. Roarin' Rufe, after a cursory glance, arose.

"To make the test fair, your honor," he explained, "I have arranged to have these five glasses filled with whiskies which have been collected and held for evidence in this court. In one of those glasses will be that which Jase Woodward bought under the beech tree. In the others will be liquor made the regular way. The witness will drink from each of the glasses and then be asked to point out the thumper glass." He paused and, with a smile of confidence, pointed at Halliday. "I will ask that the counsel for defense assist me in preparing the test."

"The sheriff and clerk will also accompany you into the jury room," ordered the judge. "You will so mark those glasses that there can be no question of identity."

The room was immediately filled with the low buzz of conversation, a sound similar to that of a swarm of bees in summer. The judge leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes in apparent fatigue, but the attitude of everyone else in the room was one of tense alertness. Uncle Bead dropped his chin on his chest and awaited the passing of the hourlike minutes.

No admonition to quiet the audience was necessary when the two barristers and the sheriff and clerk came down the aisle in single file. The sheriff carried the glasses, each partially filled with a clear white liquid, and placed them on the table beside Roarin' Rufe. The white pieces of paper on which numbers had been penciled were visible on the sides of the glasses.

Uncle Bead arose and stood beside the table, studying the five glasses with critical eye. He rearranged them about him and lifted two of them to the light and peered long and intently at the bead bubbles which played against the glass surface. A dreamy look came into his eyes as he lifted the first glass to his lips, and as he sipped he gazed reflectively out toward the distant blue mountain tops. With slow, measured actions he tasted the contents of each of the five glasses and then stood immobile with his eyes closed for a full minute. Once again he sipped from each glass, seemingly unable to come to a decision. He fumbled one of the tumblers and almost dropped it as he set it to one side and pointed a trembling finger at it.

"That one thar's got thumper likker in it."

The sheriff caught it up and glanced at the number pasted on it. Roarin' Rufe leaned eagerly forward and peered intently for a second, and then, with a short, disappointed laugh, turned away.

"Your honor," said the sheriff, "the witness has picked out Number Four Glass. The whisky from Woodward's jug was poured in Number Two."

Halliday dropped back into his chair and his infectious grin grew into a chuckle as he gazed at Uncle Bead in undisguised admiration. Not waiting for his dismissal from the stand, the witness arose and walked back to his seat outside the railing, while Old Jake followed him with an expression of blank amazement.

"We rest the case, your honor," shrugged Roarin' Rufe, smiling cynically.

The jury retired, but there was none in the room who did not know what the verdict would be. They were out scarce ten minutes, and when the clerk read "Not guilty," Uncle Bead was the first to grasp Old Jake by the hand. A few minutes later they reached the street together and walked away arm in arm. Halliday caught up with them before they reached the livery stable where they had left their mules.

"Darned clever, Uncle Bead," he congratulated guardedly. "I want to shake your hand."

"Did ye see?" queried the old hillman, shaking with silent laughter.

"I saw enough to give me a suspicion of what you were doing. But, you know, I was expecting another trick. I thought you were going to get drunk on that evidence and forget how to taste."

"I thought of that," Uncle Bead admitted gravely, "but I knowed the court wouldn't believe I could git drunk on that little amount of likker."

"Somehow I wisht ye hadn't done it, Bead," declared Old Jake sadly. "It wan't worth tellin' no lie about."

"He ain't caught on yet." Uncle Bead shook his head gravely and gazed at his old friend in apparent concern. "He thinks I swore a lie to save his wo'thless carcass from jail. Listen, Jake! The thumper likker was in the glass I picked out. I could taste that stuff anywhar."

"But ——"

"Sh-h!" Uncle Bead glanced cautiously about him and then leaned closer. "Them papers with the numbers on 'em were jest wet an' stuck on the glasses. I changed the labels on Number Two and Number Four."

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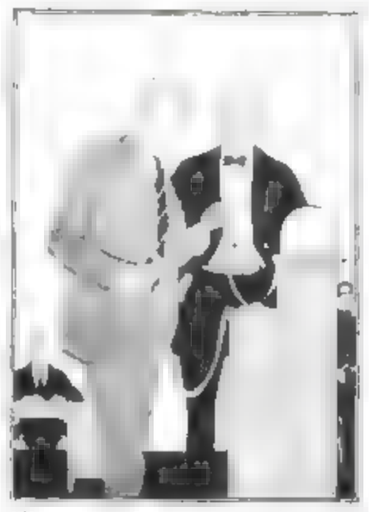

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GAMBLING WITH GRIEF

(Continued from Page 4)

$200,000 worth of units, say, in a well that cost $150,000 to drill, whereby the promoters made $50,000 a well whether they struck oil or not. If they hit it, so much the better, for they knew ways to cancel the income from the oil before any of it got to the stockholders.

This article does not concern the stock promotions by the professional promoters. They are always with us, save in the rare instances when one or two are sent to the penitentiary. What is in mind here is to show the hazards and difficulties of the small producer, of the man or little syndicate of men that rushes into the oil game whenever a wildcatter hits a well in a new territory, or someone brings in a well in a territory where the big companies have not leased all the promising land and there are chances to get leases of small tracts here and there. Those are the boys who gamble with grief. Those are the lads who have their troubles and mostly come out of the game with nothing to the good but the experience.

Speaking generally, the oil-production business is composed of three layers. The top layer is made up of the big companies, like the Standard, the Associated, the Shell, the Union, the Pacific, the Texas, the Mid-Continent, and so on. These are not only producers but manufacturers and distributors. The second layer is made up of the independent companies, well organized and strongly financed, and in some cases equal in resources and production to some of their more imposing neighbors. The third and bottom layer is made up of the small and smaller companies, the individual producers, the syndicates, and so on, that get in and get out in shoals. The first two layers are permanent, going, successful oil companies. There are successful and profitable companies in the third layer also. But usually the third layer is adventures, stabs at the business by men who do not know it, and while they are taking and exciting gambles they are not often winners.

Always there are plenty of them. Anyone who has had a sight and a sniff of the greenish-black liquid gold gurgling greasily out of a pipe into a sump hole or into a tank, who has smelled the money smell of it and got some of it on his hands, and has heard the boss driller say "She's doing a thousand a day," can understand that, especially when a percentage of those thousand barrels are his. It is the most fascinating game in the world. There's wealth in it, if you hit it right and can hold it. More than that, it is a gamble, and a real one. It makes all other sorts of betting seem like penny ante.

Bucking Against Nature

What it is, really, is a hand of stud poker each time against Nature, who always is the dealer. Often, of course, by the time the third card is dealt you know you haven't a chance; but let us say that things are propitious. You get a good hole card in the way of a successful spudding in and start of your well. Your second, third and fourth cards, coincident with the fair progress of the well, give you a potential hand—a flush perhaps, or two pairs, or maybe threes, and now and then the makings of one of those royal and magnificent flushes that every poker player hopes for and but few poker players hold. You are down to the sand and it all depends on the last card. Nature flips it over to you and there you are. You have filled—or you haven't. You may be left with two measly little pairs in the shape of a small well, or it may come a spade when you wanted a heart to fill your flush. Your threes may stand up with a reasonably good well, or whoop-ee! you may make your royal. Then is when the joy bells jingle. Or you may not. Then is when the crape goes on the door knob.

But if you win—if you do—it is forty—fifty—a hundred—a thousand to one. A $10,000 investment may bring you $100,000, or $200,000, or $300,000—or it may not. Your well may be a 15,000-barrel gusher of high gravity oil, or it may be a 300-barrel affair that makes more water than it does oil. You never can tell. Plenty of wells have produced 1,000,000 barrels of oil during their productive periods, and many have produced more than that—a lot more.

Figure it out for yourself. Speaking of deep wells now, where you must go down 4500 or 5000 feet to get to the big sand, a well will cost somewhere between $100,000 and $200,000 to drill, depending on the luck you have had in getting the hole down. Say, $150,000. Then, even if the big companies are engaged in one of their righteous campaigns of saving the small producers from themselves, and have cut the price of oil three or four times just to show their good intentions, you should be getting a dollar a barrel for your oil if it is any good at all. Put on another $100,000 for expenses, and so on, and you'll have them. If your well is one of those 1,000,000-barrel lulus, that means $750,000 to split. Pretty soft, eh, what?

Yea, brethren, softer than the downy side of thousand-dollar bills, provided the water doesn't come in or the gas pressure decrease, or your neighbors do not drain you or the well sand up or one or two or six of the glooms that perch in great flocks on every derrick drop down on you and wipe you out; softer than having an old aunt die and leave you a cartload of Liberty Bonds, provided you do not do what ninety-nine out of every hundred amateur producers do, and, having a well, start right out to rival the Standard and grab leases and drill a dozen more, thereby using up the income of the money-getter you have, and mostly using up all other available resources of your enterprising little company.

No Place for Pikers

My oil observations have been confined largely to the California fields, although I have some knowledge of Oklahoma; but I have no doubt that all oil producers are alike, and especially all amateurs of oil production. Hence it seems conservative to say that not one in a hundred of these amateurs, either as individuals or formed in companies or syndicates, having achieved one or two or three, maybe, good producing profitable wells, is content to take that profit. Not at all. Let a man or a syndicate or a small company get in the black ink on the ledger, or let the money be coming in even if the well has not paid out, and at that moment the evidences of the larger oil lunacy become apparent. They all get delusions of grandeur. Having achieved a well or two, they have visions and dream dreams. They see themselves putting the Standard out of business, making a crimp in the Union that will cause that company to pass dividends, handing it to the Pacific and the Associated and the Shell, forcing old John D. himself to sit up and take notice, and away they go. They get more leases, drill more wells, and presently they are broke, and the big companies gather up the fragments, and John D. gives away a few more millions.

It gets in the blood, in the brain if any in the spirit, and makes a wild and reckless gambler out of the staidest of men. Always the new hole is on top of the dome; always the big sand is just below; always the antichne comes their way, always the greasy golden trove is just within reach; always they can afford to pay a bigger bonus and a larger royalty for land because they will hit it this time; always the drilling will be easy, the water will be tractable, the oil will flow. This time Nature will fill the flush.

It is no piker's game. To be sure, there are oil fields where shallow wells will reach the sand; but shallow wells are mostly small producers. The big sands are usually down deep; 3000 feet, 4000 feet, 5000 feet. There are wells in California down below a mile. Even in the most favorable circumstances, where the sand is between 2000 and 3000 feet down, say, the initial bet must be as much as $100,000, and that will not buy all the chips. Following that, a few times, a very few times, in every field the gamblers may win without putting up any more money, but that doesn't often occur. Ordinarily the initial $100,000 vanishes almost as quickly as the drill disappears in the hole, and there are loud cries for more funds. Your oil driller is a regal person. Money means nothing to him. Except in the work of the big companies, where drilling for oil is a standardized, efficient, cold-blooded, exact business, drilling as it usually is done by and for the amateurs of production is as extravagant as if Coal Oil Johnny was doing it.

Fundamentally, those who drill for oil in one field operate in the same way as those who drill in another field. That is, the tools are the same, and the methods do not vary, save as varying geological structures are met. Derricks have the same construction and supplies are more or less standardized. There are two sorts of rigs, the standard and the rotary. Usually wildcat or explorative wells are drilled with the standard rig, which is an enormous steel drill that pounds a hole into the earth by the process of being raised and dropped continuously on the structure beneath. The rotary rig is a gigantic auger that bores its way down to the sand. Of course, the difficulties encountered in one field may be different from those in another field, owing to varying geological structure, and in some places the oil sand may be down only a few hundred feet while in others it is down a few thousand.

Hence what is said here, though it applies specifically to the small operator in the California fields, probably applies in a general way to the small operator in other fields. My field of observation has been California, and that has been an illuminating point, because during the past two years California has had three enormous oil developments, at Santa Fé Springs, Signal Hill and Huntington Beach and Long Beach. In these fields the game was well framed for the small operator, because the territories were not held in large plots, but were split into small holdings, town lots, and so on. This enabled the small fellows to rush in and operate on small leases, and they rushed in.

Now that these fields have passed their peaks and production is declining, the professionals are deploring this rush. They say that it caused overproduction and ruined not only the market but the fields as well. Probably. These wise persons who deplore the oil situation are mostly connected with the big companies. Their idea of the proper and economic procedure is this: Necessarily, small operators are at a disadvantage in trying to produce oil in competition with the big operators. Therefore it would have been mere economic forethought to have allowed the big companies to drill these fields in a leisurely and scientific manner, placing their wells at proper distances apart, one to each five acres, say, instead of two to an acre, as was often done, thus conserving the oil and maintaining the price.

Too Much Oil

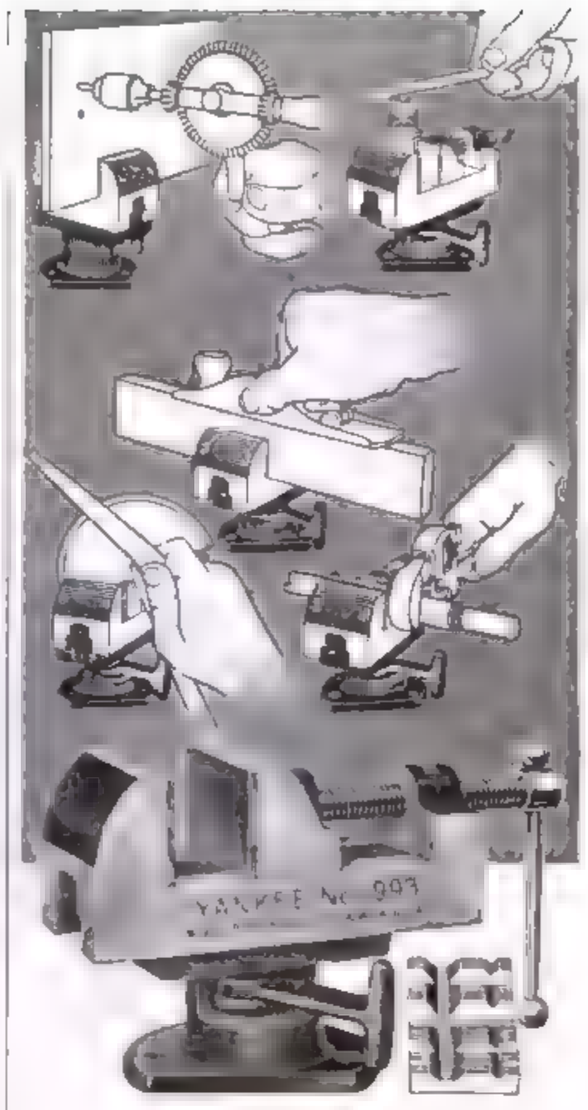
Correct. No doubt these fields would have lasted many years instead of the few years they will last if the big companies had had control of all the acreage. No doubt, also, that this would be a grand old world if greed for money were eliminated from the human residents therein. Unfortunately, the desire for money, the passion for quick money, is as strong now as it ever was; and as the land with oil beneath it in these three fields happened to be held in small parcels, by numerous owners, instead of in large parcels, these fields afforded a made-to-order opportunity for hundreds of greedy persons to rush in and be greedy, and they did.

Nor need there be any particular sympathy with the plaints of the big companies. They met the emergency nobly and economically. They rose to it in suitable style. After securing all the land they could they drilled offset wells to drain the small fellows, as is the usual kindly oil custom.

"Those fellows out in California went crazy," said one of the biggest oil operators in the midcontinent field to me a time ago. "They gave away their oil."

Practically that is what they did; but how could they help that? They had to take what they could get for it because they had no facilities for storing it. And the only market was the big-company market. It was an economic disaster, of course, that worked to the advantage of the big companies, as such economic disasters almost always do; but hevings, what a gambling spree it was! Not many of the small operators came out whole in a money way, but all of them had more thrills every hour than the average American has in a lifetime.

Now that the big spree is over in that particular locality it may be interesting to point out some of the disadvantages that accrue to the oil spreer in similar circumstances, not with the idea that any oil spreer will be deterred from going on another spree when a new field develops, but merely as a matter of record and for the



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purpose of showing just what sort of footless and bootless enterprise the usual small-producer spree is. Down there in Southern California they have had their gamble, and a few of the gamblers have all the chips. For the rest of them it may be said that they shoved in their stacks with courage and conviction and played the game without a limit. They gambled with Nature, with the big companies, with an economic situation; but mostly they gambled with grief.

In every relation of man to man, and in every demonstration of Nature, the little fellow is always at the mercy of the big fellow; and this is especially the case in business, in all enterprises organized and conducted for the purpose of acquiring money. This is obvious and economic, and so on, whatever the ethical aspect of it may be, and no doubt deplorable; but that is the situation. It has always seemed to me that in the oil game the big fellows are bigger and the little fellows littler than in any other large industry; that the big fellows have more of an edge than elsewhere. The big fellows protest this violently, but the facts are against them. It is true that the game is wide open. Any man who has the money can buy the lumber for a derrick and buy a string of tools. Every sort of supply is open to every buyer. There are no closed markets, no monopolistic patents on the fundamentals, no combinations on rigs, casings, boilers, tanks or any of the common essentials. If you have the cash or the credit, you can go to an oil-well supply company and get every little thing you need to sink a well, and every big thing also.

Likewise the whole boundless universe is yours to explore and to drill. If you think there is a chance to find oil in the middle of Death Valley you can go there and drill your exploration wildcat well if you like, after making the easy preliminary arrangements. You can put a well down on the top of a mountain, at the bottom of a cañon, in the center of a plain, on the side of a hill. That part of it is up to you, and the capital you have. Not many physical situations stump an oil driller. He'll put down an oil well in practically any place you want to put it down. He'll drill it offshore at sea, or in the middle of a lake, or on the tip of a crag. They are giants at that sort of thing, these tremendous, brawny, greasy men who do the production labor in getting oil.

A Crazy Man's Game

But wildcatting is the ultimate in a gamble. It is never less than a hundred-to-one shot. Often it is a thousand-to-one shot. The big companies can afford it, because if they get oil they have the facilities for handling it and the money for developing the field. The big companies are always exploring for oil. Their geologists are forever prospecting for seepages and signs, examining formations, tracing anticlines, estimating faults, following leads, making reports. Sometimes they can tell where oil is, and often they can tell where oil is not. More often they do neither.

Let us suppose, on the small-fellow side of it, that some little syndicate, or some oil man with money enough to take a chance, goes out somewhere and drills a wildcat well, away from well-defined fields, and gets oil, makes a well. What is he going to do with his oil? He is going to do exactly what the big companies tell him to do and permit him to do. If he makes a good well, the news of it will bring lease hounds in by the hundred and the entire territory will be put under lease in jig time. If the well is a very good one, and the territory is promising, the big companies will pay bonuses for leases, and large royalties, and thus make it as expensive as possible for the little fellows. Also, the only market for the oil is the market supplied by the big fellows. They have, or can build, storage facilities, and they have the capital to build pipe lines. The man with the wildcat well that came in has the glory of being the pioneer, but in the long run the big companies get most of the money.

Wildcatting is a crazy enterprise for any but the big companies. The little fellow may be able to horn in on a field where there has been a discovery, but if he is wise he will not attempt to do the discovering. And when he tries to horn in on a proved field he will find that he has little chance to get a proved lease of any size—a lease in a field where it has been shown there is oil—because the fact that oil has been discovered in any field immediately jumps the value of leases to so high a figure that the small fellow cannot compete with the vast bank accounts of the big companies. The big companies are just as ardent in their search for new oil territory as the most visionary of the small oil prospectors. They are looking for it all the time, and when a field is discovered they descend on it with wads of money and lease it in great chunks.

As soon as the news was public of the coming in of the Jim Bell well at Santa Fé Springs, for example, early the next morning the agents of the big companies were all over that section, each agent with a check book full of checks signed in blank and good at the bank for any sums he would write them for. These agents had a lot of that territory under lease before the small fellows found out how much credit they had or how much money they could get. Meantime do not suppose the company that owned the Jim Bell well had been idle. Those drillers had advance information, and they solidified their position before they let anybody know that they had oil in big quantities.

Wasteful Development

However, the land situation in these great California fields was peculiar. The land was not owned in large tracts. It was held in small parcels. A good deal of it was in town lots. Huntington Beach, for example, had been laid out as a seashore colony to compete with Long Beach, and hadn't been especially successful. It was split into scores of small holdings—town lots. Santa Fé Springs was a town site also; and so on. Thus, despite the efforts of the big companies to corral all the land, the little fellows had a chance. There were leases on small tracts to be obtained, and they obtained a good many of them; and a frenzy of drilling started. Forests of derricks went up. Wells were spudded in by the hundred, and that section of these United States went stark, staring oil mad.

An oil well is an oil well. It makes no difference whether that oil well is being drilled on a two-acre plot by an individual or a syndicate, or whether it is being drilled on a 10,000-acre piece by the Standard Oil Company. The fellow who is drilling one well or two wells must have exactly as much equipment for each of his wells as the Standard requires for each of its 200 or 300 wells. Every well stands alone in that regard. If a company or an individual wants to drill two wells simultaneously, or three, there must be a complete string of tools for each well. Naturally, in a proved field, with wells going down all around, the small fellow on the small lease is eager to get down to as much oil as possible, and he starts as many wells as he can—often more than he should. Wherefore, he must outfit each well completely, and this makes it a tremendously expensive operation as against the operations of the big companies that get equipment wholesale instead of retail.

It is obvious that successfully to drill a hole down into the earth 3000 or 4000 or 5000 feet requires the most expert mechanical knowledge, a vast experience, a major skill and considerable luck. Oil drilling is one of the most highly specialized of trades. Boss drillers who know the game are extraordinary, almost superhuman, creatures who do not come in large numbers. The best of them, naturally, are employed by the big companies. Drilling a well, bringing it in and keeping it on production are tasks that are expert to the limit. No ordinary hole maker can encompass them successfully. They require a certain genius.

The small company decides to do its own drilling, and it hires the best crew it can find. The well is spudded in and fortune is right around the corner. Then, at that exact moment, the amateur in oil production is matriculated in a university where the entire curriculum is trouble, where nothing but grief is taught, where weariness and woe and tribulation are the only courses. More things can happen during the drilling of an oil well to delay, stop, junk up, mess about, ruin and reruin the prospects of the persons financing the operation than even the most pessimistic of investors can conjure. There are hundreds of chances for bad luck to every bit of good luck that is possible. Inexperience and lack of expert drilling account for much of it; but at that, the biggest of the companies and the most expert of the drillers have their dolors. The little fellows are gambling with grief from the first moment.

(Continued on Page 74)

"Here comes Mr. Lend-Me to borrow our Tire Gauge"

Do you know Mr. Lend-Me, the motorist?

All he has is a car. When he needs a jack or a pump or a hydrometer, he uses yours.

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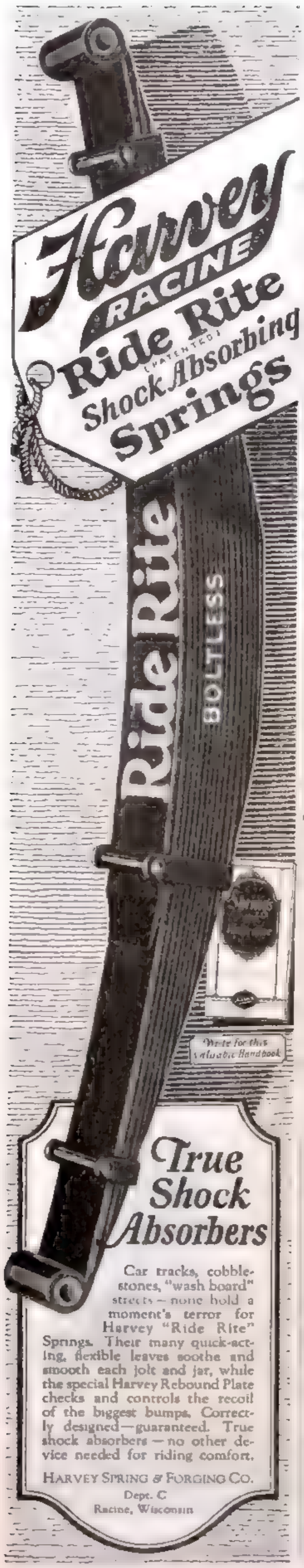
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(Continued from Page 72)

Trouble? An oil well in the process of drilling is the original source and the unfailing and inexhaustible supply of trouble. It is all the trouble there is; especially, as is most often the case, when the small fellows are drilling and because the small fellows often cannot command the most expert workmanship. In his inexperience the small fellow buys cheap materials, starts his hole too small at the top, sets his casings at the wrong depth for water shutoff, and does a dozen other things wrong. But those are the results of poor workmanship, although a usual hazard for the little fellow. The real trouble comes with the mechanical hazards, and with water. The mechanical hazards are countless. There is a fresh one every hour, and they all cost money.

I heard two men talking in a Los Angeles hotel. Both had jumped into the oil game from entirely foreign taking-off places. Neither had had any previous oil experience, but both were getting a-plenty at the time.

"How are you doing?" asked one.

"Pretty fair," said the other.

"Having much trouble?"

"Some."

"Have you lost your tools yet?"

His inquiry was plaintive, pathetic. Losing tools in the hole is one of the saddest of all the sad verses in the oil song. Things are going well, it seems, and then, bing! the tools drop off, crash down to the bottom of the hole, hundreds of pounds of metal junked up there; or they are twisted off. And they fish for them—they fish for them. They fish and fish and fish. Often it takes weeks to get them out. Often it takes months. Sometimes they never do get them. Meantime the wells on the neighboring leases are going down, get to the oil and drain out the oil that belongs to the unfortunates who have lost their tools. They sidetrack the recalcitrant tools, which means to drill round them, or they mill them out, which means to drill through them. Both of these operations are slow and expensive.

Trouble? You don't know the half of it. Casings get loose and are dropped one—two—three hundred feet, making a frightful mess in the hole. The derrick may burn down. Geological formation so hard as to be almost impenetrable may be encountered, causing enormous delay and expense. Sometimes the derrick collapses because of faulty construction or because too much heavy pipe is stacked up in it. Sometimes, in lifting out a big string of casing, the crown block of the derrick will pull out. Sometimes there will be a gas blow-out that will ruin the hole.

There are 4578 ways of junking up an oil well, and new ones are being discovered every day. And it seems to the little fellow, trying to get his well down to the oil sand, all these happen to him.

Then there is water. Many a small producer, or rather a small intending producer, has permanently acquired nervous prostration while his drillers have tried to shut off the water in his well. Water and oil, never mixing satisfactorily, are at their most expensive and troublesome antagonism in an oil well. Water is the foe and conqueror of oil fields. Let water get largely into a field and the field is finished. Hence the utmost care must be taken to shut off the water in each well, and there is vigilant supervision of this process by the state authorities.

Every well encounters water, and it must be shut off so it will not run down into the oil and spread throughout the field. Cementing-off, they call it. Cement in large quantities is put into the hole when water is encountered, and is pumped down through the casing under heavy pressure so as to force it up outside the casing and past the water-bearing sands. After the cement hardens, the driller drills through the plug of cement that remains at the bottom of the casing and goes ahead toward the oil sands, leaving this great mass of cement with a hole through the middle of it to hold back the water.

Skillfully done, cementing-off is effective. Often, however, it is not skillfully done, and recementing is required several times before the water is stopped. If it isn't successfully done, there's an oil well that has gone to glory.

These troubles and countless others are common to the big fellow and the little fellow. They occur in all oil wells. The advantage is with the big fellows, because they have drilled hundreds of wells and have the expert knowledge and the right materials for dealing with them. When something happens in a big-company well, all that is necessary for the big company to do is to refer to the records and see what was done on a similar occasion in some other well.

The little fellows cannot do that. Their troubles cost them twice as much as the troubles of the big fellows cost them, both in time and in money.

Tricky and Temperamental

In case the small fellow decides not to drill his own wells he must go to a drilling contractor. There are plenty of these. Ordinarily the drilling contractor is hired on a footage basis and is therefore interested in making as much of a hole as possible, and not always in bringing in a producing well. The contractor gets paid just the same whether he drills a dry hole or gets oil. Often a contract for drilling is made whereby the contractor gets his pay partly in cash and partly in first oil; that is, he gets the returns from the first oil that is produced before the company or the individual cashes in on any of it. It has so happened that the contractor has been interested mostly in getting his cash and enough first oil to pay him out. Oil contractors do not differ from other contractors. Thus the contractor doesn't care whether he brings in a big well or a small well so long as he brings in a well that will provide enough first oil to pay him out. After that, the owners can have the leavings.

However, let us consider that the little fellow has struck his oil, that his well is producing in paying quantities. Are his troubles over? They have just begun. Getting an oil well into production is one of the problems and keeping it on production is another. Oil wells starting out orgulously with a heavy and millionairish flow have a desolating habit of slowing down. They sand up, which means that sand stops the flow. They develop temperament. The gas pressure decreases. Other near-by wells drain them. Their initial or early production is never maintained. It gets smaller and smaller. If it is necessary to shut in a big oil well, to bean it down as the oil men say, in a closely drilled field, that well is not so big as it was when it is put on production again. Oil wells require more expert nursing than sick children. The common idea when an oil well busts in with 2000 or 3000 or 10,000 barrels production that that means indefinite flow in the same amount is highly erroneous. Oil wells are as temperamental as operatic divas, and as expensive.

When, for example, during the peak production at Santa Fé Springs a shut in of production took place, making it imperative for the independent producers to bean down their wells 30 or more per cent, that requirement gave many a small producer a heavy body blow. In that intensively drilled field it decreased the flow of all wells when they were given full flow again. The wells did not come back with their original fluency.

But all this aside, let us consider that a small fellow has succeeded in getting a well, or two or three, down to producing sand, and is procuring oil. Then what? What is he going to do with his oil? He must sell it, and the only place he can sell it is to the big companies that have the storage, the pipe lines, the refineries and the distributing stations for gas and refined products The small fellow is very often at the mercy of the big fellow. He cannot market his product unless he has been successful enough to make good money and wants to build a refinery. If he does that, he is engaging on a desperate and long-drawn enterprise, and not once in a hundred times can he stand the competition.

Usually the little fellow must make a long-term contract with a big company in order to get a price. He ordinarily cannot sell from day to day or week to week. The big companies tie the little fellows up; and the big companies fix the price, which price is always known as the field price and fluctuates from time to time.

It's a great game, and a hazardous; but it can be beaten, of course. Many small companies and individuals have won out, but only because they had sufficient capital and good, economical, close business management. Nine-tenths of the amateurs in the oil business, nine-tenths of the little fellows who dreamed dreams of great wealth and had visions of millions gushing out of the ground, lost all they put into their ventures. In the big California fields it is estimated that eight dollars, in round numbers, came out of the ground for every seven put in, and this with enormous production and not many dry holes in the territories drilled during the big book of the past two years.

This winning dollar wasn't split among any great number of investors. It went to comparatively few of the drillers.

No account of the stock jobbings is taken in this article. Nobody knows how much money was extracted from the people for which no return whatever was made or will be made. Of course, many of the small companies sold stock—most of them, indeed—but a lot of them started off with the best of intentions and with honest men, not stock jobbers and fakers and crooks, at the heads of them.

These gallantly made their gambles with oil grief, and in most instances grief put them down and out.

But are they downhearted? Not at all. Watch what happens when the news comes of new and big oil strikes. It gets in the blood, I tell you. Once an oil gambler, always an oil gambler. Once an oil sucker, always an oil sucker. You lose. You lose again. But when you win, see what you've got! And sometimes you win. Never forget that.

SLIDE, BRAINS, SLIDE!

(Continued from Page 17)

"They may come to laugh," I returns; "but they'll remain to pay."

"Where," inquires Hurley, "do you expect to get them pitchers? Outta your silk hat?"

"Can you keep a secret?" I grins.

"No," he yelps. "I'm supporting one of 'em for you now. What do you think I'm running—a home for backward secrets?"

III

THE next day Glib beats it away on a fishing trip, first making me agree to dig personal for all the jack it's gonna cost to try out my trick acts. Then me and Two-Story gets busy Halligan, who come by that monniker on the account of there not being enough room on one floor for all the brains he's got, is a old side-kicker of mine that I got interested in my ideas with the Brigands, right after going into the deal with Hurley.

"Listen," I tells him, when he starts out scouting, "all I wants you to get is youngsters that is fast on the feet and swift in the head. They is the only two things that count. If you run into a lad that can bat .800 and field 1.002½ I don't want him unless he can ten-flat the hundred. I don't care what sand lot you drag 'em off of or what schoolroom window you pull 'em through, but they gotta be bright and they gotta be speedy. League experience don't cut no ice. If they can run and think, don't ask 'em nothing else."

"Don't you need no hitters?" asks Halligan.

"No," says I. "Like I has told you, we is gonna play a different kinda baseball than anybody has ever seen before, especial in these parts. Mosta the birds in this rut of a league is either spavs that has pitched their arms out, run their legs off and used their eyes up in the big time, or else they is never-wassers or never-ain't-gonna-be's. Gimme some rapid dogs and a pinch of brains that ain't too proud to work, and I'll do the rest."

In about two weeks the Brigands is cleaned. Outta the whole layout I only saves four bench flies that looks like they might fit into my scheme. Some of the old gang I tins outright, others I freights off to the minors, and a few I'm able to stick the opposish with. In the meantime Halligan is out in the wooda, shipping young fellers in to me almost every day.

As soon as the new lads shows I slaps 'em into the line-up, but lets the Brigands play

(Continued on Page 77)

Over $101,000,000—

a three months' haul

During the first three months of 1924, fire walked off with $101,097,650* of the public's money.

That was fire's bill for carelessness—a bill of which every property owner must pay his share.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company is doing all it can to cut down this staggering loss. It provides sound and complete insurance. It maintains a staff of trained Fire Prevention Engineers whose services are free to large property owners. It has in every community a competent and experienced representative who gladly advises property owners on all the forms of protection the Hartford offers and on methods of reducing fire risks.

*Figures compiled by the New York Journal of Commerce.

INSURE IN THE

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INSURANCE COMPANY

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The 'mopability' of Bird's NEPONSET *Rugs saves endless work and worry*

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This seal on the rug is a double guarantee: ours, and your dealer's.

Bird's Neponset Rugs

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 74)

along as usual, my ideas being not to pull no stunts till I got the whole team laid out like I wants. During them two weeks we don't come no nearer winning a game than a fried herring comes to being a pearl necklace, and I draws myselfs a lotta kidding from the local rags. Kidding me, however, is like throwing marshmallows at elephants.

Finally I gets things the way I wants 'em. Two-Story has shot in a flock of fast young kids, corner-lotters, college boys and such. They ain't one of 'em over twenty, a speedy, zippy, bubbling lot, and Halligan has seen to it that they ain't no shy-domes among 'em. In the crowd is six pitchers, none good enough to bend curves around roundhouses or zing fast ones through the concrete backstop, but K. O. for my purposes.

The Bobcats is the first of the visiting gals to run against the new system. On account of being spoofed as a grand-stand manager I decides to stay that way, and don't go down into the coop with the men a-tall. I sits in the first row near the dugout, while Two-Story, dressed up in a uniform and everything, stands near me on the field.

"Who you wanna work today?" he asks.

"I don't know yet which one I'll start with," I answers, "but don't let none of 'em do no warming up."

"Huh!" gasps Halligan.

"You heard me," I tells him. "Ever see a mile runner doing a coupla fast miles just before going into a race? If the boys is gotta limber up, let 'em wave their arms around or something. They is just so many pitches in a shoulder, and I don't want none of 'em wasted."

"But they always do it," protests Two-Story.

"Yeh," says I, "and they always used to bleed guys that was sick. We're dealing with a new deck, bo. Here," I goes on, jotting on a piece of paper, "is the line-up."

"Spalding's a pitcher," remarks Halligan, kinda pitying, with a quick look at the list.

"I know it," I tells him. "What of it?"

"You ain't gonna have a pitcher leading off, is you?" inquired Two-Story.

"It ain't a felony in this state, is it?" I shoots back.

"No," mumbles the old scout, "but I never seen it done before."

"From now and on," says I, "they ain't gonna be hardly nothing in your life excepting things you ain't seen before. You ain't got a weak heart, has you?"

"My heart's all right," returns Two-Story. "How's your head?"

"What's wrong," I wants to know, "about having a heaver hit first?"

"It'd be all right," replies Halligan, "if he'd ever hit, but he never don't. What's the use of handicapping yourselfs with a out at the jump-off, when they is a chance of getting a man on right quick for the clean-up hitters to swat around the bags?"

"They is this use," says I: "When you plays him for number one he can't bling into no double plays and he can't fan out with three on. The worstest he can do is to be scotched by his lonesome. Anyways, what difference does it make if your heavy stickers is at the end of the list instead of the beginning?"

"Maybe none," shrugs Two-Story. "Got any more tricks besides them you and me framed?"

"A few," I answers, and for the next ten minutes I tells him a lotta stunts I been thinking up.

When I first hired Halligan I gave him a general idea of what I was gonna do to get the Brigands outta the sloughs of this pond, but this is the first time I dives into details with him. Like I told you, the old feller's a kinda clever foxheimer hisself, and between us we lays out the whole game before play's called.

On the account of its being Saturday afternoon and the only amusements in this burg, outside baseball, being wife-beating and hip-reaching, they is a pretty fair crowd in the stands when Spalding steps out to the box to open up the newer and better baseball system invented by me and Halligan. The kid's a college southpaw, with a hefty pair of shoulders that looks like they was some regular heave in 'em.

They is. The boy's control ain't nothing to start any legal holiday over, and he walks the first Bobcat, but the next bird hits into a easy Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance. The third baby dents the right fielder's glove with the ball and it sticks there. Retiring a side without no runs, no hits and no errors, especially no errors, is something the Brigands ain't done for weeks, and the local rain-checkers give us a hand.

Spalding walks to the pan, and I can see from the way the patrons stir around that they is surprised at a pitcher opening up for us. Following instructions he tries to bunt, but he's about as successful as a guy trying to learn bare-handed tiger-strangling through a correspondence course in piano tuning.

The next lad up's a freckle-faced Free Stater that Halligan must a plucked offa shamrock tree down by the freight sheds. He lays a lala of a bunt down the right-field foul line and streaks for the bag. It's a cinch beating the throw to the sack. Does Mickey stop at first? He does not. They ain't no locals on my system. The boy picks 'em up and plops 'em down toward second without hesitating at the turn no more'n the Century does for a bee on the track.

The stuff works like the old brain told me it would. The first baseman of the Bobcats holds the pill in his hand for a while, looks around wild and throws like he looks. You can't hardly blame him none. In the past it's taken triples to get a Brigand to first on a long slide, and for one of our bobos to stretch a bunt into a two-base hit ain't in the cards or spades.

The speed stuff sorta throws the whole Bobcat team up in the air, and when Stevens drops another bunt in front of the plate the catcher heaves it a Woolworth over the first bagger's head, Mickey scoring and Stevens getting to third. Holloway, fourth up, also bunts. Stevens starts for home, changes his mind and goes back from the whence he came from, Holloway going to second on the throw to the third. The next guy bunts some more and is thrown out, but Stevens scores. A pop bunt in the pitcher's hands retires our gang.

"Well," grins Halligan, drifting over to the railing, "your stuff went over big."

"I knew it would," says I, calm. "A fast bunch like we got can bunt that crowd to death. They're old-timers like I said, and don't know nothing excepting the old-army game."

"Wanna keep 'em bunting, eh?" asks Two-Story.

"Sure," I tells him. "We're gonna bunt our way to the bunting."

"Suppose," suggests Halligan, "the other birds in the league gets to playing the bunt game."

"Not a chance," I returns. "Them spavs can't run fast enough to get away with it in the first place; and in the second place they is too bullheaded to pick up a stunt sprung by a grand-stand manager. They'd be laughed outta the league."

All three of the Bobcats fly out in the next inning and we bunts our way to three more runs. By that time Glish the manager is got his whole team working in the diamond, but even that don't do no good against my winged hoofers. None of my lads stops at first, and it's surprising the number of wild throws the league leaders make to second to head 'em off. No, it ain't so surprising at that, when you considers the wonderful reversal of form we has sprung on them.

In the next inning Spalding gets control of his control and fans two of the Bobcats. The other one fouls out. We don't make no runs in our half, the bunts not falling so good, but Spalding gets a wonderful hand from the fans when he goes to the plate. He pops to the pitcher.

"Pretty good youngster you got there," remarks Glish, strolling over my way.

"Think so?" I comes back, surprised. "I'm taking him out. He don't look so good to me."

"Tin the kidding," comes back the boss Bobcat. "Ain't you fellers gonna do nothing but bunt?"

"Sure," I tells him. "The next man up's been ordered to triple, and the feller after him's got instructions to make two bases on a error by your right fielder. The third ——"

But Glish has barked hisself off.

A second later I sees him, pop-eyed, watching Spalding going to the coop, and Trevor, a right-hander, walked into the box for us. The crowd starts a mumbling and yelping, and even Spalding shoots me a mean look, but I just grins.

Trevor don't do so nice. The first Bobcat belts him for two bases and the next baby walks. I motions to Halligan. Out goes Trevor and in comes Heeney, a south-sider. The only three balls he ever gets over is the ones he throws in practice. After that the plate's no bigger than a corn on a gnat's little toe as far as he's concerned. He walks two men and then he walks. At that he was no worser than Stebbins, who follows. After hitting the first two guys he faces, he also gets the rest of the day off, and in goes McSwain. He port-sides his way through the inning in pretty fair style, but the score's only five to four in our favor when the shooting dies down.

We keeps at the bunting game in spite of the fans' howls to hit it out, and grabs off two more runs in the next three innings. McSwain turns in some beautiful ball in the fifth, sixth and seventh, and the Bobcats don't get a man past first.

The fans give him a stand-up reception after he come in, but that don't change my plans none. I tells Halligan to take him out and slap in Emerson.

"Too much is enough," says Two-Story. "Emerson's the only pitcher we got left, and he ain't worth a hoot in a hurrah. McSwain has the Cats eating outta his glove, and we got the game sewed tight if he finishes."

"Nope," I returns, firm; "system is system, and we is goin' through with it."

"But what you gonna do," goes on Halligan, "if they starts pounding Emerson hard? We ain't got no more flingers."

"Three innings per man's the limit," I insists. "How do you know that they won't get to McSwain?"

"I don't," he admits, "but he happens to be a boy I picked up in this burg and the crowd's likely to start something if ——"

"Forget it!" I cuts. "I been barked at before and I ain't got a bite-mark on me."

"All right," sighs Two-Story, "but I'm tipping you. This McSwain kid used to work down to the steel mill, and mosta the gang here today is from there."

"On your way," says I, impatient, "and send McSwain to the showers. The side's out."

Baby boy, there is sure some howl when Emerson walks out to the box. A bunch of rough lads in back of me jumps up, waving fists and acting like they was readying a mob skit. I don't mind admitting that I don't feel so cheerio over the situation, and I don't get no cheerioer when Emerson walks the first of Glish's hired men. The next guy dribbles a soft one to the shortstop that had double play written all over it in capital letters, but it don't even work for a single out. The kid fielder tries to throw the ball before he gets his hands on it and then there were two—on bases.

A pop bottle misses me a foot, but not having no use for full ones I certainly pays no attentions to empties. The third lad up fans. However, my snappy little catcher lets the final strike get away from him and the bags is just filthy with Bobcats. This time a bottle does get me in the shoulder.

Boskert, the heaviest hitter of the visitors, walks to the plate. I reads in the paper the next day that the ball went through a swell painted window in the church across the street from the park, but I never even seen it go over the fence. I hears the bat and pill kiss, and I pipes the pellet winging toward the center-field bleachers, but ——

They is a exit near me, leading out from under the grand stand, that I noticed accidental and particular when the first pop bottle was heaved at me, and some way or other I finds myself diving into it almost the same minute that Boskert connected. It's a funny coincidence that a hundred puddlers and such from the steel mills should 'a' had the same impulse, but such it was. Leisurely and with dignities I dashes outta the park, hops into my boat and beats it to the hotel. Getting the dents outta the back of the car wasn't much of a job, but them garages is stickups, ain't they?

A week later I peddles my interest in the Brigands to a committee of business men who hinted kinda delicate that I wouldn't be happy in their cozy little town. The deal was completed by telegraph. Shows you what modern inventions can do.

A long time passed before I seen Glib Hurley again. I'm at the Polo Grounds watching a ball game when he sits down right next to me without seeing who it was.

"What do you think of that fathead manager," he yelps all of a sudden, "putting in that gate swinger to pinch for Jones?"

"Back-seat driver!" I sneers. "What you trying to do—run a team from the grand stand?"

Then I sees who it is.

—and no water!

A DRY RADIATOR. A lonely road. Seven miles from habitation. And no water! What would *you* give under such circumstances for just one gallon?

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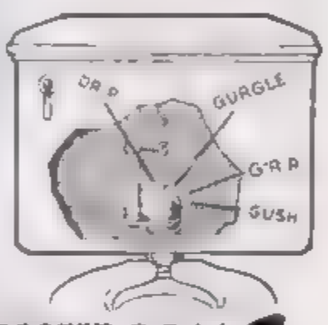

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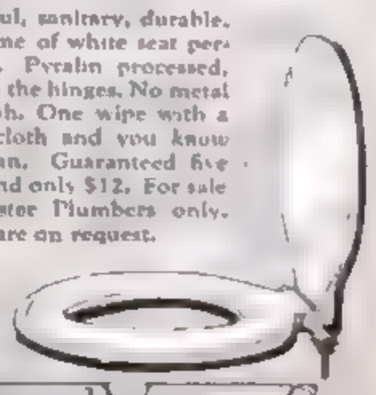

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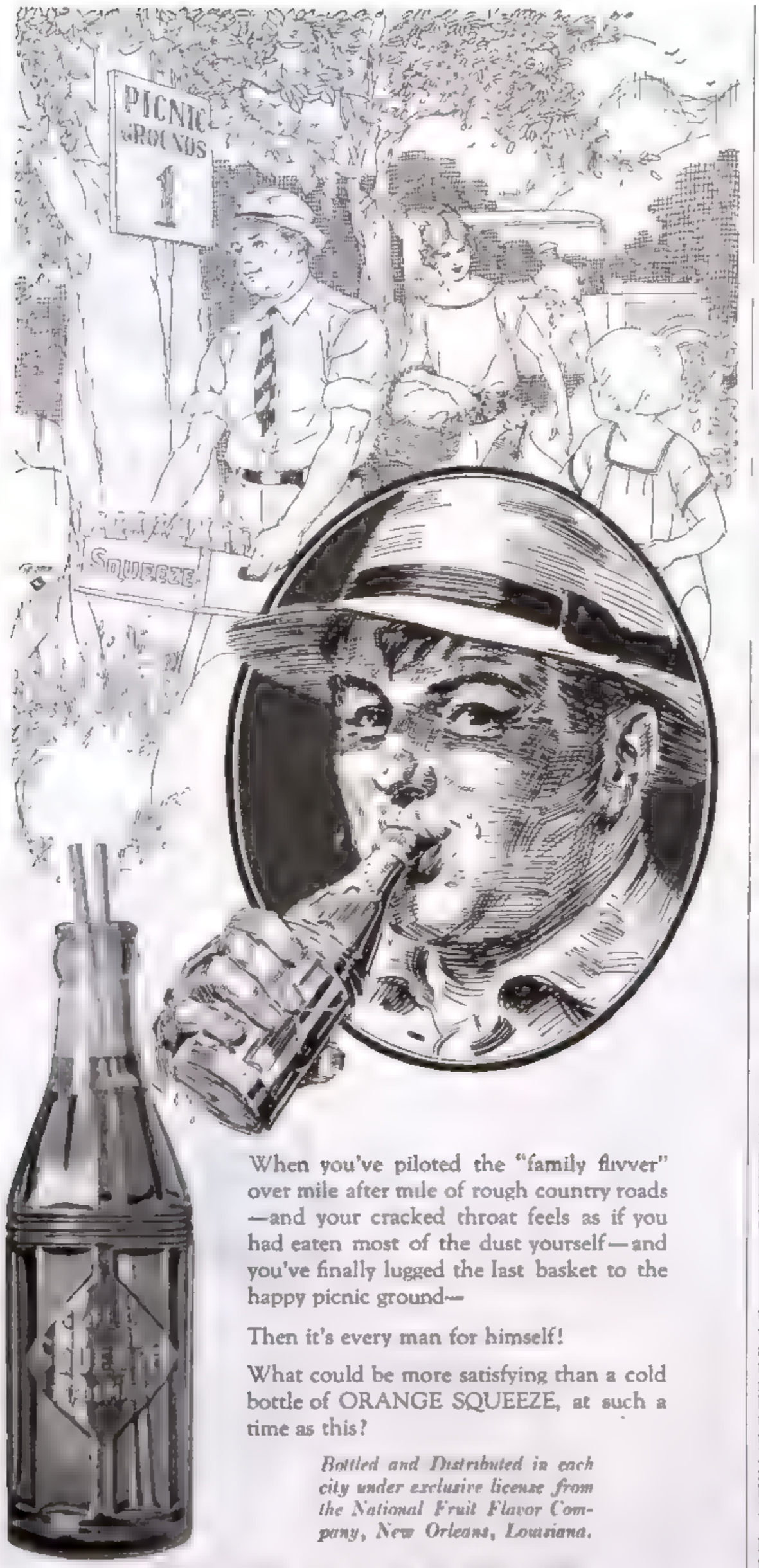

When you've piloted the "family flivver" over mile after mile of rough country roads —and your cracked throat feels as if you had eaten most of the dust yourself—and you've finally lugged the last basket to the happy picnic ground—

Then it's every man for himself!

What could be more satisfying than a cold bottle of ORANGE SQUEEZE, at such a time as this?

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THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 19)

instrument. He may be a very fine tool, but he does not originate business. He doesn't develop any. That isn't his function. He just goes to the telephone and gets orders from the office or receives them on little slips of paper. He goes where he is told and does what he is ordered to do. He has no initiative. He reports on appearances and not on facts. He sizes up the market and helps to give good service to the customer, after somebody else has got him. The customer is not of his getting. The floor man cannot build up a big business."

"Oh, yes, he can," asserted Bill.

"I don't mean that there are not some fellows who are wonderfully good brokers as well as extremely keen business strategists and excellent mixers, all of which may make them extremely valuable to their firms. But you floor men are primarily brokers; and what is a good broker? A man who gives you good execution, who doesn't pay too much when he buys or get too little when he sells. Brokers can butcher orders, and that will kill any brokerage business; but primarily and essentially the floor man is a subordinate. He doesn't have to be the master mind of the firm. He is more apt to be a corps commander than commander in chief."

"Oh, many of the men on the floor are heads of their firms. They are the brains of their business."

"I'll bet they are the older men, the old-timers," I said.

Bill thought a moment and admitted, "Yes, they are."

"They don't have to be on the floor. Their experience would be better utilized if they stayed in the office. It is easier to get twenty good brokers than one good business getter or business executive."

"And you want to be the good go-getter?" asked Bill, very politely.

"Well," I confessed, "I prefer to give orders for others to execute rather than to execute orders given by another."

"You don't know what you are talking about," said Bill fraternally, and we started for the street.

"I know what I want to work at," I retorted.

That is as far as the discussion went, because at the very entrance of the Exchange we ran across Gilbert Graham, a classmate of mine. We shook hands all round. Gilbert and I had been pretty close friends at college and I am sure he was as glad to see me as I was to see him. He invited Bill and me to have luncheon, but Bill couldn't go. I accepted. Bill left us after promising to meet us at the Harvard Club that evening.

A Fine New England Type

Gilbert had a fine position with the Vantwiller Trust Company, of which his uncle was president. I told him I needed to open a checking account with some bank and that I would honor his trust company with my business. So he took me with him and had it all fixed in a jiffy. I deposited a thousand dollars that I had saved up for this emergency. My salary at Bronson & Barnes' had been one hundred dollars a month in Boston, but it was raised to one hundred and fifty dollars when I came to New York.

We went to the Counsellors Club to luncheon. While we were waiting at the table Caleb Pruyn came by. He stopped to shake hands. He also was a classmate. He was vice president of the club, of which his famous father had been the founder and first president. He sat down at our table and we had a fine time together. Harvard again, as you see.

He told me I'd better join the club. I asked him how much it would cost me and he told me. It was a pretty steep admission fee, and the annual dues were rather hefty for a clerk on one hundred and fifty dollars a month to pay, but I decided it would be good business for me to belong to that club. It was only a luncheon club, but the membership represented achievement, prosperity, a successful career. I wasn't guilty of snobbishness. It is plain sense, when you can pick your company, to exercise discrimination.

I asked the boys how long it would take before I could get in, for I had heard that the waiting list was so long that members entered their sons at birth to give them a chance to be elected by the time they were thirty.

But Pruyn told me carelessly, "I'll have you elected tomorrow." And he did. I left the club with Gilbert feeling that New York was not such a bad place.

I went back to the office and asked questions and killed time until Mr. Williamson came in from the board room. That was about 3:30 P.M. We had a long and friendly chat. In all the years that I worked under Mr. Williamson we never had a moment's unpleasantness. He was a very fine type of the conscientious New Englander and therefore he himself was the chief victim of his own virtues. He did much drudgery that he should have passed on to younger and less expensive shoulders.

He arrived at the office every morning before 8:30 and did a lot of work he should have left to the clerks. He went over to the Stock Exchange at 9:50 and stayed there until after three. He executed orders and ran quotations almost continuously during that time. The stock certificates either had to be sent to the Exchange for him to sign or when the market wasn't very active he would run across the street to the office and sign them there. They had to be signed by a member of the firm and he was the only partner in New York.

He was as careful and painstaking in executing a ten-share order as he was with one for a thousand shares, for he was old-fashioned enough never to talk of his duty and always to do it to the hilt. A customer was a customer. The size of the account made no more difference to Mr. Williamson than the color of the hair or the shape of the customer's shoes. The obligation was for the broker to do his best in all cases.

Friends and Prospects

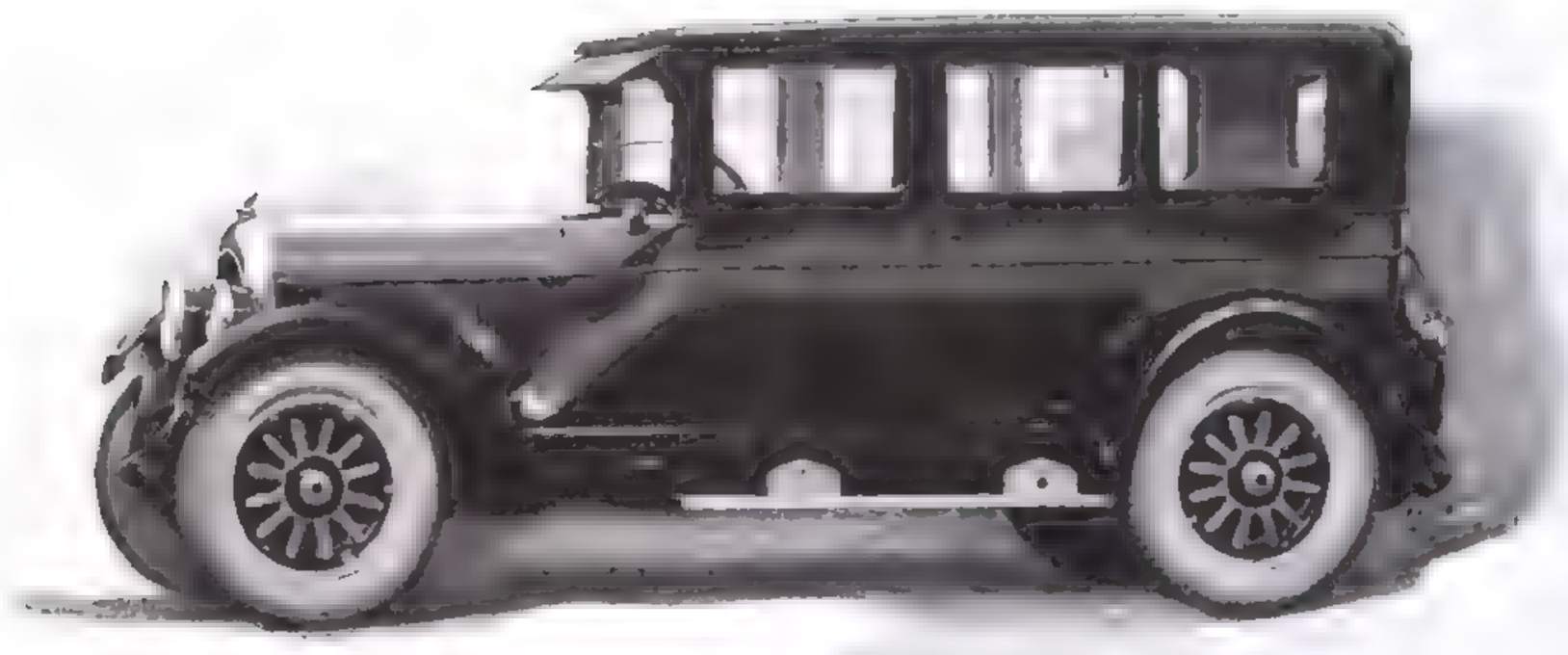
He usually had his luncheon at 3:05. At 3:30 he arrived at the office. There he went over every transaction that had been made during the day. He was officially supposed to take the 6:05 train for Montclair, in consequence of which he usually began at about five to make all preparations to miss it. He did this by finding fresh work to do before leaving for the day. In all the years we were together he never once made the 6:05, and yet he lived in great amity with his wife and, I am told, kept one cook nearly nine years, when she up and married on him. For a decade he left his home early in the morning and returned after dark—and all so that Bronson & Barnes might give good service to a lot of people in New England who did not appreciate the trouble Mr. Williamson took to insure it. A fine man, under whom it was a privilege to work.

When I left the office at the end of my first day in New York I had made up my mind to one thing and that was that I couldn't get any business by sticking to the office and talking to people who happened to wander in. I had to go after people and make customers of them—if I could. That meant that I must find people to go after.

That thought was in my mind when I met Bill Winans at the Harvard Club that evening for dinner. I met a lot of other chaps I knew, and as I was immediately eligible to membership I arranged to join. Before I left the club that night I spent over an hour with the club book, copying the name of every man I knew. I had seven classes to pick from that I had known while at college, and a lot of older men I had met by reason of my connection with athletic activities. My being on several committees helped me a great deal by increasing the number of my acquaintances. I found that I was now to be paid for much that I had done for the greater glory of my alma mater.

As I told you before, I found that my being a Harvard graduate helped me a great deal. When I left the club that night I carried with me a list of 317 names and addresses. That made all the difference in the world. The atmosphere changed so that New York that evening was very different from the New York of that morning. I was no longer a stranger, alone and

(Continued on Page 80)



The Imperial

Chrysler Six Results Mean A New Measure For All Cars

It is apparent to all who study the new Chrysler Six that it has turned a leaf in the automotive calendar. Automotive experts and experienced motorists recognize at once that here is a car unlike anything that has gone before.

The new Chrysler Six adheres strictly to tried and true automotive principles. But an intensive application of those principles produces such far-reaching results that the whole course of automotive design is destined to be changed.

The profound impression thus created has led many thousands of motor wise people to say that the Chrysler Six makes the possession of any other car seem a useless and costly habit.

The measure of difference between the Chrysler Six and all other cars is fully revealed in the performance.

To tell you the size of the motor would mean nothing. It is only 3-inch bore by 4¾-inch stroke. It is the amazing nature of Chrysler performance in its every phase that is rapidly revising all previous standards.

For this power plant, with a piston displacement of 201 cubic inches, develops 68 brake test horsepower.

It has a high speed range from 2 to well over 70 miles an hour, produced without appreciable effort, without vibration "periods" at any point.

It delivers safely over 20 miles of service to a gallon of gasoline. The Chrysler oil-filter not only assures extraordinary oil economy but also, by cleansing and purifying all motor oil every 25 miles, adds greatly to operating smoothness and long life.

It has a flashing pick-up that is electrifying. Through the perfect hydraulic equalization of its Chrysler-Lockheed four-wheel brakes, it has a deceleration comparable to its unprecedented acceleration.

A new type of combustion chamber that burns all the gas, a new way of distributing the gas equally to all cylinders, a uniformity of power impulses, an air-cleaner for the carburetor and a score of other reasons explain the marvelous power, pull, speed and snap.

For the first time, space and length have been truly engineered so that with a surprisingly modest over-all length (160 inches) there is an amazing amount of room and an ease in handling and parking that is a constant delight.

There are a hundred and one other features that explain what Walter P. Chrysler and his associates did when they turned the leaf of the automotive calendar—many years forward, as those who know the car believe.

Consequently, the Chrysler Six has justly been described as the foot-rule by which all other cars must be measured.

Chrysler Six speed is the measure of efficient motor design, its smoothness is the measure of vibration, its light weight is the measure of riding ease, its compactness is the measure of roominess, its simplicity establishes the standard of comparative complication.

All of which, of course, you will understand better when you have examined the Chrysler Six and had a thorough demonstration of both its extraordinary performance and its supreme quality of materials and workmanship.

All Chrysler Six dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR CO., OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled, Cry-sler

FLY-TOX Kills

Flies, Mosquitoes, Moths, Roaches, Ants, Fleas, Etc.

FLY-TOX is so pleasant to use. It is clean. It has an agreeable odor. Spray a cloud of FLY-TOX into the room. It lingers just long enough to do its work. Within five minutes the room will be rid of household insects.

FLY-TOX will not stain the finest of fabrics. It is harmless to humans and animals.

FLY-TOX is bottled in convenient sizes, half pints 50c, pints 75c, quarts $1.25, or in gallons at $4. A trial sprayer is given with each small bottle.

To get the best results the Improved FLY-TOX Hand Sprayer is recommended. It sprays a large fine cloud whether pumped easily or vigorously. It sprays in any position horizontally or vertically.

The easiest way to rid your home of insects is to use FLY-TOX. Insects are not only a nuisance but are often a menace to your health. Ask your grocer or druggist for a bottle and a sprayer today.

FLY-TOX is a great companion for the camping trip. It will spare you a lot of discomfort.

Spray into the cracks and crevices around the kitchen sink. The first spray will bring out the roaches, then give it to them again — and that's all.

Moths are killed with a thorough spraying of FLY-TOX.

The Toledo Rex Spray Co., Toledo, Ohio
Wenatchee Rex Spray Co., Wenatchee, Wash.
Payette Valley Rex Spray Co., Payette, Idaho
The Rex Company, Kansas City, Mo.
Canada Rex Spray Co., Ltd., Brighton, Ontario
California Rex Spray Co., Beaucia, Cal.

(Continued from Page 78)

unwelcomed. I was Jack Wing to at least two hundred good fellows who lived in the same friendly city with me, fellows who knew me as well as anybody in Boston did. There is no need here to dwell on the charm of college friendships, but I must say that being a Harvard man helped me a great deal more in New York than it had in Boston. You see, in Boston almost everybody you meet is a Harvard man. In New York that wasn't so. They were fewer but more enthusiastic. The groups and cliques of undergraduate days that prevented the perfect fusing of a class did not exist among the alumni, who, when brought together, subordinated their year to their college. They were all Harvard men, and I found myself calling a fellow Tim that at Cambridge I'd always called Allen. With the habitual use of first names and the possession of common memories, you feel more kindly disposed toward your college mates.

I don't mean to recommend my college to young men who wish to become stockbrokers. I would simply record my indebtedness to Harvard in my own career. Being a Harvard man helped me to establish certain valuable contacts. Through a classmate I obtained my first job. Through another I did fairly well as a bond salesman. My first day in New York was successful because of my classmates there. For a business getter it was better to belong to the Counsellors and the Harvard clubs than not to belong. It doesn't mean that I used these clubs to solicit business in, because I didn't. But I was better equipped to deal with a certain class of men in their offices.

The next day I rose early. I could not sleep after six, and after breakfasting and reading the paper I went downtown. I arrived at the office before any of the others, even before Wilson, who usually arrived at eight o'clock. Later on I found a boarding house on Madison Avenue, not far from the Grand Central Station. I had a front room, and the clatter of the milk wagons and the rattle of early trucks awoke me at daybreak. As sleep was hopeless under such conditions I went to the office before eight. While waiting for the clerks to come I got the habit of studying the Commercial and Financial Chronicle. I didn't skip anything, not even the advertisements.

After Business in Earnest

One of the chaps in the office was supposed to be a sort of manager, but there wasn't very much for him to manage. For some reason or other he took a dislike to me. It may have been my Harvard ways or perhaps he didn't like Mr. Williamson's saying that I was a free lance and under nobody's orders. At all events he was very disagreeable. I wasn't used to that, so I told Mr. Williamson that either the manager or I would have to leave or the office would become demoralized. Mr. Williamson decided that I should stay. I had done nothing to earn that man's dislike, but after he left I thought it was only fair for me to take on some of his duties, and I did a lot of extra work voluntarily. I thought it would help the office. Among other things, I was able to save Mr. Williamson a lot of time by opening his mail, sorting it and preparing it for answering.

I started out to get business on the morning of my second day in New York. I took my list of names downtown with me. After Mr. Williamson left for the board room I went to call on the first man, Gerald Abbott. He wasn't in. Then I proceeded methodically and systematically to call on every man in New York whom I knew personally. Every day I went out with my little list in hand and one thought in mind. I renewed my acquaintance with men I had known pretty well in Cambridge. I didn't skip a single man of the 317 I had copied out of the Harvard Club book. I called on them at their places of business. Some of them were uptown, but most, of course, worked downtown. Several of them were in the Wall Street district, in the same business that I was in, either as partners or as employes. Some were in banks and trust companies.

Of course, at college I had known some more intimately than others, but now they were all in one class. Each was a potential customer and it did not occur to me to play favorites. I was doing a heap of thinking and planning, putting into practice theories I had evolved in the years when I thought that some day I would go to New York to develop a big stock business.

To start as I did helped me a great deal more than I realized at the time. In the first place, although I did not actually get much business at first, going after it made me a better business getter because for one thing it took away the feeling of loneliness and isolation that so handicaps a man who labors where he is an utter stranger. It made me cheerful and optimistic when every one of these 317 men told me he was glad to see me and looked it. I believed it because I was equally glad to see them. I told them all why I was in New York and what I hoped to do. Some of them promised to give me business the moment they had any to give. Others assured me that they would keep me in mind. Many of them gave me letters of introduction to friends of theirs who traded in stocks. Harvard certainly helped me. You see, I did not need to be vouched for by anyone in the matter of integrity, industry or intentions. Those fellows had known all about me; they had the best kind of line on me, on my way of doing things, on my mental characteristics. They had known me as I was, when there was no thought on my part of self-seeking of any kind.

When I offered them my services in my capacity as business getter for Bronson & Barnes, I simply told them what I had come to New York for, just as I would have told them of a hunting trip or any other personal experience. I knew that there were no end of brokers who would execute orders on the New York Stock Exchange for one-eighth of one per cent commission. I was equally aware of the fact that one competent, reputable broker had no more to offer a client than any other equally competent and reputable broker could offer.

Methods of Approach

Such being the case, I did not ask myself what I had to sell that the other fellow hadn't. I asked instead what it was that I had to sell at all; whether others also had it or not. Well, all I could see I had to sell was service. Was my service better than the service given by others? Yes, it was—at least, in my opinion—because I went out after buyers of that service in the spirit I did. I was not only willing but eager and anxious to give my entire time and all my strength and energy—everything I had!—to giving the very best service possible. I realized clearly that to get the business, I had to give value. Good service, competent, honest, painstaking, quick, I could guarantee; these things, and also my zeal to help, my fervent desire to serve my firm by serving its customers. No personal discomfort, no sacrifice of time, would be allowed to interfere with my doing my best always; I knew what I could do; which was also what I was willing to do without the need of being urged by anyone.

As for advice or tips, I gave none and promised none. I had none to give. Moreover, it was not the way in which Bronson & Barnes did business, and believing as I did in my firm I was anxious to sell that belief to others—and I did. I knew that they had ample capital, exceptionally good floor men on both the New York and the Boston stock exchanges, and they desired to deal fairly always. And I sold that knowledge. Nothing could shake my belief or alter my knowledge.

I am, of course, speaking relatively. I did not actually sell these things to the men I tried to turn into customers. I sold them to myself, and that enabled me to keep on cheerfully trying to get business. I had promises aplenty, from my old friends and their friends, but no actual orders, no business whatever, and yet, always the thrill was there, the zest of the chase. The thought of getting men to trade with my firm when we couldn't give them anything that other firms couldn't give was exhilarating. When success came it would be

(Continued on Page 82)

You need not be balloon bewildered

1 If the gossip about balloon tires has confused you, let us tell you how easy and simple it is to put on Miller Balloon Tires. They cost even less than regular, straight-side, oversize, high-pressure tires.

2 The Miller Balloon Tire for your present wheels and rims put on without wheel change, and the Miller Balloon Tire for smaller wheels—20-21 inch, which may be put on with only a change of spokes and rims. Any authorized Miller dealer is in a position to supply you *to-day* with these tires and wheels complete.

3 Miller Balloon Tires are not an experiment. They are the perfected result of over eight years of Miller research and three years' use of the Balloon principle. They are built in all approved sizes. See any authorized Miller dealer about changing to Miller Balloons. He can do the job to-day.

The same exacting care is used in making Miller Full Balloon Low-pressure Tires, Miller Real Interchangeable Balloons, medium pressure, and Miller Geared-to-the-Road High-pressure Cords. All sizes carried in stock.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
OF NEW YORK—AKRON, OHIO
Makers of Quality Rubber Goods

Miller Balloon Tires

(Continued from Page 80)

all the sweeter for the competition. I remember thinking it would be nice to tackle only men who already had accounts in some other broker's office. It would be quicker than breaking tyros into trading in stocks. But I stuck to my Harvard Club list, and after I had seen all the 317 I sought business wherever I thought I might find it.

New York I found quite different from Boston, but I was neither surprised nor disappointed. I found no difficulty in getting into offices in New York, but that was because I was properly introduced, and after I got in I gave them straightforward talk. I am no spellbinder. I don't know whether a persuasive talker can induce hard-headed business men into buying stocks and bonds through his firm, book-agent-wise. But I know I never tried. I have always given business reasons to business men. If those reasons did not appeal to them I couldn't and didn't expect to get their accounts.

In Boston when I went to see a man he asked me to sit down, and then, both of us comfortably seated, we would discuss investments and consider whether it was better for him to buy some of the bonds I wanted to sell him than buy Telephone stock or some other popular investment. In the end we were pretty apt to do business. But whether we did or not, when we parted each knew that pleasant personal relations had been established.

In New York the moment I entered an office I was definitely conscious that time was money. The business New Yorker did not discuss with me whether he ought to invest or speculate. He told me exactly what he wished or did not wish to do, and told it p. d. q. Also, it was less easy to get into a man's office in New York. There was little of the Boston feeling of belonging to the same club. The fact that both of us lived in the same town did not make us feel neighborly as it does in every other city in the United States.

In New York also I found that the amenities of life did not matter much. There was usually good temper, but not always good manners. On the other hand, one could do much more business much more quickly than anywhere else. It was in the air. Money here became light: it seemed more mobile; it performed its circulatory functions more rapidly and impersonally, and therefore more efficiently. It struck me this might be because the moment one arrived in New York the spending began. Money went from you with every breath you exhaled. Doubtless the New Yorker felt it was only fair also to get money every time he drew in his breath. Every day two hundred thousand people from the outside came in, bent on business or on pleasure—that is, to buy or to play; to spend money, to add to the supply of it in New York. It therefore did not get a chance to stagnate. It was always either coming or going—chiefly coming.

An Uphill Fight

The first thing I knew, I had been in New York a month and had not done any business whatever. Two months passed and I had not captured a single customer. My record of achievement after nine weeks of hustling was simply zero But I did not consider myself beaten. I did not feel that New York had defeated me, for all that other houses were doing the business I had not corralled for our firm. I did not make excuses to myself or to Colonel Bronson when he came to New York, as he usually did every two or three weeks. I just told him what I was doing, how I was going about my job of getting business—the business that I wasn't getting. And he would nod pleasantly, an all-right-keep-it-up sort of nod, as though I had made a dozen bull's-eyes.

I kept it up, day after day going after business, and day after day returning to the office empty-handed. I don't think I was particularly timid, though I never was the hustling salesman of the stage or an expert in glib patter. I did not think the fault was with either my technic or my firm; I simply didn't connect. As near as I can remember, my feelings were about what a chap feels when he strikes out—a sort of disappointment that he didn't do better for the sake of the game, of the team and of his vanity. I was doing my best, and so I didn't have to die of shame; but I didn't like it. It was going to take much longer to get started than I had figured on, and that is always irksome to youth—that has so much time before it!

One day, at the beginning of my tenth fruitless week in New York, a man came into the office and asked one of the office boys whether I was in. When I heard his question I rose from my empty desk and walked quickly toward him, my right hand out to shake his with fervor and dispatch. You see, I was so keen on getting business that I had got into the habit of regarding everybody I spoke to, even in the most casual way, like street-car conductors or waiters, as prospects.

The stranger—a well-dressed, soothingly prosperous-looking man of about thirty—met me with an altogether charming cordiality. He informed me a mutual friend, Sam Celian, had sent him to me.

Well, I was so glad to see him that I allowed him to perceive it. I wouldn't have disguised my pleasure for worlds. He spoke like a man who wanted to do what he could for me, and I certainly knew what I wanted him to do. When he said he understood I had not been long in New York I admitted it, but neutralized it by telling him I had been in the Boston office of the firm and therefore knew just what Bronson & Barnes meant in the financial world. They didn't believe in blowing their own horn, but they had the goods to sell. I told him much more and he listened with such eager attentiveness that I warmed up to him. I assured him that if I or the firm could be of service to him it would give me a particular pleasure to do it, both for his own sake and for Sam's, because Sam's friends were my friends.

My First Customer

He agreed with me about Sam, who was then selling tickets at the Bijou Theater. "A great fellow, Sam," he said.

"He certainly is," I said.

Then, though he was certain I did not need to be reminded of it, the wonderful stranger began paternally to point out the grave dangers that beset all young men everywhere, particularly in Wall Street, and how necessary it was to insure your peace of mind and your family by habits of compulsory but none the less commendable thrift. He ended by asking me to consider taking out fifty or one hundred thousand dollars of life insurance. He represented the largest, oldest, best and most philanthropic of the life-insurance companies, and the particular form of policy he wished me to take out was the latest and the most advantageous of all. It represented the work of the best life-insurance brains in the world, and the most generous terms were offered.

A life-insurance agent!

I had nearly invited him to dinner on the strength of his being my first customer, and I had begun to figure our profits on the ten thousand shares a month I had expected to get from him. Still, he might be good for a few hundred shares now and then, and every little helped. So I told him that if there was anything I passionately longed for was to take out more insurance. But unfortunately I hadn't done a thing since arriving in New York and I wasn't sure of my job. So it was out of the question for me to think of giving him any business until I got some business myself. You see, it struck me that he might have friends or victims who traded in stocks.

He assured me he would make such easy terms for me that I wouldn't have to worry about the payments. But I told him the surest way to get my insurance business was to introduce me to some friend of his who needed the services of a really good brokerage house. I would thereby cinch my job and that would encourage habits of thrift as well as insure premium payments and my life at one fell swoop.

He didn't look very cheerful while I spoke, but of a sudden he brightened as if he saw commissions coming and he cried excitedly, "Oh, I know a man!"

I reached for my hat.

"He isn't satisfied with the service he is getting from his brokers," he went on.

"Who are they?" I asked, and shook my head, a trifle prematurely.

"I don't know," he answered.

"Well, suppose we go to his office and you introduce me," I suggested.

"Come on!" he said.

We left the office well disposed each toward the other because both of us saw a chance of doing business

His friend had an office in John Street. He was an importer of high-grade ingot steel, used in making superfine tools. I signaled the insurance agent to leave me alone with his friend, which he was nice enough to do.

I gave that importer everything I had, and in the end I succeeded in getting him to come over to us. He transferred his account from Wolcott, Harris & Co., to Bronson & Barnes. He was the first customer I got in New York. He is still a customer of my firm. And I never bought any insurance from the man who brought us together. He stopped coming around before I had any money to spare. I rather think he went into some other business.

It is very curious that it is always the first that comes the hardest. After I got this customer I had less trouble in getting others. I don't see why that should be, but it was so. That customers bring customers is as true of the stockbrokers' business as of restaurants or of physicians. I should like to point out that this first customer did not come to me through my Harvard connections or through personal friends. He walked in and I closed the door. At all events, it was my first chapter. At last I was doing what I had wished to do from the moment that I decided that New York was the place where a man might build up a big stock-brokerage business. I am sorry my narrative does not abound in thrilling situations or dramatic incidents. I have known many very successful men, but the most interesting chapters of their business lives seldom had to do with their money-making.

I kept on gunning for customers. I did not care so much whether I brought down squirrels or elephants so long as I brought back game to the office. After my first customer my luck—or possibly my shooting—improved somewhat, but it was still mighty slow business. I kept myself from discouragement by developing a habit of analyzing my own efforts with a view to doing better. Mr. Williamson was a very busy man and I knew he had never had any experience personally with the sort of thing I was trying to do, and therefore I did not like to take my troubles to him. There was no one in the office who could help me. But one day I did speak to Mr. Williamson, and he was so nice and sympathetic and gave me so many valuable suggestions that after that I made it a point of talking with him every afternoon after the close of the market. After I was taken in as partner we still kept up that habit, and he always knew what I was doing and what I planned or hoped to do. I think that my partners are the finest men in the world. Their attitude toward me always was that of elder brothers, and I can never be too grateful to them. They made my work a pleasure.

Learning the Business

But it was not alone from my wise and kindly chief that I learned. At a very early stage I realized that my outlook on business was too narrow; that I didn't know as much as I had thought I knew; and that what knowledge I did have was not accurate enough to be of real help to me. Thinking about it made me realize that two methods of increasing my knowledge and improving its quality were before me. One way was to let my experience be the sole teacher. This, of course, was sure, but also slow and expensive. The other method was to profit by the experience of others. It was all very well for me to analyze my own technic and study the possibilities of my own business; but, I decided, I could learn far more quickly by studying the methods of my competitors. The moment I grasped this I lost no time in matriculating. I have kept up my studies and you can gauge the magnitude of my ignorance when I say to you that hardly a day passes when I do not learn something about my own business by studying what my competitors do and talking to them and profiting by their experience as well as by my own. When I find that I have nothing more to learn from others I shall instantly retire from active business. The fun will be gone and the decay will have begun. Why linger, a liability instead of an asset to my firm?

I had many friends like Bill Winans who were in other brokers' offices I made it a point to spend some time every day in one or another of them. Sometimes they were too busy to talk to me, but oftener than not they had time to give me, and I made use of it to learn something about their business because that also was my business Whatever I learned about stocks or bonds meant an increase in my working capital. The magnitude of the daily accretion was of less importance than the fact of the accretion itself. And these faithful friends, whom I owed to Harvard, introduced me to other men in other houses, fresh friends from whom I also learned. I always feel that I am not entitled to any credit for this because I found as much pleasure in it as the average man feels when he is riding his hobby to his heart's content. Learning my trade and getting paid for it was like drawing double wages. I paid the firm back later, when we successfully promoted certain companies. If it had not been for what I learned in those early days in the office of a friend in the matter of the application of certain principles to our business, I never should have known how to go about it. One never can fix the date when knowledge is going to pay dividends. But without knowledge we are sure to pay assessments.

One of the things I learned from my daily visits to my friends' offices was something that had never occurred to me while I worked in the home office—to wit, that I could get business from other brokers. There were quite a number of commission houses in New York that did business in Boston stocks, and I soon found out that they were perfectly willing to give us that business. They had been turning it over to other Boston houses. I asked for it and after that whenever they had an order of that kind they gave it to us. It was not long before we built up quite a nice little business. It paid; and also it made us better known among the other brokerage houses in New York.

Business From Other Brokers

After that it did not take me long to discover that the larger banking houses did not execute their own orders on the Stock Exchange, although they were members of it. They always gave out their business to other brokers for various reasons, one being the desire or the need to cover up their tracks. This was perfectly legitimate. For example, let us assume that a client of J. P. Morgan & Co. for some perfectly good reason wishes to sell ten thousand shares of U. S. Steel which he has owned or carried for some time. He wishes to shift his investment or needs some cash to put into some new venture or to buy tax-exempt bonds.

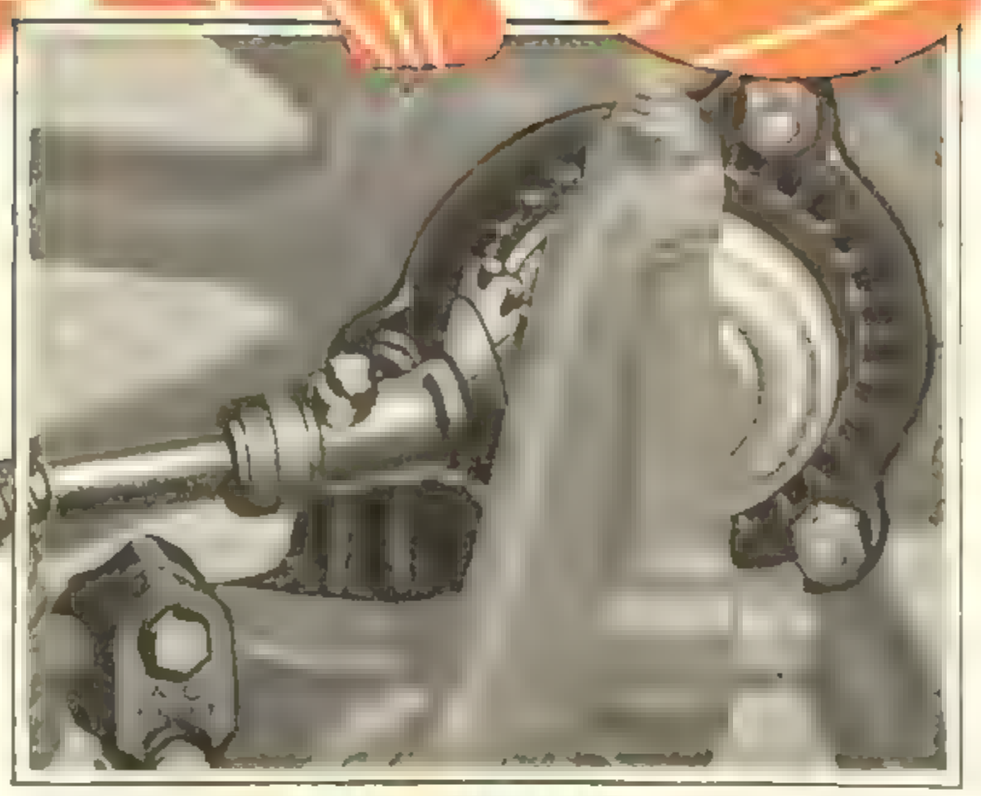
What would happen if J. P. Morgan & Co.'s board member were to go into the Steel crowd on the floor of the Stock Exchange and try to sell that block of ten thousand shares of U. S. Steel? Everybody would instantly ask, "Why are J. P. Morgan & Co. selling that stock?" They would not wait for an official explanation or an answer to a question they had no business to ask. They simply would think the worst, and proceed to play safe by also selling Steel. What J. P. Morgan & Co. do is apt to be deemed worthy of emulation by the Street. And so if the stock-exchange member of the premier banking house of America was seen selling any stock on the floor there is no telling what would happen to the stock and the price thereof. And it would be just as unprofitable to execute buying orders. The fear of having their actions misconstrued has as much to do as anything else with the bankers' habit of giving their orders to other houses to execute. I made the acquaintance of men in the larger banking houses and asked for some of their business and got it, though, of course, this took time.

There were other places where I looked for business. In those days it was a custom of the brokers to haunt the uptown hotels, cafés and clubs in the evening, making or trying to make customers of the men they met. I used to hear the old-timers talk about the time when the great gathering place was Delmonico's, then on Fourteenth Street, and later on at the Windsor, and still later at the Waldorf. The last was the favorite hotel of the Western plungers, like John W. Gates. It was there that James R. Keene lived when he conducted his masterly campaign of distribution in the newly found U. S Steel stocks in 1901.

Well, I went there, too, looking for trade, as my forefathers had looked for timber. The talk was all shop that is, entirely speculative. It was all about what the market had done that day and what it was going to do on the morrow. It was for all the world like race-track dope rather than talk about a legitimate business. But how

(Continued on Page 87)

AC SPEEDOMETER for FORDS



THE big problem in a satisfactory speedometer for Ford cars has always been the drive.

Now AC has solved this problem.

The simplicity of the new AC direct drive (see illustration) does away with the swivel joint and internal gears.

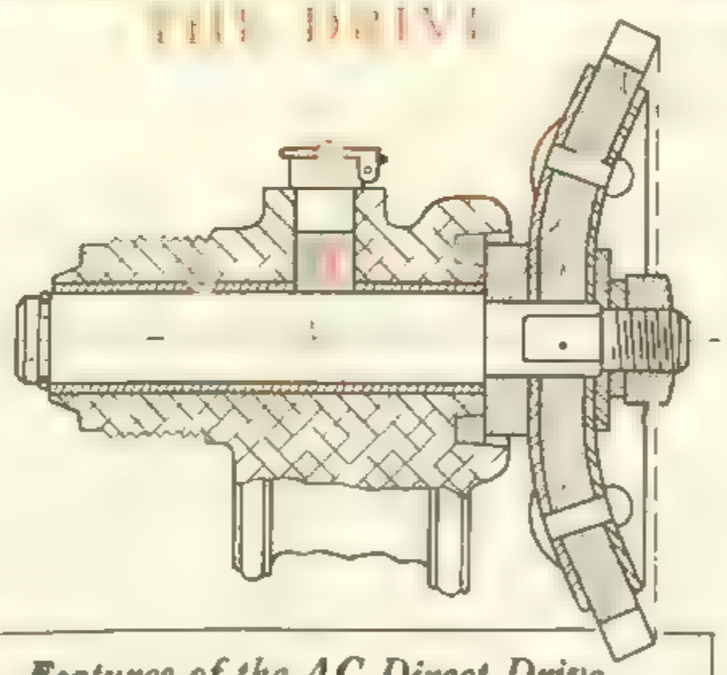
The AC Speedometer for Fords can be easily and quickly installed. It comes complete with all attachments. When mounted it presents the neat and attractive appearance of factory installation —and does not look like an afterthought.

The cost is surprisingly low—$15.00 ($15.50 West of Denver)—YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU.

AC Speedometers are now factory equipment on the following cars:

Buick	Gray	Maxwell
Chevrolet	Haynes	Oakland
Chrysler	Lexington	Oldsmobile

Service on AC Speedometers is available at branches of United Motors Service Inc., and 142 Authorized AC Speedometer Service Stations.



Features of the AC Direct Drive

1. Direct drive, no swivel joint or internal gears.
2. Felt washers to keep out dust and dirt.
3. Long bronze bearing.
4. Reinforced fibre drive pinion.
5. Felt lubricating wick.
6. Spring oiler.
7. Lock nut and lock washer.

Can be installed without removing spindle from axle.

THE SPEEDOMETER

Fully jeweled, magnetic type, registering 0 to 75 miles per hour, as well as total mileage and trip total, resettable.

Flexible Drive Cable and Casing

You want to know how fast and far you go. The AC Speedometer for Fords will tell you this accurately, and also give you a check on your mileage from gasoline, oil, tires, etc.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917
Other Patents Pending

...now from this "Mystery Room"

BOOKKEEPING

NOT long ago, in these pages, we described the Dalton "Mystery Room," the Experimental Department where Dalton inventive genius is constantly at work on "finer and still finer figuring machines." Today, we announce the latest and one of the greatest triumphs of this "Mystery Room"—the new Dalton *"Bookkeeping Cash Register."*

With this newest and latest machine, all necessary sales information—amount of sale, commodity sold, clerk's designation—is recorded and distributed when and as sales are registered. It shows at a glance departments that pay and those that do not, commodities that are profitable and those that are "shelf-warmers," clerks who are good salesmen and those who are not. Profits safeguarded!

All these features in this one Bookkeeping Cash Register:

① "Forced indication"—clerk must print designating symbol in registering sales.

② Immediate subtraction of cash paid out as payments are made—cash always in balance.

③ Records and designates charge sales and received-on-account items.

④ Provides printed total of cash in drawer at any time.

⑤ Lock and key prevents inspection of records save at proprietor's discretion.

⑥ Roomy cash drawer and desk; adjustable writing table enables operator to make desired notations opposite recorded items; Circassian walnut finish.

⑦ With the simplified bookkeeping system that goes with the machine, all essential figure facts as to how business is running at finger tips.

⑧ No bookkeeper is required. Proprietor, owner or any employe can operate this simplified accounting system.

Finally—

⑨ This new Dalton, which costs no more than an ordinary cash register, combines with its unusual cash register features a complete adding-calculating machine—addition, subtraction, multiplication and general office figure work performed in the speedy, simplified Dalton way without disturbing cash register record.

Phone the Dalton Sales Agent in your city for a demonstration as applied to your own work.

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FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

(Continued from Page 52)

the brokers hustled! I have seen well-to-do men, known to be active stock traders, surrounded by two or three or even four hungry business getters. The head of one of the largest stock-commission houses in Wall Street called in person every morning at 9:15 on Anthony N. Brady to get what orders Mr. Brady had to give him. As for James R. Keene, he was usually surrounded by a crowd of tip seekers, floor traders and two-dollar brokers, who listened with their very souls while the greatest operator of his time carefully told them nothing, all the time smiling his famous smile, so like a sneer—the grin a particularly sardonic tiger would show if a young goat made of burlap and stuffed with excelsior had been thrown into his cage. I remember hearing the junior partner of a commission house that did a large and sporty business say to his respected senior partner: "Why in blazes do you run after Keene like an office boy trying to earn a dollar tip? I don't want any business that makes you act like that! It is too humiliating."

There was an office on the top floor of one of the large hotels. I didn't have any friends there, but I had met one of the firm's customers' men and I visited their famous branch office. They did an active business in stocks, grain, cotton and provisions. The quotation board was in a huge room most sumptuously furnished. There were several card rooms and every facility for playing—tables, decks of cards, boxes of chips, markers, and so on. There was a ladies' room with maids in attendance, a large sun parlor with lounges and armchairs, and a luncheon room. The impression you got was of a small casino or gambling place. The firm went on the assumption that the way to get customers was to entertain them more lavishly than other brokerage houses. You see, the Chicago bunch were all high rollers. They had set the fashion in plunging in stocks, and the talk was of the number of thousands of shares bought or sold and the profits, rather than of earnings and trade conditions.

I heard the senior partner of the firm converse with a St. Louis manufacturer. I could scarcely credit my ears, the talk was so reckless. It was intended to induce blind plunging, the object of course being to make commissions. In the smaller rooms men were smoking, drinking and playing cards and trading in stocks, or having luncheon at the expense of the house and trading in stocks, or listening to glib-tongued customers' men and trading in stocks. And all the stock trading that I could see was simply in the nature of betting on up or down.

A Bad, Bad Break

I couldn't see how any house could make money with the expense account this branch office must have. And with every man in every hotel café north of Thirty-fourth Street surrounded by brokers or their paid business getters whose capacity for booze and for listening to drivel was greater than mine, I decided it was a waste of time for me to look for business there.

The firm that made it so pleasant for their customers in their Thirty-fourth Street branch went into bankruptcy not so long afterward. It was, of course, bound to. That was twenty years ago or more. Today they could not do that kind of business, in that way. They wouldn't be allowed to. The Business Conduct Committee of the Stock Exchange would not permit it.

In going after customers I had some amusing experiences. One of my classmates, Leonard Durfee, worked in his father's office not far from Wall Street. He was learning the business, as befitted an only son. Leonard was anxious to help me and one day when he and his father went to the Counsellors Club to luncheon he saw me sitting at a table by myself. He introduced me to Mr. Durfee and told him point-blank that I was a good friend of his and that I ought to get some of their business. The old gentleman was evidently very fond of Leonard, who was a mighty fine boy, for he smiled pleasantly and then and there gave me an order to buy five hundred shares of stock.

I was pleased beyond words with his order because I naturally looked upon it as merely the first of many to come. We ought to build up quite an account, I thought, with Mr. Durfee so willing to be nice to me for Leonard's sake. At that time my idea of happiness consisted of finding a customer who would trade several times an hour every day excepting Sundays and holidays. But Mr. Durfee was a fine-looking, dignified old gentleman, and it behooved me to be very careful for Leonard's sake and for my own.

So I thanked him as nicely as I knew how and decided to impress him with my conservatism, besides playing safe. So I asked him solemnly, "Mr. Durfee, do you wish us to carry this stock on margin for you or do you prefer to take it up?"

Well, sir, my blood ran cold when I got the look Mr. Durfee gave me. He surely was one angry old chap. But he made a great effort, right there, before my horror-stricken eyes, and managed to say in a voice that made you think of a polar night in January, "Young man, I am sixty-five years old, and I have been in business forty-five years, and I never bought anything on margin in my life."

"No, sir," I hastily agreed with him. "I didn't think you ever had, sir. I just asked so as to ——"

"Oh, yes," he interrupted; "so as to find out if I had the money to give you."

"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Durfee. It wasn't a question of the money at all, sir," I denied earnestly.

"No? Well, that stock is selling at 101 or 102, and that's fifty thousand dollars. That is quite a lot of money for an old fellow to have."

Mr. Durfee's Rating

"We know you're good for it," I assured him, with the confidence of my ignorance.

"Then it must be that you wish to make a stock speculator out of me, at my time of life." And he glared at me.

I certainly wished it, for he was only the fourth customer I had found up to that time, but I said, "Not at all, sir. Not at all!"

To my astonishment he began to laugh. He roared so that other people at the tables about us looked at him and smiled the indecisive smiles of men who ought to have listened to the joke but having missed it do their duty visibly by grinning.

Finally he said, "Young man, send the stock to my office with your bill, and I'll send you my check. You are taking big chances, though." And he walked away.

Well, I went to the office and gave the order. That afternoon after the close I told Mr. Williamson about it, and he also laughed and informed me that Mr. Durfee was conservatively estimated to be worth from ten to fifteen million dollars. He was one of the richest men in New York.

But it wasn't a fatal mistake, for Mr. Durfee still buys and sells stocks through us at times. He is over eighty-five years old and is worth all of thirty-five million dollars. Every time he runs across me in the Street or at the Counsellors Club at luncheon, he always yells at me at the top of his voice, "Well, Jack, have you learned yet how to size up a customer's rating? Eh?" And when I say yes, he asks me, "And do you still buy stock on margin for old men? Yes? Want to make a margin customer of me, eh, Jack?"

And I always tell him that is my one ambition in life, and he laughs. But he is still on our books.

Another classmate did something for me for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I called on him at his office one day—one of my educational visits. He was in the brokerage business, but they did more in bonds than in stocks. He asked me, "Jack, do you know that the Atchison is going to issue some new bonds?"

"No, I don't," I answered.

"Well, it's so. A syndicate is being formed to underwrite the issue. Why don't you go in?"

"I will," I said, and rushed back to the office as fast as I could. I instantly got in communication with Boston. Colonel Bronson wasn't there, but Mr. Barnes was, and I told him about the Atchison bonds, and that we ought to be in that syndicate. He agreed with me, to my great joy. He knew all about the road. He was bullish on it and he was certain the firm could market quite a block of the new bonds.

The moment he stopped I ran over to the banking house that headed the syndicate. It was a very prominent banking house indeed. I asked to see one of the partners, and when I was ushered into his office I introduced myself and told him that we would like a participation in that Atchison bond business. I was very anxious to get it because it was business for my firm. For me it was the business of getting business, which was what I was paid for.

He stared at me meditatively; then he asked gently, "Do you do any bond business?"

"Not much," I confessed. "But we can sell Atchison bonds. We are strong believers in the road and its prospects, and we have confidence in its management." That was not original, but it served my purpose.

"Well," he went on slowly, "we have not yet definitely decided what the issue price of those bonds will be. We shall announce the details in a few days when we send out our syndicate letter."

"Very well, sir," I said. "That will be fine. And Bronson & Barnes would like one hundred thousand dollars."

The affair was settled as far as I was concerned. All that there remained to be done was the actual selling of the bonds to our customers. I fancy he had no trouble in reading this on my Maine face, for he asked me, very politely, "Don't you think that possibly your firm would be interested in knowing what the price will be before they ask for a participation in the syndicate?"

"We are perfectly willing to be guided by your judgment in the matter of the price. Why shouldn't we be?" I asked him.

I really felt that way, for the reputation of this great banking house was of the highest. They were neither stupid nor unscrupulous, and that was all I needed to know. Besides, I wanted Bronson & Barnes to get the bonds. So the banker just smiled and nodded. Then I got up and shook hands with him and told him what my class at Harvard was, and I spoke of men I'd met who were in his class.

Well, we got the hundred thousand dollars of bonds, and I tried to do my share in selling them. It was my first venture of this kind in New York. Since that time we have been on the great banking house's syndicate list.

The bonds were a mighty good investment and in my efforts to sell them I went to banks and trust companies as well as into private offices. In one of the banks I saw the vice president. I gave him my little talk and he listened not only politely but, I thought, with considerable interest. You know, you can always tell when you interest your auditor. When I finished I felt sure I had made a good impression; that meant that I had persuaded him to take the bonds. And that meant that I would sell him other bonds later on. A new customer! I felt quite happy about it.

A Kindly Rebuff

Just as I expected him to tell me how many of my Atchison bonds he would take, he asked me, "What is your name?"

I told him.

"And the name of your firm?"

I told him.

"And how long have you been in New York?"

"Six months and eight days," I told him.

"Well, Mr. Wing," he said pleasantly, "this bank is rather closely affiliated with the banking house that heads the syndicate, and we are in the syndicate ourselves. In fact we are in the originating group." He spoke with great kindness. You can imagine how I felt. "I don't suppose you knew that," he went on, as if he were apologizing, "and I am sorry I wasted your time when I let you talk on, knowing we had all the bonds we could use."

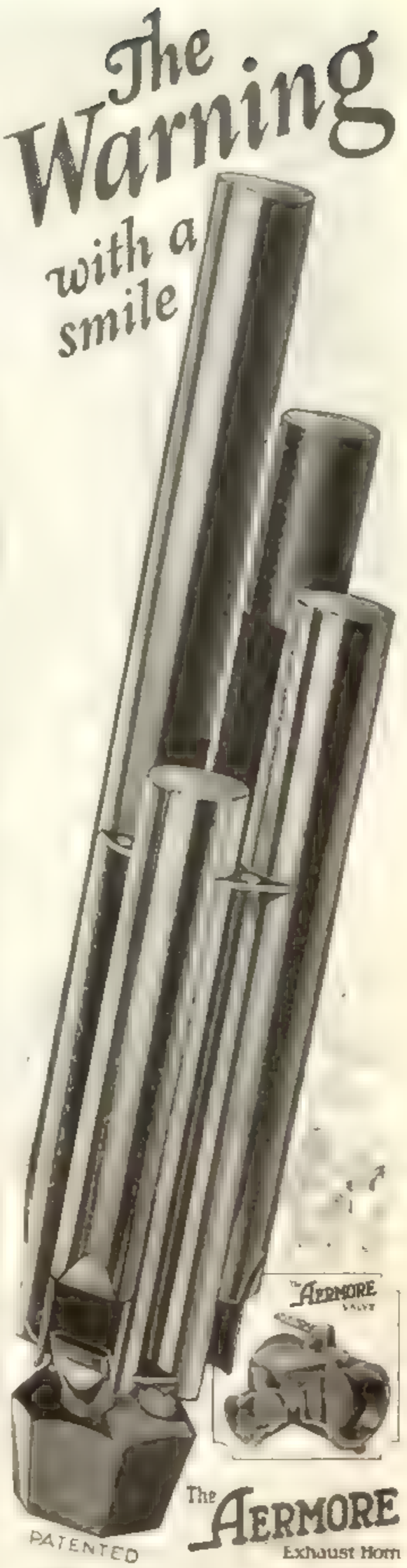
"Well," I said, as soon as I was able to speak, "it is up to me to apologize. I certainly took up a lot of your time. All I can say is that I am very sorry."

"You needn't be sorry. And now, I'll tell you this: If we had not been in the syndicate I'd have bought some of those bonds from you. I mean it. You can come in and talk to me any time you feel like it, and if there is anything I can do I'll do it gladly. I know your firm and I have met one of your partners, of whom I think highly. I shall be glad to see you, Mr. Wing, any time you call at this bank."

We shook hands and parted with the best of feelings. It was the beginning of a friendship that meant a great deal to me. And the memory of it is one of my most precious possessions.

The name of the man was Henry P. Davison.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.



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SELLING YOURSELF

(Continued from Page 10)

enough confidence in yourself to do the things on this job that ought to be done.'

"Of course I took him and was glad to get him. He's a likable sort, quick to catch the other fellow's slant," concluded the employer. "But why doesn't the average man seeking a job realize he must sell himself the same way a business man sells his products?"

The worth of any answer to that question depends solely upon its lack of generality. The best one can do is to admit what is undeniably a fact and then attempt to plumb some of the reasons for its existence.

An outstanding reason is that the average man intent upon securing a specific position gives too little thought to the employer's point of view and problems. Indeed, it is altogether natural that a man immediately concerned with obtaining congenial employment should lack for the moment the perspective and ability to focus his thoughts upon the other fellow's troubles. And yet that ability is the firmest and surest road to a sale, whether it be of goods or services. The keen business man is always in the market for sound, negotiable ideas; and when these are presented by a man who for the moment subordinates to them the position he is seeking, the employer feels that he is making a profitable investment in securing the services of the man who hatched those ideas.

How well such a policy pays has been driven home to me daily, but never more forcefully than in the case of an officer who had served in the chemical-warfare division of the Army. For him the war ended the day he stepped into civvies. Perhaps it is significant that before enlisting he had been an employer on a very limited scale as a manufacturing chemist. Like thousands who had closed their small plants and establishments when we entered the war, he had been forced, when it ended, to step back into the ranks of the employe. After his discharge he spent two weeks making a survey of business conditions for his own consumption. He asked no one for a position. But in those two weeks, while job hunters were telling a tax-shocked business world of the millions of Uncle Samuel's dollars they had disbursed without error or surcharge, of how many thousand tons of ship steel they had bought and what General Blank of the O. D. thought of them, this man made a job for himself. His method was as simple as it was direct. He called upon a well-known publishing house which specialized in technical periodicals. Boiled down, what he said to them was substantially this:

"You know perhaps as well as I do how much the discoveries and inventions in chemistry during the past five years have stimulated interest and research in that field. So far as I know you publish no handbooks or monographs in that line. I know there is a market for them. I also know well the men best qualified to write them or who can furnish me with the data to write them. It is a case of digging up the stuff and compiling it. Think it over and if you are interested we can come to an understanding later."

Promising Employers

Being business men, the publishers thought it over; and speaking a common language, they came to an understanding with him which exists to this day.

Without doubt another reason few men sell themselves with the ease and finesse with which their fellows sell goods is that the average man is not essentially a salesman. If he were, and therefore possessed the merchandiser's knowledge of human nature and sales psychology, the pathway to his goal would have fewer bumps and discouraging detours.

He would not, for instance, be so credulous and quick to lull himself into the belief that the job he wants will soon be his because an employer, doubtless through a delicate regard for his feelings, has sent him away under the impression that he measures up to the position he is applying for and smilingly assures him that he will call him up, drop him a line or keep him in mind. Perhaps the employer frequently does keep him in mind, but the number of times he drops a line or calls up is about as meager as the net sales of the proverbial order taker. The day when men could procure positions at five and ten thousand a year by telephone or mail came to a fitting close when Washington canceled its last cost-plus contract.

The cash equivalent of the time lost in the course of a year by those who patiently and fatuously wait for a telephone call or a letter from employers who have promised to let them know when their services are needed, or have told them that their applications are being seriously considered, would be a pretty husky endowment.

Though this fault applies to many, perhaps to the majority of us, it is not so common among those who have sold commodities; but innumerable instances recur of men who, although of proved sales ability, fail utterly to sell themselves at the initial or even subsequent interviews with employers.

A Hunch That Works

Whatever the number of those who, as they read this, have their lines out today for selling opportunities and are being weighed as desirable candidates for sales work, a good majority of them, I am willing to venture, have not landed their quarry because the employers with whom they have negotiated are waiting to be shown by the men themselves how badly they want the jobs.

One of the shrewdest and most successful employers of salesmen in the investment bond business, to whom I have occasionally referred men wishing to enter that profession, said to me the other day:

"As you know, I am always on the lookout for salesmen or potential sales material. I have run the gamut of all known and suspected methods of sizing up men for the selling game; but there is only one theory or hunch I still nurse after twenty-odd years of sales-organization work. I have waived it on occasions, but usually to my regret. It is this: If a man with actual selling experience wants to sell for me he must sell himself to me. He must have the sales personality and the gumption to convince me that he is more anxious to sell for me than I am to employ him.

"Just what constitutes a sales personality I am willing to leave to congressional debate. It is as futile to analyze and index the reasons that lead me to employ a man as for me to explain why I prefer my eggs boiled one day and poached another. With some sales managers, a square chin, an aggressive approach, a brisk carriage, an expansive smile or an at-home bearing may tilt the scales. Yet the very characteristics which appeal to one may repel a man across the street. Unfortunately, there is no recipe for salesmanship. A salesman is a man who sells something because of or in spite of a score or more of qualities or defects.

"Nearly every day men who want to join the sales end of our organization call upon me. There may be an acute shortage of apprentices in certain of the building trades, but I can assure you there will always be a healthy surplus of young men who think they are predestined for the investment banking profession.

"First of all, I try to place men at their ease so that they will tell their own story in their own way, for interviewing a man for a position is a good deal like taking a photograph: unless he is made to feel natural the negative is wasted.

"When men have finished their short or lengthy annals I tell them a few ground-floor facts about bond selling as a profession. First, that about one man in five sticks for more than a year or two, and that approximately a third of those who follow it as a life work make a pronounced success, while the two-thirds make a bare or fair living. When I have fired those two barrels in the air I wait until the smoke has cleared away. In a majority of cases there is a graceful or a lumbering exit. However, if a man is still within range and curious I tell him that the chances are against a new man, no matter how good a salesman he is, earning his nominal drawing account the first year. I want to get a man's reaction. If he rebounds and comes at me strong, I am at least interested.

"I have a new man starting this week who is a good illustration. He is forty and a civil engineer. He was tired knocking about the country and living apart from his family in construction camps, and decided to break into a new line before he became too old to make a change which would be to his advantage. After the usual exchange of courtesies and sparring for openings I took down the old elephant gun and pumped away for nearly ten minutes. He never gave ground an inch. Each charge seemed to make him more interested. When I had finished he admitted that he knew it meant an uphill fight, and that it was entirely probable he wouldn't set the world on fire for some years to come; but nevertheless he believed he could sell. I had my suspicions he could myself. Finally I gave him another cartridge: 'You think you can sell bonds; so do most men who come to me. Yet you have never sold a dollar's worth of anything for a living. I can get others with selling experience, so why should I put my money on a green man?'

"He was at me before the echo had died away: 'I'm green; I admit it. But I'm green on only one side; I've built properties on which other men sell bonds. Why, I have a friend who has been selling public-utility bonds for years! He doesn't know a hydroelectric plant from a pumping station; if I told him that it cost five hundred dollars a mile to build a certain stretch of interurban roadbed, he would have to believe me or shut up.' He came on like a rhino. 'If he can sell, why can't I? Do you mean to tell me that a man who knows what he is selling isn't as good a bet for your money as a man who doesn't?' He would have bored clear through me if I hadn't started laughing.

"I have long since ceased to prophesy, but I'll say this for him," concluded the banker: "If he sells bonds as well as he sells himself, he'll be a hummer."

When I consider how readily those of us who sit securely behind our glass-topped mahogany pass judgment upon the foibles of the man opposite, my mind reverts to a certain director of personnel who for years supervised the employment activities of an industry in the Middle West. I cannot recall a more kindly or sympathetic industrial-relations official, one quicker to fathom the difficulties and complexes that beset those who came to him for work or advice. To an unusual degree he possessed the rare gift of being able to slip gracefully into the brogans or oxfords of the job seeker and to bolster him with the faith that no matter how knotty the problem it would be faced as a joint one.

"Let's talk it over," was one of his everyday expressions.

An Anchor to Windward

He understood men in the mass, I think, as thoroughly as any man understands another or himself. But of this I am sure: He never understood, never grasped in its elementals, the inner workings and mental slant of the man who is out of a job and is seeking one. None of us ever do. The nearest we ever approach that state is when we ourselves are compelled to look for a job; and then too often, like those we have tried to help or shaken our heads about, we lack the mental cast and poise to see beyond the limits of our own landscape.

And our friend, who had employed thousands and pointed the right groove to many thousands more, was no exception. Unheralded, the newspapers announced one morning that the organization with which he had been associated since boyhood had been absorbed in a consolidation of a number of competing companies. For a week or more whispered rumors regarding official changes grew, flew or spent themselves. Although so far as he could learn he was to be retained, somewhere in the engine room or pilot house a thread snapped and he suddenly resigned.

"As I look back, I think the fear that in case I was asked to resign I would have to do a lot of explaining when I went after another position threw me out of balance," was the way he interpreted his act to me months later. That, so far as I know, is the only diagnosis he has ever advanced to himself or others.

In any event he resigned. And yet times without number he had cautioned others:

"If you have a job and are seeking another one, hold tight to what you have until you get what you want. Employers are more interested in workers than in job hunters. A job is an anchor to windward; if you throw it overboard you are a landlubber who bets on the weather."

(Continued on Page 91)

"Come on to the movies, Dad, you're not going to back out again, are you?"

Good eyes for good pictures

HARD to withstand those pleading, ardent eyes, the wheedling touch of that impulsive hand! You almost hate yourself for once more refusing your son's appeal to go to the movies. You have a good excuse, for the pictures make your head ache. But your family's beginning to suspect that excuse as a shabby pretext to stay home and doze.

Do you want to know the truth about your "movie headache"? The effort required in focusing your eyes on a brilliantly lighted, ever-changing surface and the closeness with which you watch the action produce a constant nervous tension. Your enjoyment of moving pictures depends largely on your eyes. And yours are the bread winning eyes, working all day. If any eyes in the family should not be overtaxed, they are yours.

Yet those evenings in the motion picture theatre would mean a lot to you—relaxation, freedom from worry, wholesome enjoyment. To work well, you must play well; and to play well, you must see well. Who can measure the bracing influence two hours given over to the movies has on the working hours of your life?

Make the most of your leisure hours

If you are too tired after dinner to do anything but doze in your chair, if using your eyes in the evening means dullness and depression next day, if two hours at the movies ends in a headache or eyeache, you are missing half the joy of living. Look to your eyes! The chances are that the trouble begins there.

Although you may think you see well, there is only one way to make sure. Have your eyes examined immediately

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(Continued from Page 88)

In the weeks that followed his hasty action he made nearly every mistake in judgment and employment technic against which he had warned his fellow men. He deliberately avoided his former business friends in the fatuous belief that they, because they were his friends, would keep him in mind and be quick to put him in touch with the first congenial opening that materialized. And yet when he held a position he had counseled others until his throat ached:

"The best bets you have are your business friends. No want-ad column or employment bureau can ever help you as they can. Let them know you are in the market. Write them and see them; then see them again. If you don't keep after them they'll take it for granted you have struck what you want. They would be quick to come to you for help and advice, wouldn't they? If they didn't you would wonder why, or forget them. 'Out of sight out of mind' applies with as much force to getting a job as landing an order. The only job a hermit gets is nursing a grouch."

Although for years he had stressed the vital need of meeting face to face the man who had a position to fill and the folly of relying upon secondhand contacts, he forgot it completely when a position he could have measured up to unexpectedly arose. Instead of boarding the first trolley he used the telephone, not to secure an appointment for an interview but to ascertain if an opening really existed.

Mail-Order Job Hunting

"No vacancy in our organization," was the abrupt answer that came to him. A day or two later, however, there was a resignation and a man from out of town stepped into the gap.

He also had a leaflet printed, sketching the positions he had held, the character of work he had done, his promotions and what he modestly considered to be his capabilities. Several hundred of these he mailed to a selected list of employers, accompanying them with a circular letter which supplemented his experience record and included the names of about fifteen prominent executives of local manufacturing plants as confidential references. These latter, by the way, were those close business friends whom he had ignored since his hasty resignation.

And this he did only a few weeks after having serenely and sincerely delivered this article of faith to a young mechanical engineer who had looked to him for guidance:

"It's fine dope to let employers know you want a job, provided you don't let them know that a number of other employers also know it. For instance, if I didn't know you and had learned that you had tried your luck at fifty other plants in town before coming to me, I would be inclined to put you down as a dud. If you try to get a job by the mail-order route, don't cover too much territory. The man who broadcasts the fact that he needs a job often finds himself in the position of the business man who was compelled to sell quickly a small block of his stockholdings in the company of which he was president. So many of his friends heard about it that they concluded he was selling out. Let a selected few know you want a job, but don't tell the world or it will wonder why. A man can't have too many references, but he can use too many of them. As a rule, the more of them you show an employer the more likely he is to ask himself why some of the men who vouch for you so strongly don't snap you up. Perhaps that's a fifty-fifty split between cussedness and common sense, but it's true."

Ultimately, he was wafted back into his former sphere of work through the efforts of an old business associate who stumbled upon him on a Pullman diner.

What force impelled or jinx inspired him to preach one thing and practice another? The competition is open to all who wish to register a guess, but my own contribution is that he putted into the rough so consistently because he had never been over the course before. He had never sensed the meaning of what golfers call a mental hazard until he trudged alone over one of life's hardest links.

Every business has such hazards, and ferreting out a position and selling oneself for it is as distinctly a business as finding a market for wool or hairpins and then selling in that market. However, the stakes are higher when men attempt to sell their services, and many fail who could doubtless sell commodities with all assurance of born salesmen.

What just having a job means to a man's balance and mental outlook is emphasized strongly by the experience of a man who had been trying to find employment in advertising work. The position in copy writing, his line, did not exist at the time. Therefore instead of wearing out shoe leather and going further in the hole financially, searching for work in the advertising field, he took what he could get, which happened to be canvassing work on a commission basis.

He had pushed doorbells for two weeks when late one afternoon he dropped in at a small department store in an effort to put over a sale. The proprietor was in a talkative, mellow mood, and for nearly an hour he kept the young man in his private office talking over many phases of his business. What prompted him to take a stranger into his confidence neither of them probably knows to this day. But he suddenly started talking about certain slow-moving seasonal stock he had on his shelves that he was compelled either to sell over the counter by fall or sacrifice in the wholesale market; he could not afford to carry it for another season.

Naturally this started the copy writer thinking—not primarily about a job but about a merchandising-advertising problem. The next morning he submitted to the merchant an outline of a newspaper advertising campaign which he thought would move the stock. It did, and it also moved the copy writer into a permanent position in the work he preferred and knew best.

As he expressed it when he told me of this sudden change in his fortune:

"I would have had a whale of a chance of getting that job in the advertising game if I hadn't been working, wouldn't I? Of course, there was a certain amount of luck which brought us together at the psychological moment; but it wasn't luck which made me take that selling job and plug away at work for which I wasn't cut out. I never told you, but I took that canvassing job for two reasons. First, because I needed money and it was the only thing in sight where I could make it; and then because I felt sure I would cross an advertising trail where I could head in provided I kept at it long enough. When you're busy, doing something besides looking for a job, your mind's busy. It crosses trails every block and minute of the day. One of them is yours. But when you're looking for a job it's different; you're thinking about one thing—getting a job. And when a man thinks and mulls day after day about a chance to earn a living, he takes on a burden which grows heavier every hour.

"I have been on the hard pavement more than once, but seldom longer than a day or two at a stretch, because I snap into the best job I can lay my hands on. I've got to keep my upstairs layout in a normal condition, and job hunting isn't a normal state. Others may be differently constituted; but to my way of thinking, it never hurts a man to try his luck in another line occasionally, because it not only sharpens his faculties but it keeps his brain from becoming fogbound."

Yesterday's Mistakes

Because just having a job does in the long run dust the cobwebs from a man's brain, it also gives him a rational slant at himself and the world about him; and nothing is more fundamental in sales success, whether it be in merchandising or job getting. To sell goods, men must think only of the immediate present; a momentary flash back to yesterday's lost sale, or to what might have been, and today's rosiest prospect goes a-glimmering.

So it is in even greater measure when a man attempts to market his services. As the vender of merchandise forgets yesterday's mistakes or breaks, so must he blot from memory his failures, real or fancied.

A brusque dismissal from his last position, the rankling memories which often possess a man when he believes himself a victim of favoritism or circumstances, the position which, after weeks of patient planning and negotiation, went to another, the scores of applications filled out to the last dotted line, the sure-thing opportunity that flivvered, the unanswered letters to newspaper box numbers, erring judgment, stupidity, youthful dreams unrealized, or middle-age foundations shattered—all belong in the limbo of the past. There Duffy consigned them.

Call him that if for no other reason than because he bore a strain of the Irish. On the sideboard in my dining room there is a china tea set. Whenever, in the years to come, I look at it I shall always recall his guiding motto. He held many jobs; too many, students of labor turnover might decree.

However, when he wanted jobs he got them while men at his elbow talked of conditions and of yesterdays.

I had picked him from a crowd of a few thousands outside the employment office of one of the war's construction jobs. "Picked" is the word, for I needed a man in a hurry. For a year and a half he never missed a day.

Frequently, after pay days, I would run across him in the job post office at the war-savings-stamps window.

"Duffy, what are you going to do with all your money?" I asked him on one of these occasions.

He hesitated a moment, and then with a reminiscent, rather embarrassed smile:

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "When the gong taps over on the other side and this job goes blooey, I'm going to live once again. When you reach fifty or a bit more you get tired roaming the country on construction. You want a home; something to tie to. I haven't had one since the wife died twelve years ago. I'm tired dragging my anchor."

The gong tapped over on the other side; like a punctured blimp the war's greatest construction job deflated and I lost track of Duffy, until a year later he breezed into my office one day to tell me that he had married.

Duffy's Motto

"She's a Belgian woman who lost her husband in the war. She came to America to start life over again. Happy? We're like a couple of kids! And you thought I was thrifty. Well, you ought to see her! I've got more money now than when the war ended. She won't let me buy a thing for her, and she's bent on working, although I make enough to keep us both going. I've got charge of the night stokers at the power plant."

Two or three times later he dropped in to reminisce, but always to let me know how happy he was, how happy they both were.

And then one winter morning he came again. The only change I noticed was in his dress—a new suit, hat, coat, shoes.

"Here's a little something I brought you," he said, laying the bundled tea set on my desk. "We came to the office the other day to give it to you, but you weren't in."

I yammered a feeble protest that he would have more need of it than I.

"Well, wait until I tell you," he interrupted gently. "Maybe you won't think so then. The other night—I've forgotten just what night it was—I went to our rooms to change my clothes for the night shift. I kissed her good night. And then as I went out the door I turned to throw her another as I always did. She was staring at me with the strangest, queerest look in her eyes; then she burst out crying and went into hysterics. I tried to get her to tell me the trouble, but she wouldn't; maybe she couldn't; you know how women are. So I had to leave her and report for work. The next morning I went straight to the hotel where she was working. I couldn't find her. I asked the hotel clerk where she was. 'Why, don't you know?' he said. 'She said good-by to us all here late last night. She was crying. She said she was going back to her husband and boy in Belgium.'"

He smiled for a moment, that wistful smile of the Irish.

"So, you see," he went on slowly, "I haven't much use for that tea set; besides I want you to have it.

"I went off the handle for a time; I don't know what I did or where I was. Then of a sudden I came to long enough to remember that old top of the morning we used to have on the job you and I worked on. You remember it, don't you? 'Every day is a new day.' That sunk in deep. I'm so poor the panhandlers hiss at me, for I spent my last fiver on these new duds I have on. I didn't need them, but I knew I had to start all over again, and somehow the feel of these gives me the notion I'm not the same man I was a week ago. I've sold my furniture and I've changed my address. I've changed everything but my name, but sure as you're a foot high and I want a job, that's still Duffy!"

"Every day a new day" is the creed of salesmen everywhere.

At the end of a glorious day

When pleasures of summer take their toll in excited, tired nerves—let a swim at dusk renew you!

Off with cramping shoes and warm, dusty clothes! On with an easy-fitting Jantzen! Plunge, play, swim! Cool, green waters stimulate you. Every muscle joyously responds. *One plunge* demonstrates the Jantzen's surprising ease and freedom. This all-wool Jantzen-stitch swimming suit out-sells all others!

Thousands at every beach and natatorium know there is no substitute for the Jantzen. Its patented bow-trunk pattern and non-rip crotch insure lasting fit—wet or dry. It hugs the body snugly, yet is trim and modest. Its elasticity is *permanent*.

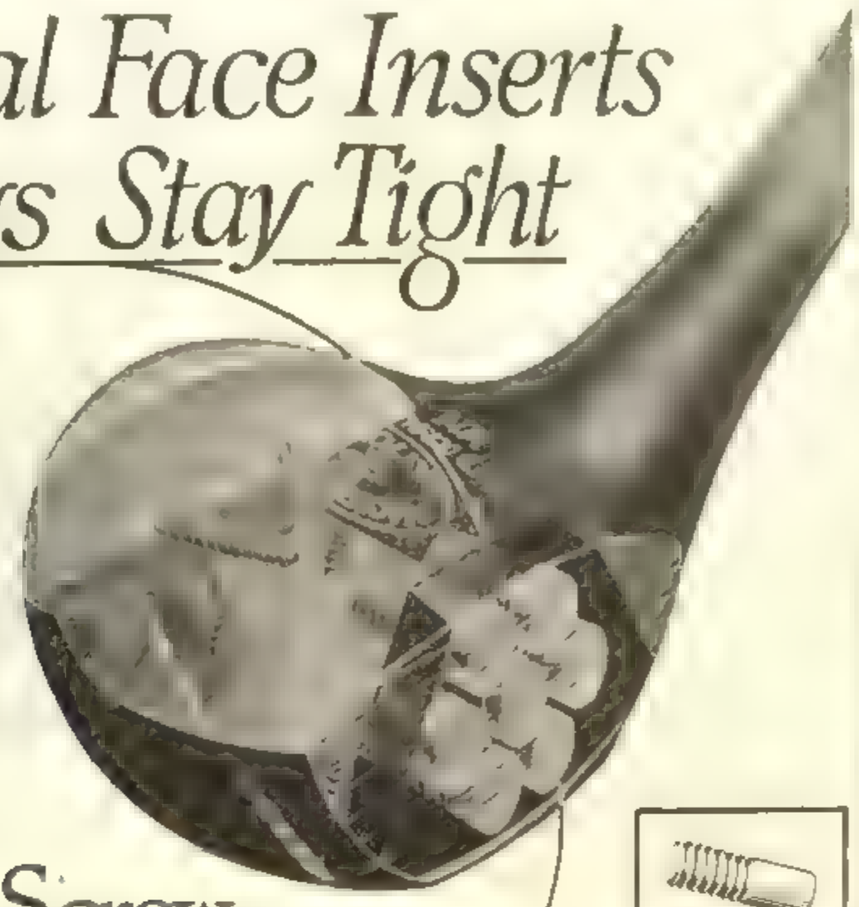
Your dealer is featuring Jantzens in the fashionable 1924 colors, for men, women and children. Style book and Jantzen-stitch fabric sample sent on request. Ask dealer for red diving girl windshield sticker, or send 4c for two.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON

Jantzen
The Nation's Swimming Suit
THE SUIT THAT CHANGED *BATHING* TO *SWIMMING*

MACGREGOR

Special Face Inserts Always Stay Tight



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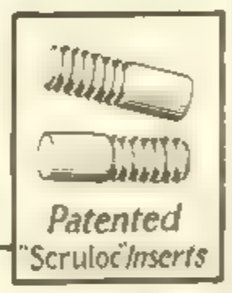

WHEN you get a club that gives you better results than any club you ever owned—when you find the "one club in a thousand" for you—it's natural that you should want it to become a *permanent* part of your golfing equipment.

You can always rely upon the *durability* of MACGREGOR Special Face Clubs with the same confidence that you feel in their wonderful qualities for thrilling distance and true direction. Embodied in them are *patented features* of construction, such as the "Scruloc" Inserts, which assure uninterrupted long life.

By screw locking the inserts in place, we make certain that they will "stay put". We do not believe that it is possible for them to come out—in fact, we have never heard of one coming out although our Special Face Clubs have been used by golfers everywhere for a great many years.

Ask your Pro or Dealer to show you these clubs—they, like all MACGREGOR Clubs, are born of experience on our own course.

Write us today for our general catalog, our Rule and Score Book and either or both of these booklets: 1—"Golf, the Game of Games" (an introduction to golf). 2—"Stepping Stones to a Golf Course" (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course)

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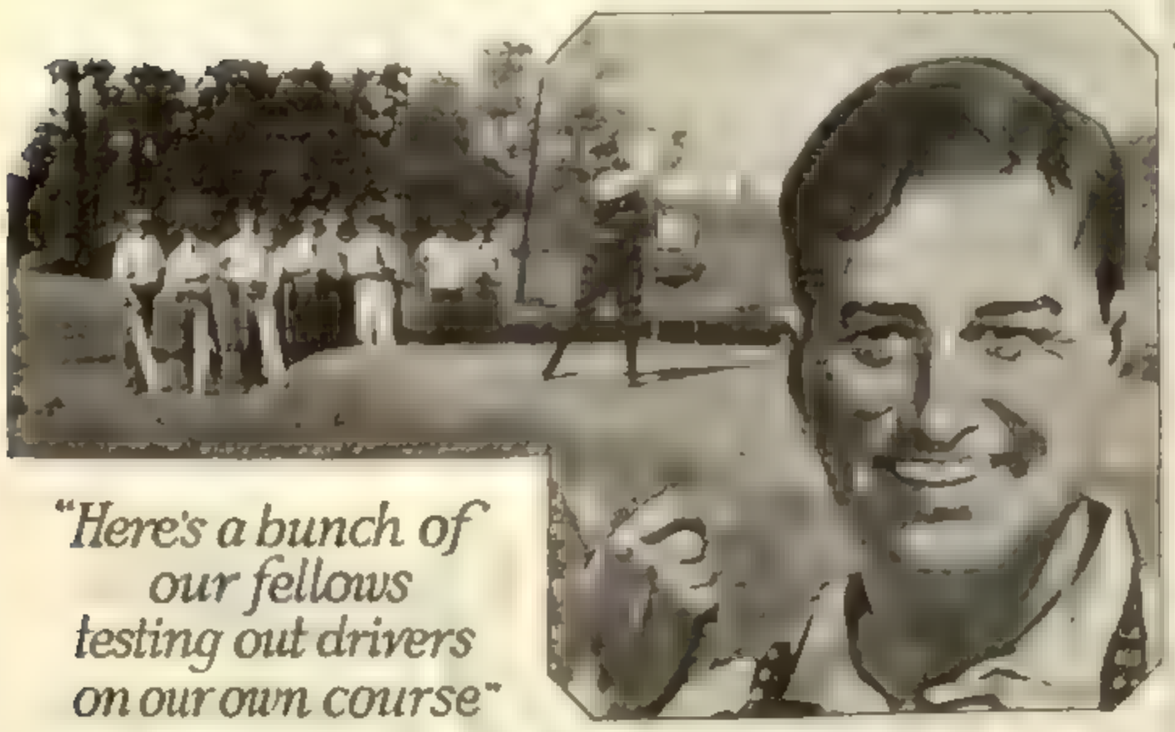

"Here's a bunch of our fellows testing out drivers on our own course"

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGOR DAYTON O MACGREGORS

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

(Continued from Page 21)

yew hedge. Whatever his quest at the pyramid may have been that night, he seemed to have forgotten it. He was becoming absorbed in his problem, for he was on the very edge of its perfect solution, and he knew it.

Thinly, across the gulf of darkness, there came the sound of a small dog barking frantically; but it fell so faintly into the sunken garden that it was almost inaudible.

"To continue our condensation—and our guessing—let us reconstruct the affair in this way," mused Prosper: "Nearly ten years ago ——"

Something moved in the shadows of the yew facing the pyramid; the faintly musical, frosty sound of thin glass suddenly shattering tinkled at Prosper's feet; and, like lightning, he snatched at the gas mask, alert on his chest.

With a curious, ominous, strangling, coughing noise, he adjusted it; sat for a moment drawing short, quick, fiercely labored breaths, his hands beating desperately before him; then he seemed slowly to deflate; the hands beat more feebly, stilled, and he toppled quietly over on his side, rolled helplessly onto his back and lay very still, face upward, as though staring up at the sloping side of the pyramid.

A bitter, acrid and strangely horrifying reek fumed invisibly over the still form; a reek which a child, or a person who had never heard of poison gas, nevertheless would have guessed instantly—though perhaps too late—was a deadly and devilish atmosphere to breathe.

And Prosper Fair lay very still, in the heart of that poisonous vapor at the base of the Pyramid of Lead, and the sunken garden of Kern was silent.

XVI

FULLY ten minutes passed before the impenetrable shadows of the yews gave up to the lesser shadows of the garden, a silent form, making swiftly toward the pyramid—a man whose movements were soundless and confident as only those of one well accustomed to that place in the darkness could be.

He came to the still body of Mr. Fair, lax under the pyramid, and stood over it for a second. Then the white ray of a powerful electric torch bit into the darkness, wavered and settled, mothlike, on the head of the fallen man. His face was hidden wholly by the mask—perfectly adjusted, for, it seemed, Prosper had had just time enough to do that—and the torchbearer dropped on his knees, craning down to peer close at the masked face.

He, too, was masked. For a full ten seconds the glass-covered eyes of the craning man gleamed into those of the fallen one. There was no sound, nor any comment from the man with the torch. But he shrugged his shoulders as he bent over in the darkness, and was on the point of straightening when with appalling suddenness Prosper's arms shot up. His fingers missed the throat of the killer by a hairbreadth, but struck in on his neck like closing hooks of steel. A queer, muffled cry of sheer terror beat out from behind the mask of the killer, for it was as though the icy hands of a dead man had clutched at him.

But almost instantaneously he understood that he had been decoyed, and so began to fight. He realized his position too swiftly for Prosper—handicapped by his grip on the killer's neck—to twist out from under him, and he had just time to drive his knees close into Prosper's sides, gripping him as one gripe a saddle. He flung his hands to Mr. Fair's throat; but Prosper, gripping desperately, bowed out his elbows and blocked that attempt.

The killer, gasping under the slow, inexorable and agonizing closing of the strong, sinewy fingers at his neck, slid a thirstily questing right hand between the bent arms; but instantly Prosper straightened his arms, forcing back the head and shoulders so that the killer's hand closed only on the wool at the peak of the sweater.

He withdrew it instantly, for the grip at his neck was becoming unbearable; Prosper's thumbs were driving deep into the glands and muscles. They were fighting in absolute silence.

Pinned by the knees of the killer, Prosper could not move his body. But he was pouring the whole of his strength into his grip and he knew that if he could hold it so a few seconds longer the other must collapse. It was not possible for any human endurance to withstand it. But the killer knew that, also, and with a violent heave he bowed himself up from his knees to his toes, and putting his knees together dropped them savagely, like one who kneels with his full weight, on the stomach of Mr. Fair, who, guessing the maneuver, was able to break the force of the shock a little by a fierce thrusting back of the masked, inhuman face and head looming over him. But even so, the vicious drive down on the knees forced a slow, deep groan from behind Prosper's gas mask, and in that instant of nausea, of cringing muscles, his grip relaxed. The killer, on the verge of strangulation, tore free with a queer, horrifying sound, half sob, half scream, hardly recognizable as a human utterance, and collapsed on his side.

For a second they lay facing each other, their goggled eyes staring blankly. Then, painfully, each dragged himself erect, so that they seemed to be sitting. They had not been fighting two minutes, but it had been so violent and savage and intense that they were like old, enfeebled men.

The killer was first on his feet, lurching up a fraction of a second before Prosper. He reeled uncertainly as though to renew the struggle; then, as Prosper braced himself as well as he could to receive the shock, the killer staggered, threw up his hands to his neck with a grunt of pain, half turned away, tore off his mask and went swaying into the darkness. Prosper, dizzy, breathing desperately, engaged in a fierce struggle for more air than he seemed able to get through his respirator—not the mutilated one, but the perfect duplicate he had carried in his big haversack from the time he had received both from Dale—stared after him, reeled round as though to follow, then stopped, overcome by a wave of appalling nausea. He lurched out from the shadow of the pyramid, made his way half blindly across the moonlit patch of the stone paving and so into the dense darkness of the yew hedge, found his way through an archway, and in the jungle of wild growth beyond it tore off his mask and dropped to the ground.

Had the killer come to him there with a weapon in his hand, that would have been the end of Prosper Fair—and of the house of Devizes. But the killer, somewhere in the darkness at the other side of the garden, was in no condition to follow Prosper. He himself would have been an easy capture had Prosper been able to muster up sufficient strength to pursue him.

For nearly half an hour Prosper lay still in the darkness, lax, resting, allowing the waves of nausea which followed each other in quick succession to die down. For a time he was possessed of a dull, sick belief that he was injured internally; but as, gradually, his revolted nerves recovered, his dazed mental faculties won back nearer to normal and his momentarily torture-sapped will power asserted itself, he felt the old gay confidence stir like a tiny flicker of new flame within him.

He laughed very quietly and cautiously, for every movement seemed to set up a jarring ache extending upward almost to the throat, where he lay.

"I almost had him," said Prosper, face down in the dark. "Next time —— He's as strong as a bull, with a neck like a motor tire. Almost any other man would have yielded. I should have drawn up my knees quicker to counter that move of his. I thought he had driven me into the ground. But—it would appear that he did not.

"What a godsend I managed to cling onto one last bit of consciousness! If I had not been able to struggle to my feet when he did he would have had me. If he had had to commit murder on his knees ——"

He chuckled faintly.

"A near thing—for each of us. Never mind; better luck next time."

Cautiously he began to rise. He felt extraordinarily weak. All his muscles felt flaccid and icy and a chill perspiration broke out on him. A queer trembling seized him, his teeth began to chatter, and a dull, sick pain seemed to invade his very bones.

"I shall be in a charming plight tomorrow," he said with a shaky laugh; and so, stooping, hugging himself with both arms, he made his slow and painful way back to the camp.

(Continued on Page 94)

THE MOTOR CRANKS THE CAMERA

Movies made with Kodak ease

Starting with the first brave steps, childhood days are full of action. That's why youngsters are such ideal subjects for a Ciné-Kodak. Movies made the Kodak way show them as you saw them—running, skipping, jumping and, as a result, the pictures seem to *live*.

And so it is with golf, tennis, motoring, fishing, hunting—it's still the action that gives the thrill and this you save for the screen.

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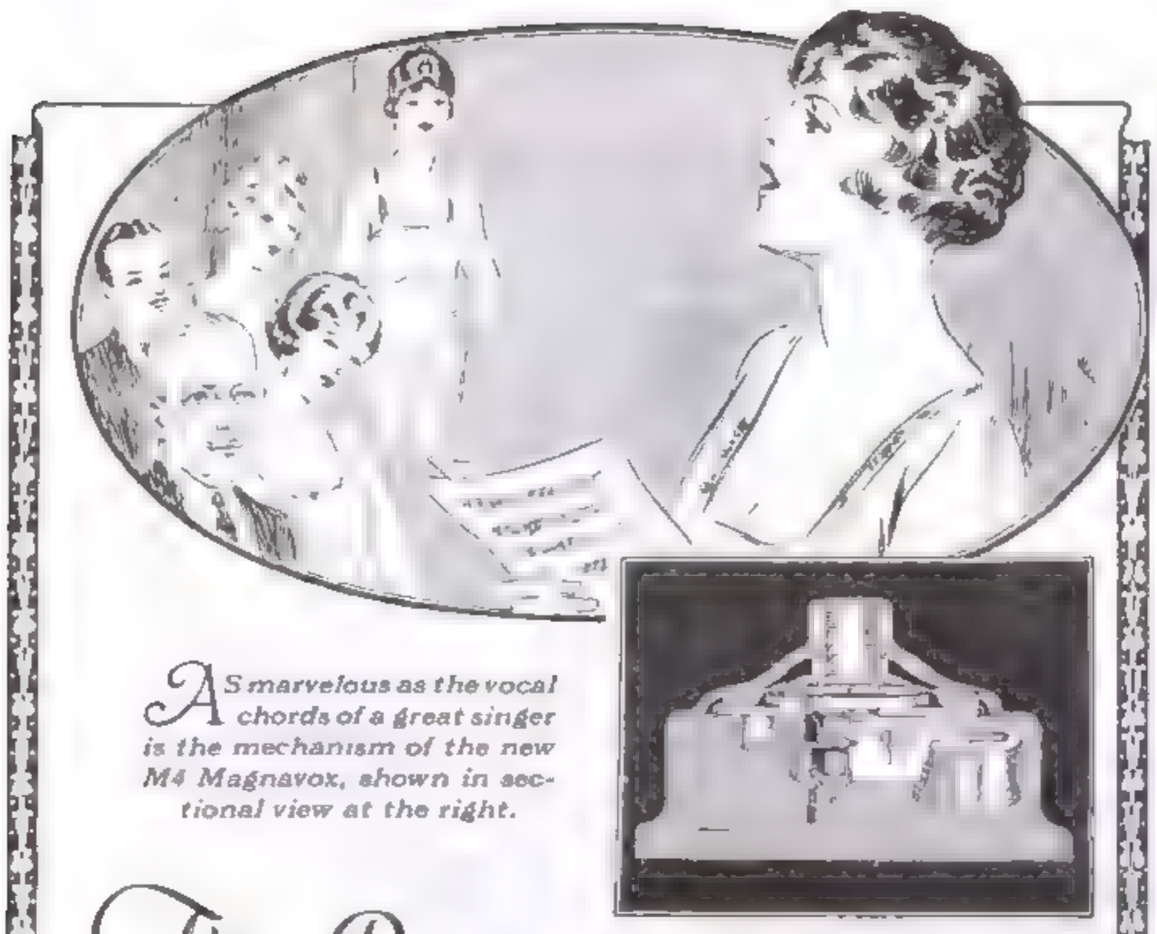
Ciné-Kodak booklet and full information by mail, on request

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



As marvelous as the vocal chords of a great singer is the mechanism of the new M4 Magnavox, shown in sectional view at the right.

The Reproducer Supreme with a Human Throat

BETWEEN Magnavox and ordinary "loud speakers" there are certain essential differences hidden away in the base of the instrument, insuring for Magnavox utmost clearness of tone.

The quality of radio speech or music is largely determined *before* the sound enters the horn—which makes it so important to select a Reproducer on account of its scientific construction, not merely its outward appearance.

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R3

The strongest guarantee of mechanical excellence is the Magnavox trade mark on your Reproducer. Look for it when you buy.

Reproducers

M4—the latest Magnavox achievement: requires no battery $25.00

M1—also constructed on the semi-dynamic principle, requiring no battery $30.00

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Combination Sets

A1-R and A2-R—the only instruments combining electro-dynamic Reproducer and Power Amplifier in one unit $59.00, $85.00

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A1, AC-2-C, AC-3-C—the most efficient audio-frequency Amplifiers: one, two and three stage $27.50 to $60.00

To obtain the fullest enjoyment from your receiving set, equip it with the Magnavox—for sale at good dealers' everywhere.

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MAGNAVOX Radio

MAGNAVOX

7C

(Continued from Page 92

Ex-Troop Sergeant Major Cass was drowsily awake, thanks to the rather querulous barking of Plutus, who, aware that he was forbidden to roam, was nevertheless conveniently and thoroughly ignoring the rule against barking. But, like most of his kind, Cass was experienced in men, and drowsy though he was, nevertheless he observed instantly that all was not well with his host. He sat up in his blankets.

"Hullo, what's wrong?" he demanded.

Prosper's face was greenish white in the light of the small hurricane lamp which had been among his purchases at Carisbury.

"Late off pass, sergeant major," chuckled Prosper shakily, and sat down rather heavily.

"You look it," said Cass, wide awake now. "Man alive, you look as white as a ghost!"

"Yes? There's a flask of brandy in that haversack there, sergeant major. Just pass it over like a good chap. I—ah—need it."

Cass shook himself expertly out of his blankets.

"Yes, you do," he agreed with brevity. "Here you are. What's it all about?"

Prosper took a long and heartening pull of the liquid which one Binns, butler at distant Deerhurst Castle, was wont to affirm was worth its weight in liquid diamonds. Then, politely, he passed the flask to Cass, who took it, surveying him curiously, hesitated, then put it down.

"You look too groggy to waste brandy on me—just at present," he stated. "Let's look into this."

"That's all right," said Prosper, his arms folded affectionately across his stomach. "I've been for a stroll in the moonlight and I met a gentleman who played me rather an ungentlemanly trick."

"Oh, did he? What trick?"

"He tried to—ah—do me in with poison gas, but failed," explained Prosper with slightly forced humor. "Yes, he failed; so he tried to jump upon my stomach—and succeeded."

Tersely, Mr. Cass stated his opinion of such a method of personal warfare, and firmly passed back the brandy.

"I had more than half a notion that I'd dropped into a nice little hurrah's nest of trouble," he said pensively, and indicated a cut turf in the floor.

"I happened to wake up after you'd gone out," he said. "And lying there, wondering why the little dog seemed worried, I spotted that bit of turf. It looked kind of odd, so I lifted it. I know a bit about box respirators, and I took the liberty of looking over the one I found in the hole under the turf." He paused, staring reflectively at Prosper.

"I inspected the box respirator, sir," he said. "And I want to say I should be sorry to be caught in a gas attack with that thing on. It's been interfered with. It leaks, and I wouldn't swear that the chemicals haven't been damaged."

Prosper nodded.

"Well, I left it there—in that obvious sort of way—for that purpose," he explained. "You see, this little camp is being watched, and I was hoping—expecting—that the gas mask I hid would be tampered with. But the one I wore tonight I kept with me, and that was in perfect order. I'll explain all that tomorrow, sergeant major. I feel—fantastic tonight. My internal economy is not—economic tonight. Also, it feels kaleidoscopic. Have you ever had your more intimate clockwork jumped upon, sergeant major?"

"I have, and it's unpleasant," said Mr. Cass, though he used a broadish synonym for "unpleasant." "Take another drop of brandy and let me run my eye over you. Any lacerations, d'ye think?"

"Oh, several million, I think." But Prosper's laugh was very thin-drawn.

Silently, Cass "run his eye" over him.

"Humph! You'll be a picture tomorrow, and as helpless as a jellyfish. What you need is an opiate. Got any?"

"No."

The sergeant major scratched his head.

"Well then, you'd better have a stimulant a drop more brandy. Man, it's a marvel he didn't squash you!"

The indomitable Mr. Fair tried to laugh. But it was no more than a wiry giggle.

"Easy," said Cass. "Easy does it. Is this gas worker liable to return to duty tonight?"

"Not very liable. He will probably be occupied for some time with his neck and throat—which are liable to be somewhat damaged."

Mr. Cass, curiously gentle, eased Prosper back onto his blankets.

"You take it easy now," he said.

And Prosper was very glad to do as he was told. He lapsed into a sort of aching somnolence, shot with fiery spasms of pain.

XVII

WHATEVER may have been the failings which had reduced Mr. Matthew Cass to his present condition, early morning sluggardliness was clearly not one of them. He was actively in evidence long before sunrise. Indeed, he got little if any sleep after the return of his temporarily half-crippled host to the tiny tent. Overnight, after one quick glance round the tent, he had made careful inquiry concerning bathing facilities, and, learning of them, he had negotiated for and acquired the rights in Prosper's spare towel.

Thus, at peep of dawn, Mr. Cass might have been observed making his way swiftly down towards the lake, a towel round his neck and rather eagerly shelling a big cake of soap out of a pod of paper. A passion for cleanliness goes but infrequently hand in hand with a passion for alcohol, but the ex-sergeant major was a man with a lifetime's training in the matter of cleanliness, and he had become aware of a curious desire to be well esteemed by Mr. Fair. Therefore he bathed abundantly in the pale light; and when presently he dressed and ignited his pipe, it was with a suggestion of slightly increased swagger in his carriage that he moved along the edge of the lake on the way back to the little camp in the Kern woods.

It had been shadowy and the reeds had seemed to stand knee-deep in woolly mist when he came to the lake, but now the day was brightening and there was a pale radiance above the trees away to the east. Things which had been invisible to him when he came were plainly visible now. It was almost impossible to miss the gap in the reeds which Prosper had first discovered, and any man who saw the gap could not fail to see what lay just beyond it. The ex-sergeant major saw it, and stopped short, standing stiff and rigid, staring with narrowed eyes.

"The major! Before I see his face, I know it!"

He strode into the shallow water, his teeth set, lifted the body and carried it to the bank. Mr. Cass had caught up with his mate. He surveyed the still, gray form for a moment.

"Well, major, there was a time when if a man had told me this was going to be the end of it I'd have—hurt him. I wouldn't have believed it could come to this, remembering what you were years ago."

Some of the stiffness, the vitality seemed oddly to have gone out from him, and his mouth was sagging open. He had relaxed, and his hand was shaking a little as rather nervously he rubbed the grayish bristles of his chin.

"You were always my idea of a heavy cavalry officer, and a man branded with an S for success—same as I thought myself! Now here's me—a poor, shaky old scrounger picking at a blasted guitar for my beer and bread and cheese; and here's you—here's you, major ——"

He stared for a while, his seamed face puckered, fallen in and wrung, thinking.

"The handsomest man in the regiment—the best horses—the prettiest wife in the world—and a soldier from your spurs up; all that you had—and here's the finish of it, major!"

He glanced around, then drew himself together and gravely saluted the dead man.

"I'll have to report this at once," he said, hesitated, made up his mind, and set off back to the camp. "Eh, it'll be my turn next—in some ditch, some barn," he muttered as he went, then shook his head jerkily and squared himself.

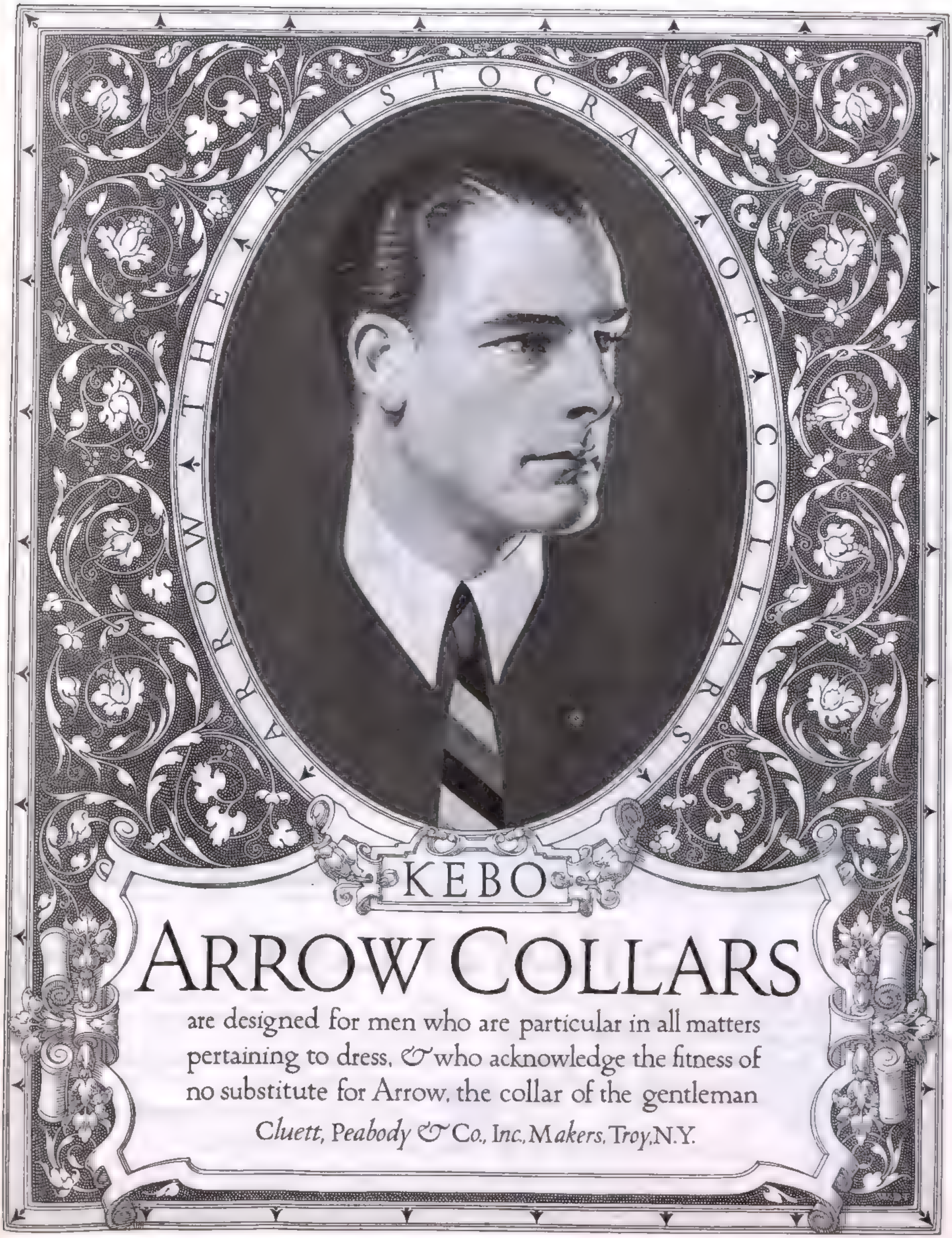
"Pull yourself together, damn you, Cass," he said aloud, and made a quite creditable attempt to do that.

He found Prosper awake when he reached the tent and, with Plutus most anxiously interested, engaged in an earnest but indifferently successful attempt to sit up.

"It may seem a somewhat comic state of affairs, sergeant major," he observed with a wry smile, as Cass entered, "but it appears that I have quite a little difficulty in arising from the recumbent position in which I have stiffened during the night. Perhaps the loan of your strong arm ——"

Cass made haste to help him.

"Easy does it, sir. You're stiff—bound to be." *(Continued on Page 97)*



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UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Continued from Page 94

"Rarely have I heard a truer statement," agreed the indomitable Mr. Fair, slowly - very slowly - sitting up. "Stiff to the point of petrifaction ah-h-h! That is—or doubtless will be better. I fancy I heard some of my more intimately personal clockwork adjust itself. Yes, I am still ticking."

He grinned at Plutus.

"Fear not, my old. Little Prosper is mending—with some discomfort, true, but mending."

He continued cautiously to move, wincing as he strove to work off some of the aching stiffness.

Mr. Cass had started the small stove before he went to the lake, and almost immediately he was ready with tea. The hot drink seemed to work some small mysterious miracle for Prosper. His color became more nearly normal, his eyes brightened, and he began to breathe deeper without flushing.

"Ah-h-h! I think that with the assistance of a small cigarette the invalid will shortly be convalescent," he announced. "By the time friend Cass has prepared breakfast, say."

Friend Cass was already past his first preparations for the meal, and he turned again to Prosper, his face serious.

"I've been down to the lake," he said. "And—I found my mate. He's drowned himself."

Prosper nodded slowly, watching the other's face intently.

"You mean Mr.—Smith?"

Cass hesitated.

"Well, no. I said that name—Smith - just by way of marking time, you may say. His name was Merlehurst. In his prime he was a major in my old regiment," he said.

"I understand," said Prosper quietly. "I knew who he was."

The sergeant major stared.

"You knew who he was!"

"His wife lives in this village," said Prosper, "and I saw a photograph of him yesterday at her house. We spoke of him also. But Major Merlehurst did not drown himself. He was killed—by the man who endeavored to kill me last night. He put the body of Major Merlehurst—his third victim into the lake, arranging it to look like a suicide, for no doubt he felt that there had been enough people found dead by the pyramid. Meantime, will you tell me frankly why the major came to this place?"

Cass reflected, eying Prosper, and decided that he would.

"I'll tell you all I know, but it's not much."

"Nevertheless, it may be enough," replied Prosper. "Tell me when you have breakfasted. Afterward you will have to report your discovery at the police station."

Even as Prosper expected, the story of Mr. Cass made it quite clear that the motive impelling the ruined major to visit the sunken garden was identical with that which had inspired Calhoun to make his fatal quest to the pyramid.

"The major was going all to pieces—worse than me," said Cass; "and he knew that something had to be done if he wasn't going to die on the road or in a workhouse - or a jail. We were doing badly—half-starved—and he couldn't get enough drink. He was a man used to a goodish lot to drink right from the old days in the officers' mess. In those days they used it very free. He was in a real bad way. But he knew it, and he'd made up his mind just before I was hung up in Carisbury. He had a notion that there was money about this deserted Kern Castle somewhere—if only it could be found—and he told me that he was going to have a try for it, and if that failed he intended to go to his wife's and die there if she'd let him. He knew he was nearly all in, y'see.

"'I don't know that I care a damn whether I find anything at Kern or not, Cass,' he said. 'For my time is short in the land, anyway. I'll get what I can at Kern Castle; and if there's nothing doing, I shall go to my wife and ask her for a corner to pass out quietly in. I never treated her well and I haven't seen her for years. She was always too good for me, anyway; but I think she'll do a little favor like that for me. Eh, Cass? It isn't such a whole lot for a wreck like me to ask of his wife—just the loan of a bed to die in!'

"That was the way he used to talk, sir; but I believe he had a sort of hope that she'd take him in and forgive him, and all that. . . . He'd had an almighty rough time in the last few years. . . . We both fought in the ranks right through the war and we clicked for some pretty ugly luck one way and another. You know how the luck can turn on you, especially when you can't leave the booze alone."

Cass shook his head.

"Well, he never got any farther than this pyramid."

"Just what did he expect to find there?"

"Money. That's all I know. He never told me how or where. He must have meant concealed money, for the castle's been empty for years, they told me at the village."

Prosper nodded. He saw that Cass had told all he knew. This man's story of Merlehurst was, in its way, parallel with Oxton's story of Calhoun. Both Merlehurst and Calhoun were after what they believed might be found at Kern. And if it were possible to trace the past of the woman with the emeralds, no doubt her quest would prove to have been the same, though with less reason, for her jewels rendered her far from destitute.

All this, in conjunction with Prosper's own conclusions concerning the inscription, seemed to make it certain that Lord Kern had abandoned his money, but that he had not dispersed it.

Everything pointed to that—the inscriptions, the predatory visits of Calhoun, Merlehurst and the unknown lady, and the frank statement on the previous afternoon of old Enderby, who had made no secret at all of the fact that he had not the very slightest idea of what Lord Kern had done with his money.

Prosper believed he knew where the money was. But he also believed it would do very well where it was until after he had definitely satisfied himself as to the identity of the killer, and had put the man from Scotland Yard in the way of arresting this dreadful guardian, who was prepared apparently to murder without hesitation anyone who approached Kern in any predatory spirit.

Why did this stealthy, cunning and deadly creature strike out so swiftly and mercilessly, yet with such discrimination?

Marjorie May could do exactly as she liked in the garden. That, Prosper had long decided, was because she was innocent of any designs on the money, and came to the garden because she loved it and honestly believed that some day it would be her own. Yet she was like a bird that played and pecked innocently round the very tongue of a steel-jawed gin. It could only be the fact that she was good and motiveless, which was like an armor -no, a gas mask—protecting her, for there seemed to be no sort of protection for those—armed and bold and fearless men—who came with predacious intent.

Everyone who had come to prey, to seek for the money of Lord Kern, had been struck dead. Prosper had come to seek it—in a way—and he, too, had shaken hands with death, but had just enough wit to snatch away his hand. But he was watched -the killer was watching him closely, silently, patiently as a cat over a mouse's hole.

Prosper, hugging his aches, watching the ex-sergeant major glumly and silently chew the generous supply of bacon he had expertly fried, considered a careless theory airily thrown out by Doctor Benson and enthusiastically championed by the black-browed gentleman with the Cupid's-bow mouth, Eyre-Weston, on the previous afternoon—to the effect that he, hard-headed and unromantic old medical practitioner though he was, would not be greatly amazed to learn some day that Lord Kern had buried his money in the sunken garden and put a pyramid a-top of it, and now was guarding it against thieves, raiders and all comers.

But if that were really so, Prosper knew that Lord Kern was not doing his own guarding. The man in the gas mask with whom he had fought at midnight was no middle-aged miser, but a very strong and muscular man in his prime. He fought, in that very abominable fighting encumbrance, a gas mask, like a man used both to fighting and to gas masks.

No. Prosper shook his head. He did not believe that Lord Kern was guarding his money—if there really was money there. Nor did he believe the killer was employed by Lord Kern to guard it. That was too wild a theory. He believed that the killer knew of money there, and that he was guarding—for himself. The puzzle was that his guardianship had been extended over so long a period. Calhoun had been killed many months before the woman with the emerald, or the Iron-Gray Man, or the attempt on Prosper himself.

Why?

There was only one possible answer to that. The killer needed time, a long time, either to get at the money or to take it away.

Prosper smiled benignly across at Mr. Cass, still busy with the bacon. He knew that he was right. But his face clouded again as he reflected that all this mental groping—and worse—would be eliminated if only it were possible for Marjorie May to walk—and speak—once again in her sleep.

Sleeping, she was aware of the identity of the killer. Had she been able to remember what she had seen on the night she walked, tranced, in the garden, and so have told them all next morning, her father's life would have been saved, for the killer, arrested, could not have been there to receive him at the pyramid.

But here Prosper's train of thought was broken by the sudden barking of Plutus and the quick stare of the sergeant major toward a spot which Prosper, where he lay, could not see.

A moment later he understood.

Detective-Inspector Garrishe was paying a call upon the camp.

XVIII

THE man from Scotland Yard lost no time in making it clear that his call was not inspired by any motives of aggression or suspicion, though he cocked rather an askance eye at Mr. Cass, who, accustomed to askance eyes from the police and police-like people, expertly, though without flurry, proceeded with his task of cleaning up after his breakfast.

Prosper was delighted at the pacific air of the detective. He intended to solve this mystery of Kern—indeed, he had already partly solved it—but he entered upon that enterprise in precisely the spirit in which a sportsman embarks on the enterprise of landing a rainbow trout with a gut cast that the fish could snap like cotton if he were once given a chance to do so. It was the satisfaction of matching himself against the man behind the mystery, fighting him and beating him, which counted with Prosper. The credit and glory of winning he did not purpose claiming. He did not issue forth to wander the highways and byways, studying humanity for sake of modern-style glory, but for sake of the sport, and because he was a man who liked to be with men. As he frequently said to Plutus, "Owing to my ancestors, it is indisputable that I am a duke, absurd as it may seem. But I ought to be a commercial traveler—if I had my rights, ha-ha!"

He proposed to discover and pin the killer. This done, he wanted to hand the whole thing over to the police, cut and dried, and unobtrusively disassociate himself from the affair. In this spirit he responded to the detective's greeting, invited him to be seated and smoke, excusing himself from rising on the ground that there was a civil war within -"a form of mild colic, no doubt."

They talked for a while of unimportant matters. But when the ex-sergeant major, having cleaned up, announced his intention of going into the village and, Prosper acquiescing, promptly carried out his intention, the conversation speeded up.

"How are you getting on with the mystery of this place, inspector?" asked Prosper.

"I'm not getting on -I'm standing stone still, Mr. Fair. I can't get hold of a loose end that leads anywhere. Between ourselves, that is, you understand. The chief constable told me that you were above suspicion—without saying who you really were—or I should have found myself looking a little sideways at you. But anyway, I'm in the mood to look sideways at anybody just at present, from that lovely little soul, Miss Merlehurst, to—to the local vicar. It's not an ordinary business - they aren't ordinary murders at all, Mr. Fair—and the ordinary methods don't seem to help a whole lot. It's a deep business—deep and dangerous and difficult."

Prosper nodded.

"Dangerous, yes. But not so deep, nor so very difficult. For instance, inspector, I'm only a looker-on—a casual camper on the edge of the thing—but I've practically solved the mystery."

Detective-Inspector Garrishe sat up suddenly, his eyes narrowing.

"What's that?" he said sharply.

Prosper waved an airy cigarette.

"I say I have solved it—practically. That is, I can guess now—and very soon I

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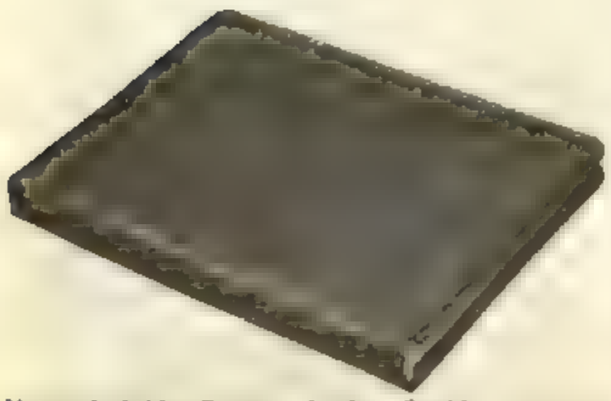

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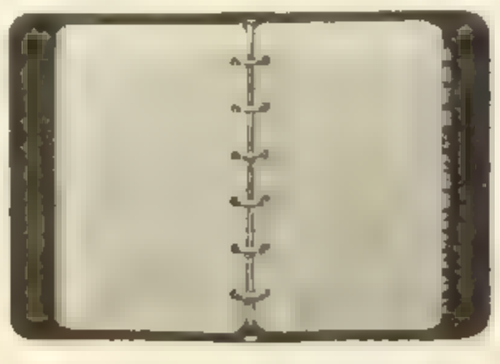

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shall know why Lord Kern built the pyramid."

"You do!"

"Yes. I know why Calhoun came here, and I can guess who the nameless lady is and why she came here. I know how they were murdered and why. I believe I know why Miss Marjorie Merlehurst will inherit this property if Lord Kern does not return; what Lord Kern did with his money and why he did it. I have met the murderer—and I know his motives."

The eyes of the detective were frankly bulging.

"You've met him! Where?"

"Last night—by the pyramid. We had a—a bit of a scrap, he and I. It was a draw."

"Who is he?"

"Ah, there you have me, inspector," smiled Prosper. "It was impossible to see his face last night."

"Perhaps not. Probably he would be a stranger; but you'd recognize him if you saw him again, of course," demanded the Scotland Yard man a little excitedly.

"No, I think not. You see, we fought in gas masks."

The detective started.

"Gas masks, hey? Gas! You know, that came into my head—gas. I found a queer bit of glass—like a bit of a bulb—but I let it go. A bit he overlooked, I suppose. He uses gas, does he?"

Prosper was suddenly serious.

"He does. And I want to warn you, Garrishe—I should have done it today in any case—don't hang about the pyramid or the garden or the castle again without a gas mask on your chest—ready."

"Not—huh?" The heavy jaw of the detective sagged a little, and his eyes gleamed. Then he shrugged. "But he's gone by now. After last night he's beat it a hundred miles. He's left the place."

Prosper shook his head.

"I question it. He's a queer customer—clever and quick, tenacious and diabolically cunning, and he's after a big thing."

The detective ruminated, eying Prosper.

"Supposing you tell me all you know, Mr. Fair," he suggested. "It's your duty to do that, y'know."

Prosper agreed very readily on the subject of his duty. But he disagreed as to the hour when he should do his duty.

"I am not quite ready to do that," he explained. "It is a fancy—a whim—of mine to hand the whole thing over to you complete, and I don't think it will be long before I am able to do that."

The detective was disappointed, but did his best not to show it.

"Well, I wish you thought differently," he said. "But I can't make you tell before you're ready. I'm much obliged to you for your tip about the gas—much obliged."

He continued talking, sliding in a quiet, casual question occasionally. Some of these Prosper answered, some he allowed to glance harmlessly over his shoulder. He told Garrishe of Cass' discovery of the Iron-Gray Man in the lake, but he withheld information as to that one's identity. Also he dropped in a few questions himself, mainly about the people of the neighborhood. It was evident that in this direction the detective had worked very hard, very quickly and, Prosper thought, to a certain extent unnecessarily. He seemed to have compiled a set of *dossiers* of a number of people who were physically capable of the crimes in the sunken garden; and no doubt because these had led him nowhere, he was willing enough to pass on his information.

Thus Prosper learned quickly and compactly that his tennis opponent of yesterday; the dark Eyre-Weston was an ex-officer living close to the village, extracting a dubious income from the breeding of pure-bred Airedales; that old Enderby, the Kern solicitor, was parent of a ne'er-do-well son, Ralph, of about thirty, who once had worked in his father's office, but had given that up—for reasons not explained, but readily guessed at by the gossiping guessers of Carisbury and Kern—and was now a sort of sporting idler in Carisbury—not on speaking terms with his family and badly in debt. He and Eyre-Weston were friends. Enderby often put up for a few days at Eyre-Weston's bungalow.

Even Raymond Barisford the detective had looked up, in spite of the real help which Barisford had given him, and the genuine liking Garrishe had taken to him. Barisford, it appeared, was a so-far-unacted playwright specializing in big spectacular blank-verse classical dramas. He was perfectly aware of the hopelessness of getting his works produced in these days of jazz revue; but he was master of a considerable private income, and nonproduction did not vex him. He could pay for his own production any time the craving to see his works acted became intolerable. He had a small but very beautiful house just outside Kern, with some fifty acres of land. He was going to marry Miss Merlehurst, explained the detective. Prosper nodded gravely.

"A very suitable match, I should say—nice young people, both of 'em," said Garrishe, dismissing them for likelier quarry. He ran through the list of possibles, watching Prosper's face intently. But if, as he named them, he was hoping that when he was getting warm Prosper might inadvertently give some sign of it he was mistaken.

Presently he rose.

"Well, I'll be moving along to the lakeside to have a look at that tramp before your—um—guest brings the local police out to take him over. Let me into your secrets as soon as you can, Mr. Fair."

Prosper smiled.

"It won't be long," he promised. "By the way, did you find anything interesting in the castle the other day?"

"Not a thing. Dust and decay, of course—nothing else."

"Nevertheless, I should like to look round the castle myself," said Prosper.

"Well, you can. If you like we'll do it together. I'll get Barisford to come along. He knows it like a book. He lived there for a month when he was secretary to Lord Kern."

Prosper thanked the detective.

"An admirable idea. I'll hold you to that promise, Garrishe," he said.

"Any time," the detective confirmed. "I don't ride jealous, Mr. Fair—I don't want to be your rival. I'd sooner be your partner. You know where to find me—I'm at the Kern Arms."

"Oh, yes; and in case you want me, I shall be moving from here today," volunteered Prosper.

The detective stared.

"Leaving here?"

"I expect to have the privilege of an invitation to stay at Mavisholme, Mrs. Merlehurst's house," said Prosper. "At least, I am going to ask her to invite me there," he explained gayly.

"You don't think this camp is—um—safe?"

"Not to a man with his stomach so exceedingly disgruntled as mine. Every little nerve and muscle I possess is looking forward to a soft and comfortable bed tonight," he added.

"Is it as bad as that?"

"I believe so. Suppose we try. D'you mind lending me your hand a moment?"

With the detective's aid, Prosper rose slowly and painfully.

"Be neighborly enough, my friend, to guide these faltering footsteps in a little circle around the old campfire," he requested. "What I need is a little exercise—quite so. You perceive that I am walking as well as any other clockwork figure ever wound up. Better and better. Yes, I confess that I like a man who can stand on his own feet, Garrishe. That is what they were designed for."

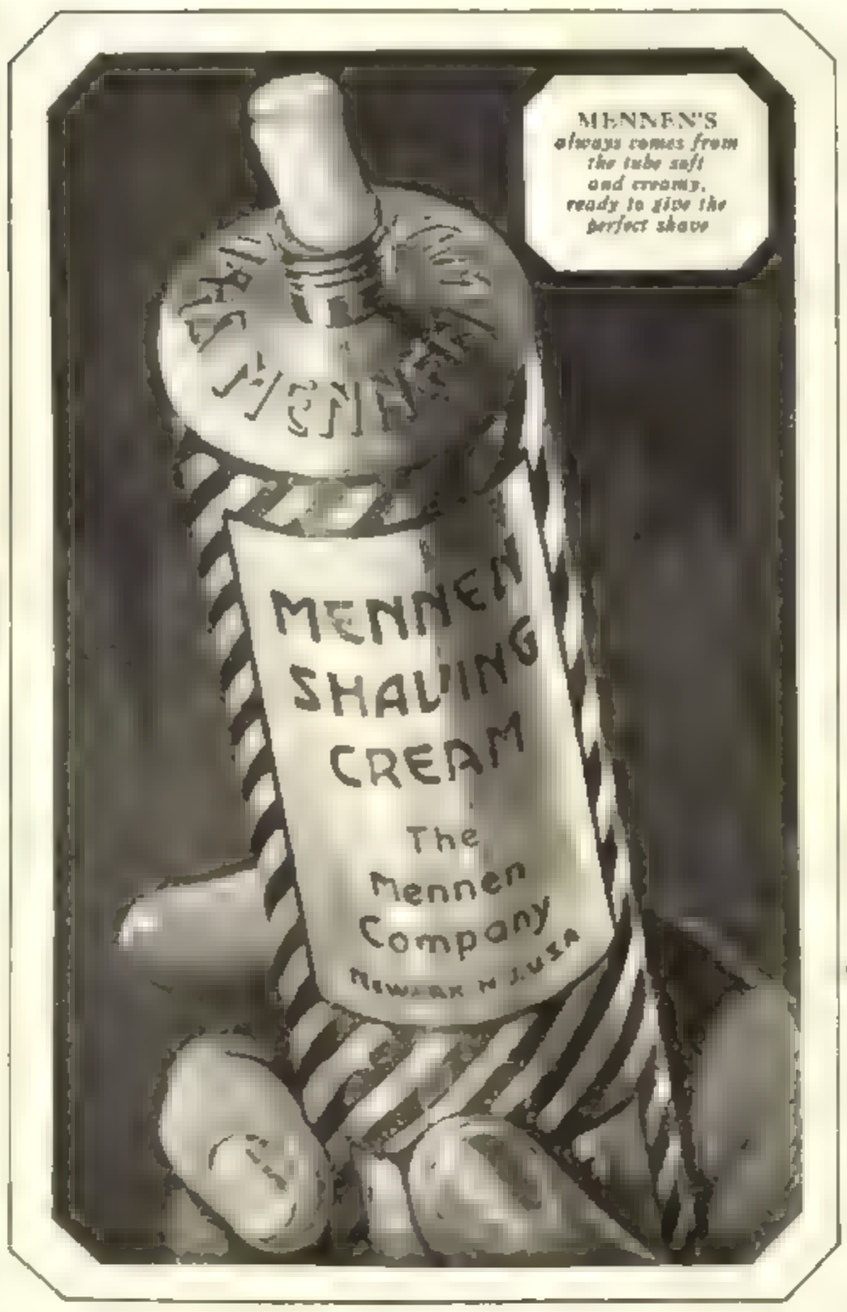
So, with rather painful persiflage, he worked off the keen edge of his stiffness. He began to creep about the camp, making ready for his anticipated move to Mavisholme. But in spite of the wearing off of his stiffness, it was nearing eleven o'clock before he emerged from the narrow pathway worn by Marjorie May from the orchard gate of Mavisholme through the woods to the sunken garden of Kern.

Slowly he made his way through the trimly kept orchard into the kitchen garden, passed through the filbert hedge, crossed the tennis lawn and so came to the rose garden. He heard voices at the entrance gate and moved down the path to see Marjorie May and her mother talking to Nora Oxton, who was excitedly showing them a telegram. Behind her was the black horse Prosper had seen her riding on the downs, and holding it was ex-Troop Sergeant Major Cass. Prosper drew a little closer, silent on the grass border of the path.

"Oh, Nora darling, I am so glad. Oh, I do congratulate you so much. It is just splendid, and it means that the tide is turning," came Marjorie's clear voice.

"May I be allowed to add my modest congratulations to those of Miss Marjorie?" he said gayly, his eyes traveling from one to the other of the very attractive trio. "I may not know what happy event it is which

(Continued on Page 101)



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(Continued from Page 98)

calls for them, but that hardly matters," he murmured.

"But I can tell you, Mr. Fair," cried Nora, and passed him a creased and crumpled telegram. "It's from the agent of the Duke of Devizes. He wants to know if Fred will train four of the duke's race horses."

"The duke's race horses!" echoed Prosper incredulously.

"Yes, truly," cried Marjorie May. "The telegram came this morning and Nora has just been to the post office to telegraph."

The girl's eyes were shining as though somebody had given her a long-desired gift.

"You see, Nora and Mr. Oxton have been very unlucky at Druid's Hollow and it began to look as if they would never have any—any clients. And then all at once the telegram came. I expect the duke has heard someone say what a splendid trainer Mr. Oxton is, don't you, please?"

The eyes of the ladies turned with one accord up to him.

"Of course that would be it," agreed Prosper judicially. "And I think this Duke of Devizes shows his good sense in snapping up the chance of getting some of his horses into Mr. Oxton's care." He turned to Nora. "One only has to talk with your husband to realize that all he needed was just such a start as this."

Nora's eyes were very bright.

"It may sound odd, but I know that Fred—and I, too—have just prayed for something like this," she said with a catch in her breath. "Oh, Fred will just slave to make winners of those horses!"

"Yes, and he will succeed. We all prophesy that, don't we?"

Prosper appealed to Marjorie and her mother, to receive enthusiastic confirmation of his prophecy.

"Now I must go. There is so much to do to get ready. Four slashing great race horses—it means such a glorious lot of work."

She was glowing like a flower. Prosper, watching her mount and ride off, marveled at the difference between this bright, happy girl and her whom, only the day before, he had found weeping in the stables at Druid's Hollow.

It had been his lot, in the course of his great study of humanity, to contrive many such transfigurations, and it was a hobby of which he never tired, and which never failed to bring the same old thrill. It had been for this that he had given up the big-game hunting which once had been his favorite pursuit. To an intimate friend who had wondered openly about this he had observed that he had stood and seen the light fade from the eyes of many a beautiful wild thing which he had shot; and that he had also stood and watched the light of new hope and happiness dawn in the eyes of those whom he had been able to help, and that of the two spectacles, quaintly enough, he preferred the latter.

"But then I'm eccentric," he would explain.

He turned from looking after Mrs. Oxton to see that Mrs. Merlehurst and Marjorie were scrutinizing him with wide and rather anxious eyes.

"But—what is it?" he asked.

"You look so ill; you are so pale. Please, haven't you looked at yourself in the mirror yet this morning?" said the girl naïvely. "Has something happened to you?"

Prosper laughed reassuringly.

"Yes, something has happened to me," he said. "I have had a slight accident—nothing dreadful—but sufficient to embolden me to seek a good Samaritan. I have come to beg a night's shelter."

It was not necessary to say any more. Mrs. Merlehurst was poor, but she had not unlearned the art of hospitality.

Then Prosper turned to ex-Sergeant Major Cass. It was instantly apparent that this hard-bitten wayfarer had offered himself the position of orderly to Mr. Fair and had accepted the same. He stepped to the gate, with a smart, semimilitary, semicivilian salute.

"I attended to the other matter, sir," he stated crisply. "And the police have it in hand. I went to the post office. There was no mail, but this telegram was waiting for you"—he handed it—"and, as instructed, waited for you here."

He hesitated just the fraction of a second, a curious expression on his face and in his eyes. Prosper, caught by it, thought he could see in it a curious blend of wistfulness, touched with a hint of defiance, and yet not without a suggestion of lurking humor.

"Should like to report that I'm now off the—wet canteen," he said. His eyes twinkled. "I've fought John Barleycorn these twenty years, Mr. Fair, and I've put up a bit of a fight. But I decided to—let somebody else carry on the good work. I can't stay the course with him, so I'm dodging him. To tell you the truth, it put the wind up, seeing the major's finish that way down by the lake. So—do you want to buy an old soldier cheap, sir? You know, you ought to have an orderly down at the camp if you're ever going to have time to get on with your painting. I'll work for you for my rations and a trifle over for baccy."

He was standing very straight and square, perhaps badly damaged by life, sadly ravaged by indiscretion, deeply corroded by hard years, but still a fair figure of a man. He watched Prosper earnestly, his lips nervous.

But he had drifted to the right man. Prosper nodded, as all his life he had been accustomed to nod to lame dogs fretting at difficult stiles. His clear eyes caught up the uncertain gaze of the ex-sergeant major and for a moment held it hard.

"Very well, it's a bargain," he said quietly.

An extraordinary change came over Mr. Cass. "I'll see that you never regret it, sir," he said urgently.

"Good! You'd better take over the camp; but move it from where it is now to some place near here. Any good spot well away from Kern. I shall be sleeping here for a few nights." He handed some money. "This will carry you on."

"Very good, sir. I'll report back here when I've moved camp."

He saluted, turned and headed away. Once around the corner, he marked the occasion of his return to a steady job not uncharacteristically. He unslung the battered guitar, surveyed it a second with sheer distaste; then, carefully dropping it onto his rising boot, kicked it clean over the hedge into an adjoining field.

"Dis-miss, the one-man band!" he said in a voice of sheer triumph, and so headed for the camp.

Prosper turned from the gate to meet the eyes of Marjorie May, who, with an armful of the roses she had been gathering while Prosper talked with his new retainer, seemed to be waiting for him.

"I think that is the man who was singing in the roadway last night," she said. "He looked so pleased, so I suppose he is another one whom you have befriended. You are always befriending people." She smiled gravely at him. "So I have picked the very best of all the roses for your room."

Her perfect face clouded a little as she surveyed him.

"But you look so tired and quite ill," she went on. "I know that you should be resting. Won't you come in now?"

She flushed a little, her gaze fast on his sunken eyes and drawn cheeks, as he moved from the gate.

"Why, you can hardly walk! Oh, lean on me! I am very strong."

And that being so, naturally Prosper rested one arm around her shoulders—very lightly, for she was so slim and graceful that one would hardly care to risk crushing her, so to express it, and together, with the scent of the roses all about, they went slowly up to the house.

He had quite forgotten to open the telegram. There was something about Marjorie May which seemed, oddly enough, a trifle unsettling. When, presently, very comfortably settled in a deck chair on the veranda, he remembered it and took it from his pocket he found it was from Dale, who evidently was still busy picking up scraps of any information which he conceived likely to be of use to Prosper. It ran:

> Niobe Swayne married a racing man Larry Calhoun and went abroad with him some years ago.
> DALE.

Prosper noted that and put the telegram in his pocket.

A spoon tinkled at his shoulder.

"Please, will you try to take this beef tea, Mr. Fair? I have just made it for you."

Certainly Marjorie May was taking no risks with her patient. Prosper was far from being a beef-tea fiend, and, though decidedly if temporarily groggy, was hardly in the beef-tea stage of illness. But what could he do about it?

He devoured it, as men do, and his way with beef tea was greatly admired—by Marjorie May.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Your Teeth *are not safe unless your mouth glands work properly*

This tooth paste does more than clean—*it stimulates the mouth glands to protect your teeth*

INSTEAD of being washed all day by the cleansing fluids of the mouth—today our teeth are constantly immersed in an acid bath.

The mouth glands which nature intended to counteract these acids do not work properly. Our present soft diet does not give them the exercise which hard, tough foods did.

By gently stimulating the salivary glands, you can make the natural processes of the mouth counteract these acids and the teeth will be kept clean and safe all of the time.

Sound white teeth are important to your appearance and they directly affect your health. Pebeco leaves your whole mouth tingling with cleanliness and health—stimulating the natural cleansing process to keep your teeth sound and white.

Your mouth healthy, your teeth safe

Pebeco has a stimulating effect on the salivary glands. It makes them work in a normal, healthy fashion.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow more freely. They wash all through the mouth, neutralizing the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition—your gums, your palate, the entire oral cavity.

Thousands are finding *if they keep their mouths healthy with Pebeco, they keep their teeth clean.*

Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'. *Canadian Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

Send Coupon for free Generous Tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. E-13
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Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name

Address

Free Offer

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

For the foot that is hard to fit there are Florsheim combination lasts that hug the heel, fit snug at the arch and won't gap at the ankle.

COMBINATION NO. 12—STYLE 20-152
MOST STYLES $10
Booklet, "Styles of the Times" on Request

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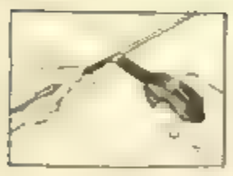
Manufacturers — CHICAGO



Good Electricians prefer Dutch Brand

Write for Booklet "A Hundred Uses"

"Here's tape that stays stuck"

Cyclists choose DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape because it positively stops tire leaks, and sticks through sand and water. It's stronger—can be wrapped tighter—keeps fresh indefinitely—won't ravel at the edges.

These qualities also make it ideal for use around the house or car. Electricians recommend it for superior insulating qualities. Insist upon DUTCH BRAND.

In handy orange and blue cartons with checker border at leading bicycle dealers, auto equipment, hardware, electrical and general stores everywhere. Four sizes—5, 10, 20, 35c

VAN CLEEF BROS., Mfrs.
Established 1910
Woodlawn Avenue, 77th to 78th Streets CHICAGO

DUTCH BRAND
FRICTION TAPE

Dutch Brand Orange Rim Shellac
Compound binds cycle tires to rims and [illegible] to handle bars. They'll stick tight. 3 ounce bottle with handy swab, 20c.

TEAPOT DOMES OF THE PAST

(Continued from Page 23)

as making him a present of $242 on each share which he held.

McComb introduced in evidence two letters from Ames to himself, both dated January, 1868. In one of them Ames said, regarding Crédit Mobilier stock: "You say I must not put too much in one locality. . . . I have three to place which I shall put where they will do us the most good. I am here on the spot and can better judge where they should go. I think after this dividend is paid we should increase our capital to $4,000,000 and distribute stock where it will protect us. Let them have the stock at par, and profits made in the future." In the other letter Ames remarks: "I have used this where it will produce most good to us, I think."

On the back of this letter was a list of names, or initials, written in lead pencil, and opposite each an amount—3000 in four cases and 2000 in the others. This pencil memorandum was in McComb's handwriting, but he testified that the names and amounts had been furnished him by Ames. The list footed up 30,000 shares. If there was a bribe of $242 with each share, the loot came to $7,260,000 and fairly justified the Sun's adjective "colossal."

Yet for some three months after the Sun made this unequivocal charge of bribery—nine columns of it under big headlines, with names, dates and amounts—nothing in particular happened. To understand that, we must recall the background.

Grant was inaugurated as President in March, 1869. In the following September, Jay Gould and Jim Fisk undertook to corner gold. The country's currency still consisted of irredeemable paper money. Gold, dealt in as a commodity, was the subject of lively speculation, much like the recent speculation in foreign exchange. The West was harvesting a good wheat crop, the market value of which would be largely governed by the export price. Exported wheat, of course, was sold for gold or its equivalent. Gould argued that a high price for gold meant a high price for wheat and a rapid movement of the crop to market with large exports. Grant was persuaded of the soundness of this view. His brother-in-law, A. R. Corbin, sustained friendly relations with Gould and took some part in the gold speculation.

Black Friday

Fisk, for a time, was dubious of this bull movement in gold. The Treasury at Washington held anywhere from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 of the metal. Fisk said that if they put up the price the Government would unload on them and break their backs. Gould replied there was no danger of that, for Corbin, Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell and the President were committed to his view of the desirability of a high price for gold. At the beginning of September gold sold at 132. By the twenty-third Gould had bought $50,000,000 and put up the price to 144. Meanwhile a great many people were short of gold.

The twenty-third was Thursday, and the next day was that Black Friday which remains one of the most lurid dates in Wall Street annals. Fisk, "in his shirt sleeves," ordered his brokers to buy all the gold offered at 150, then at 160, and declared that he would put the price to 200, while the Stock Exchange passed from one convulsion into another. A mob of brokers finally chased Gould and Fisk to their "Castle of Erie" where armed retainers—called thugs by the press—protected them.

Meanwhile at Washington the Secretary of the Treasury was conferring with the President over these portentous happenings in New York, and soon after eleven o'clock the Government began selling gold. As soon as this action was known the price fell to 135. One of the strangest features of this performance is that Gould appears to have sold most of his gold while the selling was good, leaving Fisk to hold the bag, and Fisk repudiated a part of his purchases; yet Fisk and Gould remained partners and friends—embracing each other, so to speak, over the financial graves of a long list of ruined brokers.

There is no doubt that Grant was honestly convinced of the desirability of holding up the price of gold, and that he was disturbed by his brother-in-law's share in the speculation. At his protest, in fact, Corbin withdrew from it. When it appeared that Fisk and Gould had cornered the metal he broke the corner by selling Treasury gold. But the Government's action had been disastrous to bulls and bears alike. The affair gave the Democrats a handle which they were not indisposed to use.

The South was still under carpetbag rule, with negro legislatures manipulated by Northern politicians and supported by Northern bayonets. The country's temperature was declining from war fever slowly. People took their politics more passionately than they do now. It was a time of violent statements.

Grant was nominated for a second term in June, 1872. Greeley was nominated by a new third party, called the Liberal Republicans, and indorsed by the Democratic convention. The Sun espoused Greeley's cause. It was in the habit of referring to the official crowd at Washington as "Grant's swindlers and jobbers." One of its pet names for the hero of Appomattox was "The Bull Pup candidate." A front-page heading reads: "Brains versus Bull Pups. Uncle Horace on the Road to the White House." It referred to "Robeson, the jolly and dishonest Secretary of the Navy."

H. M. Stanley Attacked

Fifty years ago newspapers were usually shouting themselves purple in the face and shaking their fists. They thought that was the only way to be convincing. For example, the Sun always printed the name of one of its competitors, in italics, as The Disreputable Times. Another competitor had sent an extraordinary reporter, named Henry M. Stanley, to Africa to find the lost missionary and explorer, Doctor Livingstone. In the midst of the Grant-Greeley campaign the Sun turns aside to inquire, "Is the alleged discovery of Livingstone by Henry M. Stanley anything but a disgusting fraud?"

And a few days later it announces, in equally conspicuous headlines, "Stanley Proved a Fraud!"—the proof consisting of somebody's statement.

I quote from the Sun because that paper published the Crédit Mobilier charges, but the quotations must be taken as illustrative of journalistic methods and manners generally. The Sun then consisted invariably of four pages, one of which was devoted to advertising. Of the remaining twenty-one columns of reading matter somewhere from a fourth to a third were regularly devoted to the presidential campaign, with daily indictments of Grant and his party associates expressed in terms that would cause a sensation in these milder times.

All that must be taken into account in order to understand why this circumstantial accusation of huge bribery at Washington provoked at first such comparatively slight reactions. Another thing must be taken into account. Long before this exposure in print many people knew about Crédit Mobilier's internal row and lawsuit. In fact, McComb gave his testimony in Philadelphia, embodying the story of congressional bribery in detail, with the Ames letters and the pencil list of congressional stockholders, on June 12 and 13, 1871—nearly fifteen months before the Sun, or anybody else, printed it; and the substance at least of McComb's testimony was in the hands of the Sun for "some months" before it published a line about it.

It came out finally in the heat of a violent presidential campaign, and, so far as I find, not one of the accused men made any immediate reply. Several days afterwards H. L. Dawes wrote a very brief note to a country editor, thanking him for denouncing the false charges of the Sun. "Neither Oakes Ames, nor any other man living or dead," said the note, "ever gave me, directly or indirectly, a penny of stock of the Crédit Mobilier or any other corporation in this world."

But the charge was not that stock had been given. The charge was that stock worth more than $300 a share had been sold at $100 a share—and the purchaser in some cases permitted to pay for the stock out of the dividends received upon it. So the Sun called this no denial at all. In fact, it said in large type, "How They Lie About It!" For, following the first broadside, Dana's paper repeated the charge day after day,

(Continued on Page 105)

"Good to the Last Drop"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

is served on the French Line Steamship De La Salle, sailing from Houston, Texas, to Plymouth, England, carrying the Houston Delegation to the London Convention of the A. A. C. of W.

ON land, in the air, or at sea, the flavor of Maxwell House Coffee is unmistakable. The fragrant aroma promises delicious goodness even before you taste it—and then, the cup redeems our oft-repeated promise—"Good to the Last Drop."

Long years of knowing how, almost endless searching for the finest coffees, meticulous cleaning, skilled roasting and masterful blending have resulted in the creation of a new, delightful coffee-taste!

You can assure yourself of the *finest coffee that money can buy* if you specify "Maxwell House." Buy it from your grocer in the famous blue tins—convenient to open and use.

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.
NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK

TRUTH

"On to Houston in 1925"

The Houston delegation to the London Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, sailing on the *De La Salle*, is going to make London ring with their battle cry "On to Houston in 1925!" as a part of their campaign to win next year's convention for Houston.

To the *De La Salle*, on this memorable occasion, goes the honor of being the first full booked passenger ship to leave Port Houston!

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

for TOWN & COUNTRY

Johnston's *for* Town & Country

A new assortment, specially selected for Summer, at a dollar the box. Other Johnston's packages are: The Choice Box, R.S.V.P., Twenty-Odd, the Quintette Box and the new Cameo Box, all at a dollar-fifty the box.

Now—

A new box of candy *for Summer*

—by Johnston's

THERE has never been a box of candy before especially for Summer. So Johnston's has made one. It is called the Town & Country Box. Ask for it at your dealer's.

Johnston's *for* Town & Country is unique as well as new. In it are candy delights from the favourite Johnston's boxes, and many new pieces . . . special pieces you have never tasted before.

For Summer motor trips, for weekends, for *thank-you* presents—Johnston's *for* Town & Country. Be first to send it—a gift which one will appreciate for its originality.

You will find an authorized agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

ROBERT A JOHNSTON COMPANY MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 102)

printing the list of congressional stockholders, with 2000 or 3000 shares opposite each name.

A few days after Dawes' note "The Disreputable Times" remarked, "Dana of the Sun had invented some cock-and-bull story about Mr. Dawes, Speaker Blaine, Senator Wilson, and other gentlemen of the highest character having been bribed to support the Crédit Mobilier project by free gifts of stock." Dana reprints this and begins his comment upon it by exclaiming, "What round lying is this of the debauched and brutal cockney who now edits the Times!" If a newspaper didn't like you in those days it said so in language that anybody could understand.

On the nineteenth, two weeks after the first publication, Oakes Ames issued a short statement to his Massachusetts constituents. The nub of it was this: "Not a single share of that stock was ever given to a member of Congress by me or anyone else." Dana printed this statement on the front page, under the following headlines:

OAKES AMES CONFESSES

A DENIAL THAT AMOUNTS TO AN ADMISSION OF GUILT!

Bear in mind, please, that these were the grand old days of fearless, independent journalism, before the press had become "commercialized"—the days of Greeley, Dana, Medill, Bowles, and so on, to which critics of modern journalism look back as to a vanished golden age. Newspapers, they tell us, were real leaders of public opinion then. In fact, besides being as a rule hidebound party organs, newspapers were generally given to a violence and recklessness that largely defeated itself. Here was one of the foremost papers of the time repeating circumstantial charges of bribery on a huge scale, but for a long time the accused men were able practically to wave aside the charges as mere partisan abuse.

Not only did Grant win at the polls, with an overwhelming majority in the electoral college, but the Republicans carried two-thirds of the seats in the House of Representatives, and every man on Dana's list who stood for reëlection was sent back to Congress by his constituents.

Charges Against James A. Garfield

All the same, this Crédit Mobilier story had been told with such detail of names, dates and amounts, and had been so widely circulated, that Republican leaders felt something had to be done about it. When Congress met in December following the election, Blaine, then Speaker of the House, called Sunset Cox to the chair, took the floor and moved the appointment of a committee to investigate. The motion passed without an opposing vote. L. P. Poland, of Vermont, was named chairman, and proved to be a good investigator. Another committee was appointed to find out how the builders of the Union Pacific had fulfilled their contract with the Government and what profits they had made. The Senate also appointed a committee, since some members of that body were involved. I believe there is no doubt among competent historians nowadays that these committees, especially the Poland committee, got the essential facts.

In December, 1867, then, 343 shares of Crédit Mobilier stock were turned over to Oakes Ames, as trustee, with the understanding that he was to sell them "where they will do us the most good." A part of this stock—but apparently only a part—was sold by Ames, in lots of ten and twenty shares each, to members of Congress, at par. In a few cases the buyers paid Ames in cash for the stock. The more usual arrangement was that Ames sold the stock on credit, charging the purchaser interest on the purchase price and crediting him with the dividends received. In such cases Ames retained ownership and possession of the stock.

This distribution of Crédit Mobilier stock was made generally in December, 1867, before any dividend had been paid on the shares; no doubt before Ames himself knew exactly what the dividends would be. All witnesses swore that he did not say how profitable the stock would be, but merely said, in effect, "Here's some stock that will be a very good investment for you." Take a few typical cases:

Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, bought ten shares and paid $800 down. In June following Crédit Mobilier declared a 60 per cent cash dividend. Out of that Ames deducted the $200 still due on the stock, handing over the remaining $400 to Dawes. Later in 1868 Dawes decided to withdraw from the enterprise. Ames took the stock off his hands and paid back the amount he had received on it with 10 per cent interest.

W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, bought ten shares but paid nothing down. In January, 1868, Crédit Mobilier paid a dividend of 80 per cent in Union Pacific bonds. Ames sold Kelley's allotment of these bonds at 97. In June, 1868, there was a cash dividend of 60 per cent. After crediting Kelley with these two dividends and charging him with the price of the stock and interest, Ames owed his fellow congressman $329, and gave his check on the sergeant at arms to pay it. Kelley, of course, then owned the ten shares of Crédit Mobilier stock. In September, 1868, Ames made him an advance of $750 against future dividends.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was charged with ten shares, paying nothing down. Ames credited him with the two dividends mentioned above in Kelley's case, and gave him a check on the sergeant at arms for the balance of $329. Garfield withdrew from the enterprise and never received any actual stock—or anything else except Ames' check for $329.

Canceled Subscriptions

Oakes Ames was a rich, successful man of affairs whose advice on business matters would presumably carry great weight with poor and inexperienced fellow members. The record shows that some such members had sought his advice on their personal affairs in cases where there was no suggestion of corruption. Also, when this stock was distributed, the Union Pacific road had been completed. Its builders were asking no further legislation of any sort from Congress.

Ames and his friend leaned heavily on both these points. But there were two other points on which they did not lean: The Union Pacific was built. It wanted no further legislation. But it was pretty generally understood that the builders—after receiving a loan of $27,000,000 from the Government and a vast grant of public land—had made a big profit out of the undertaking. As usual, rumor greatly exaggerated the profit. In December, 1867, the month when most of this stock was distributed, Congressman Washburn, of Wisconsin, introduced a bill giving the Government power to regulate freight and passenger rates on the road. And Congressman Washburne, of Illinois, was stirring around for an investigation of the profits accruing from the construction of Union Pacific. Ames and his friends decidedly didn't want government regulation of rates. They didn't want an investigation. They wanted to be let alone.

And sometime in 1868 it became known to many people that Crédit Mobilier stockholders were involved in the family row and lawsuit mentioned above. Some congressmen acknowledged that in canceling their subscriptions to Crédit Mobilier stock they were actuated by knowledge of this very lawsuit which, finally, was the means of spilling the beans.

In January Ames wrote: "I don't fear any investigation here. . . . I have used this stock where it will produce most good to us. . . . In view of Washburne's move I go in for making our bond dividend in full." And again, in urging that a dividend in Union Pacific bonds be declared at an early date: "Part of the purchasers here are poor and want their bonds to enable them to meet the payments on their Crédit Mobilier stock." And in February: "I want that $14,000 increase in C. M. stock to sell here. We want more friends in Congress. If a man will look into the law (and it is difficult to get them to do it unless they have an interest to do so) he cannot help being convinced we should not be interfered with."

The Union Pacific was finished. It wanted no further favors from Congress; but it did want to be let alone. This Crédit Mobilier stock was distributed among members who, on their record, were friendly to the Union Pacific enterprise. Ames had been a member of the House several years and was well acquainted with his fellow members. He knew how difficult it was to get them to look into anything unless they had some political or personal motive for doing it. An agitation for investigation of Union Pacific, or for rate

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For all the Family

Every man who knows the value of good appearance will appreciate instantly the silken trimness of style "Prince." The remarkable wearing qualities of this fine silk sock would make it economical even if the price were not surprisingly low. It offers a wide range of colors. Ask for "Prince" by name.

RICHMOND HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Established 1896
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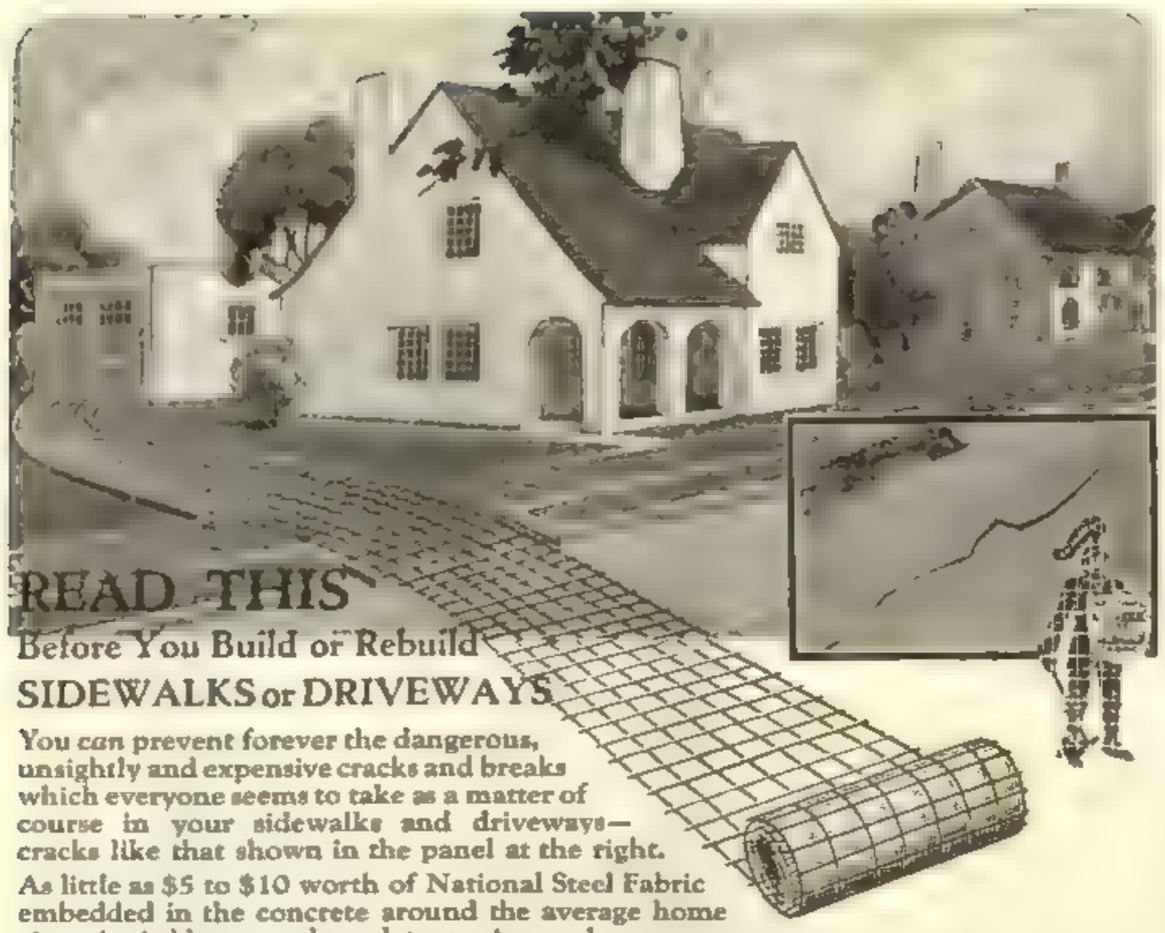

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You *can* prevent forever the dangerous, unsightly and expensive cracks and breaks which everyone seems to take as a matter of course in your sidewalks and driveways—cracks like that shown in the panel at the right.

As little as $5 to $10 worth of National Steel Fabric embedded in the concrete around the average home gives *invisible strength and protection* and assures permanent, crack-free construction.

When laying new sidewalks and driveways, or when rebuilding those that have failed, just tell your contractor, architect or engineer to use National Steel Fabric Style CC-1010 for sidewalks and Style CC-66 for driveways—he will do the rest. And you will have a permanent, *reinforced* concrete job that will not crack or break.

Dealers: Write for our dealer proposition, catalog, and samples.

National Steel Fabric is a mesh (or net work) of cold drawn electrically welded steel wires, which develops a tensile strength of 60,000 to 85,000 pounds per square inch of steel. There is a Style for every purpose—from the special, light, paper backed Style P-214 for reinforcing stucco walls and plaster ceilings and walls, to the very heavy rod mat fabric for reinforcing concrete roads and streets.

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Use National Steel Fabric for Invisible Strength

Protect Your Child from Every Germ-Source

YOUR milkman exerts every care to protect your milk all the way from the cow to your doorstep. If you will only be as careful as he is, you can keep every bottle uncontaminated until used up.

But if you open bottles with a tarnished fork, or the ice-pick, or even your thumb, you open a doorway for germs; and in they will swarm. And after you have crumpled or punctured a milk bottle cap, you never can replace it tightly—the partly-used bottle of milk is constantly in danger of contamination.

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control, might develop a good deal of popular interest. Ames wanted to cement these men's friendliness to the road by letting them buy at par stock that would be worth $300 a share—but only ten or twenty shares to each man. He didn't overrate his fellow members.

Naturally this investigation aroused much public excitement. Before the committee some congressmen at once stated their connection with the affair. In every such case, I believe, the man was forgiven by his constituents and escaped unscathed. Some others tried to shuffle out of it, and suffered the consequences. As the hearing went on Oakes Ames had reason to feel that in some cases he was being made the goat, and produced a famous memorandum book in which he had recorded sales of Crédit Mobilier stock to congressmen, the amounts they had paid on the stock, dividends received, and so on.

Perhaps the most tragic figure in the affair was Schuyler Colfax, one of the most popular and promising men in political life at that time. He had been a brilliant young editor in Indiana, and had taken a leading part in organizing the new Republican Party in that state. Sent to Congress in 1855, he remained fourteen years, the last six as Speaker of the House. In 1868 his position in his party and before the country was such that when he accepted second place on the Republican ticket it was considered something of a sacrifice on his part, although the ticket was headed by the conqueror of the Civil War. When Horace Greeley died, before the Crédit Mobilier investigation, he was offered the editorship of the New York Tribune—Colfax not having been renamed for the vice presidency. A great many people expected to see him in the White House. Oakes Ames' memorandum book showed twenty shares of Crédit Mobilier sold to Colfax.

Before the investigating committee Colfax read a statement beginning:

"I never received a dollar or the value of a dollar on any account whatever from Oakes Ames. . . . I state explicitly that no one ever gave me or offered to give me any shares of stock of Crédit Mobilier or Union Pacific. I have never received any dividends in cash, bonds or stock on any stock in either organization."

A Ruined Career

He explained, however, that Ames did offer him twenty shares of Crédit Mobilier stock, recommending it as a good investment. He consented to buy it, if Ames would carry him for a while, as he had no cash to pay at the time. Ames agreed. Subsequently he paid Ames $500 on account. Then he learned about the Crédit Mobilier litigation, and told Ames that under no circumstances would he buy a share in a lawsuit; he had never been a party to a lawsuit in his life, and didn't propose ever to be; he would have nothing further to do with Crédit Mobilier. He said that Ames did not return the $500. Next year or so Ames Brothers suspended payment. The witness felt sorry for his friend in this financial misfortune and told him to dismiss from his mind the $500 which he had paid on the stock. So, as a net result of the transaction, the witness was out of pocket that $500.

Now in 1870 Ames Brothers were forced to suspend payment for a while, having overstrained their credit in carrying out the Union Pacific project. Colfax's testimony was given in January, 1873. Ames evidently resented the statement that he had pocketed his colleague's $500 all this while. His memorandum book showed that he paid Colfax $1200 as a dividend on Crédit Mobilier stock on June 16, 1868; and he produced a canceled check of that date, for that sum, drawn by himself on the sergeant at arms, payable to "S. C. or bearer." He swore that was the check with which he had made the payment to Schuyler Colfax. Colfax swore he had received no such payment; but when they got hold of his bank book it showed a cash deposit directly afterward of which he was unable to give a very convincing explanation, although he tried hard.

This—and the rest of the proceedings—may be found in full in House Report No. 77, Forty-second Congress, Third Session. It makes pathetic reading now. It closed Schuyler Colfax's public career—another financial indiscretion that came up at the same time driving the nails in the coffin. Before the presidential campaign was over he had made a disingenuous denial of the Sun's charge against him. The historian's judgment is that when the investigation came up he felt bound to save his face by sticking to this denial, and probably got panic-stricken and hopelessly tangled himself up.

I think there is no doubt now that if he had met the charge in the first place with a frank statement of his part in the affair he would have got off with hardly a scratch, as some other men did. What ruined him was not a belief that he'd had the poor taste to buy twenty shares of Crédit Mobilier stock from Ames at par, but a belief that he did not tell the truth about it.

Garfield, as previously mentioned, was charged with ten shares. Ames paid him $329, and he withdrew from the affair. Ames understood that this $329 was the balance of Garfield's dividends, after charging him with the price of the stock and interest. The balance at that time would come to just $329. The money was paid as usual by Ames' check on the sergeant at arms; but Garfield testified that he understood it to be a loan from Ames, and denied that he had ever knowingly received a payment on account of Crédit Mobilier stock.

The House in Merciful Mood

The affair figured largely in his campaign for reëlection in 1874. He insisted upon his version of it, and his opponents, of course, made the most of the opposite view. His constituents returned him to Congress, although that was decidedly an off year for Republicans. They continued to express confidence in him, and in 1880 he was elected President of the United States.

The case of William B. Allison, of Iowa, was similar. He was down on Ames' list for ten shares, but said that on second thought he withdrew from the affair, and for many years afterward—indeed to the end of his life, in 1908—he represented Iowa in the Senate. Blaine denied that he had taken any Crédit Mobilier stock, and there was no evidence to the contrary.

Thus on strict investigation the Sun's 30,000 shares dwindled to rather less than one per cent of that amount. Before the investigating committee McComb explained that the numerals on his penciled list meant dollars and not shares—that is, 2000 after a man's name or initials meant that he was to receive twenty shares at the par value of $100 each, and not 2000 shares.

Even Colfax, the most conspicuous victim, received only $1200. The sums charged against most of the others were pitifully small. Yet a dozen or more of the most influential members of Congress had let Ames sell them at par—and usually on credit, to be paid for out of dividends—stock that was worth decidedly more than par. The public was shocked, for this country holds its public servants to a stricter code in such matters than any other country in the world.

The committee held that none of Ames' stockholders had been guilty of a criminal intention; but that Ames had intended to influence the official action of his fellow members. It recommended, therefore, that he be expelled from the House. Another man, not on Ames' list and quite forgotten now as far as the general public is concerned, came within the scope of the investigation. This was Congressman Brooks, whom President Grant had made one of the government directors of the Union Pacific. The evidence satisfied the committee that, after his appointment, he had asked Durant, vice president of the road, to get him 200 shares of Crédit Mobilier at par. Durant had not been able—or willing—to do this, but finally had sold Brooks 100 shares at par and gave him a bonus of $5000 of Union Pacific bonds and $2000 of the road's stock. The law forbade a government director to hold stock, so Brooks had the shares transferred to his son-in-law. The committee recommended that he, too, be expelled from the House.

The House softened the penalty to a vote of censure, which was passed February 27, 1873. Brooks died April thirtieth, following, and Ames on May eighth.

There seems to be no doubt that anxiety and humiliation contributed to the death of both men.

Certainly to Oakes Ames, more than to any other individual, the building of the Union Pacific is due. It once brought him to the verge of financial ruin. After his death it appeared that his profits on the undertaking from first to last amounted to less than $1,000,000. Undoubtedly he

(Continued on Page 109)

"Give me a ticket to . . . !"

A trusted employee . . . Little peculations . . . Years of false entries . . . A deadened fear of discovery.

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(Continued from Page 106)

wouldn't have gone into it unless he had expected to make a profit. Undoubtedly, too, he regarded the building of the Union Pacific as an important service to the nation. Given an optimistic, energetic man of affairs like Ames, anybody with a human imagination can see how it all could have happened without any villainous intention.

Having got the Crédit Mobilier affair off its hands Congress almost immediately passed a bill retroactively increasing congressional salaries. The salary grab, and the back-pay grab, it was termed in the opposition press. Calling it a day's work the national legislature then adjourned, and before it met again something happened of more immediate importance to the political fortunes of the Republican Party than this Crédit Mobilier scandal. That is, on September 18, 1873, Jay Cooke & Co. failed. They were building the Northern Pacific Railroad and engaged in vast credit operations.

That failure touched off one of the worst panics in the country's history, followed by one of our longest and hardest industrial depressions. Mainly it was an inevitable reaction from postwar boom and inflation; but if I were a political party, having regard merely to immediate results, I would rather be caught selling the National Capitol for a motion-picture theater than with a panic and industrial depression on my hands. A mangled and bewildered public blames it on the party in power.

The congressional elections next year, hard times continuing, were a Republican slaughter. In the old House they had two-thirds of the seats. In the new House the Democrats and independents had a majority of 74. Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts went Democratic on the state tickets. Of course Democrats said it was the death and burial of Republicanism—and it must be confessed that the Republican Party seemed to omit hardly anything which might hasten that consummation. The South, remember, was still partly under carpetbag rule, which in some cases meant ignorant negro legislatures manipulated by white scoundrels. So it was furnishing items like Louisiana's open market for legislative votes, and South Carolina's $200,000 spent for state-capitol furniture that was appraised at $17,715—one famous item being a set of china spittoons billed to the state at $1600.

The Whisky Ring

Benjamin H. Bristow had succeeded Richardson as Secretary of the Treasury, and presently discovered that in St. Louis and other Western cities the Government was not getting the internal revenue from distilled spirits which trade reports of production indicated that it was entitled to. His investigations disclosed a whisky ring that will figure in political literature for a long while to come. In brief, certain crooks in the internal-revenue service conspired with certain crooked distillers to beat the Government out of whisky taxes.

McDonald, supervisor of internal revenue at St. Louis, and a member of the ring, estimated that the Government was defrauded of $2,786,000 in whisky taxes at that city. If distillers were not crooked in the first place, crooked internal-revenue officials bent them into the desired moral shape by leading them into some technical violation of the law and then blackmailing them into joining the gang. The stealing was carried on in a very singular manner—that is, the distillers were permitted to swindle the Government out of taxes and were then "assessed" by the official thieves, ostensibly for the Republican Party's campaign fund.

The matter touched President Grant closely. McDonald's salary was $3000, but he presented Grant with an expensive pair of horses and paid the expenses of the President and party at a St. Louis hotel for ten days in 1874. Moreover, he was on intimate terms with Babcock, the President's private secretary, on one occasion presenting him with a diamond shirt stud costing $2400. Today, of course, almost anything would be believed of a man who wears a diamond shirt stud; but other days, other manners. Babcock discovered a flaw in the stone and complained about it, whereupon McDonald took it back and replaced it with a flawless one. After disclosure came, McDonald said that Babcock not only knew about the whisky ring but was a member of it and had received, at various times, $25,000 in cash from it.

When a letter implicating Babcock was shown to him Grant wrote on the back of it that famous sentence: "Let no guilty man escape." Without doubt that expressed his sentiment at the time.

The Democrats naturally pounced upon these whisky frauds with yells of gleeful vengeance. It wasn't difficult to persuade Grant that there was a lot of partisan politics in the affair. And he liked Babcock. He grew restive and irritated as the investigation proceeded. A grand jury at St. Louis indicted Babcock, and in due time the private secretary was put on trial. Then occurred an odd scene in the White House. Before Chief Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court, acting as a notary, the President of the United States gave a deposition in defense of his private secretary. It amounted to a certificate of good character for Babcock, with unshaken confidence in his "integrity and ability." This testimony from the war hero is believed to have had much weight with the jury, which acquitted the accused man. Upon acquittal Babcock resumed his post at the White House, but public opinion was by no means satisfied, and in the face of it the private secretary soon resigned.

Trading-Post Graft

And on March 2, 1876—right on the heels of this whisky-ring affair—the chairman of the House Committee on Expenditures in the War Department reported the discovery of malfeasance in office by General Belknap, the Secretary of War. Evidence collected by the committee was to the following effect:

By government license, trading posts were maintained in Indian Territory. Some of these posts were very profitable. Sometime in 1870 the wife of the Secretary of War suggested to one Marsh that he apply for a trading post, conveying at least a suggestion that she would not be averse to sharing in the profits of the establishment. Marsh did put in an application for the important and profitable post at Fort Sill. Later on he received word from Mrs. Belknap, or from the Secretary himself—the testimony being uncertain on that point—that Evans, the incumbent of the Fort Sill post, was then in Washington and that Marsh would better have a talk with him.

Marsh and Evans met and agreed that Evans should keep the Fort Sill post, and should pay Marsh $12,000 a year, quarterly in advance, as long as he held it. The first quarterly payment was made and Marsh turned over half of it to Mrs. Belknap. Soon after, the lady died. Evans continued making his quarterly payments to Marsh, and Marsh sent half the money, in cash or certificates of deposit, to Belknap. Altogether the payments amounted to $40,000.

Such was the gist of the evidence, and on the strength of it the committee recommended that Belknap be impeached. The House adopted this recommendation shortly after three o'clock. But Belknap had already got word of what was coming, and handed his resignation to President Grant, who immediately accepted it. Therefore when the House voted to impeach Belknap he was already out of office. The impeachment dragged along in the Senate, where many members argued that the body had no jurisdiction because the accused man was a private citizen, amenable only to the courts, when the proceedings started. A majority of two-thirds was necessary to convict. On the final ballot thirty-seven voted guilty and twenty-three not guilty, but a majority of the twenty-three explained that their vote was on the question of jurisdiction rather than on the intrinsic merits of the charges.

But the Republican troubles were not over. James G. Blaine was easily the most brilliant figure in that party. He had been Speaker of the House and was now House leader. He had been brought into the Crédit Mobilier scandal, but there was no evidence that he had received or agreed to receive any stock from Ames. In the spring of 1876 he was the outstanding candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, when a fresh charge was brought against him. It involves a very curious and interesting story.

Congress had voted a land grant to aid construction of the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railway. No building had been done and the grant was about to expire. A bill to extend it was before the House. It was the last night of the session. Blaine

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was Speaker. The Little Rock bill was up. A destructive amendment was offered. Blaine ruled out the amendment and saved the bill. It was snappy work in the last hours of an expiring Congress. Probably his ruling was correct.

At that time Blaine had no personal or financial interest in the road; but he acquired an interest some months later. As to the circumstances under which he acquired it and as to what followed, Blaine's statements by no means agree with some other statements; but by a preponderance of evidence it seems that the promoters had great difficulty in raising the capital for their project and Blaine undertook to sell some of the bonds to his friends up in Maine. The terms of subscription to insiders were $1000 in first-mortgage bonds, $1000 in land-grant bonds, $1000 in preferred stock, and $1000 in common stock, for each $1000 of money paid in. There is no explanation of why they overlooked some debentures, income bonds and second preferred stock in making up their gift package.

Blaine did sell his Maine friends $125,000 of first-mortgage bonds, and gave the purchasers as a bonus a like amount of preferred and of common stock; but the $125,000 of land-grant bonds, it appears, went to him as a commission for making the sale, and he also received as a commission on the sale $32,500 of first-mortgage bonds. Later on he got a cash commission of $15,000 for selling $43,900 of Little Rock and Fort Smith securities. Two Boston men named Caldwell and Fisher were taking a leading part in this enterprise, and one James Mulligan was associated with them.

How Blaine Made Good

The promoters were excessively liberal in handing out engraved papers, but their railroad was of very little account at that time. It soon defaulted in payment of interest on bonds. No doubt Blaine believed in the bonds when he sold them, for the purchasers were old friends in Maine whose political support was valuable to him, not to mention any other consideration. He borrowed funds and took up their defaulted bonds, thereby involving himself in a long and painful financial embarrassment.

Sometime in 1871 the Atlantic and Pacific Railway bought $100,000 of Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds, and a like amount of its stock, for $79,000; and in December, 1871, the Union Pacific Railroad bought $75,000 of Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds at $64,000. The bonds were then in default and this was much above the market price.

In the spring of 1876, when Blaine was the most prominent candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, it was charged that the Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds which Union Pacific had bought at much above their market value belonged to Blaine, the obvious inference being that Union Pacific was purchasing Blaine's political influence. The bonds bought by the Atlantic and Pacific were said, also, to have been Blaine's; but interest mainly centered in the Union Pacific transaction, for that road—having been partly financed by government bonds and the Government having its own directors on the board—it was a quasi-government enterprise. Also, at that time, it still smelled strongly of the Crédit Mobilier scandal.

Blaine promptly procured a statement by Thomas A. Scott, president of the Union Pacific, that the $75,000 of Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds which his road bought in 1871 belonged to him personally, and that Union Pacific took them off his hands at more than their market price by way of compensating him, over and above his salary, for his valuable services as president of the road. But that unequivocal statement by the president of the road by no means settled the matter. The Democrats, in control of the House and flushed with success, were overlooking no opportunity to gun for a shining Republican mark. They took Scott's statement and others of a corroborative sort with tongue in cheek.

The Judiciary Committee of the House started an investigation. Before this Blaine had fallen out with his Boston associate Fisher, and Fisher's confidential man, James Mulligan, appeared before the committee to testify. In the course of his examination he mentioned in a quite casual way that he had a bundle of Blaine's letters relating to this Little Rock and Fort Smith deal, whereupon Blaine whispered to a Republican member of the committee to move an adjournment. The Republican member did so, alleging that he was suddenly ill and unable to continue. When the affair next came up in the House, reference to this member's illness provoked ribald laughter.

The committee adjourned, however, and that evening Blaine called on Mulligan at the latter's hotel in Washington. When he left the hotel he had the letters. Mulligan testified that Blaine, eloquently mentioning his wife and children, begged permission to read these old letters, promising to hand them back but, having them in his possession, walked away with them. Mulligan also supported the contention that the $75,000 in bonds bought by the Union Pacific really belonged to Blaine.

The House committee demanded that Blaine produce the letters, but he asked time to consult counsel, and after considerable delay produced a statement by his counsel that they had read the letters and found them irrelevant to the subject under investigation. But the committee was not satisfied with that.

The Republican National Convention was to meet in Cincinnati on June fourteenth. Blaine was the leading candidate for the presidential nomination, but this row in the House over the Mulligan letters was doing his candidacy no good. On June fifth he rose to a question of personal privilege and made one of those dramatic speeches for which he was famous. The letters, he said, were his private property; but having resisted the committee's unwarranted attempt to trench upon his rights, he was perfectly willing that the public should know their contents. Thank God, he had nothing to conceal. "Here they are"—holding the bundle aloft—"in their very original package!" And he proceeded to read them, commenting as he went along.

His enemies said he didn't read them quite accurately, or quite all of them. When the investigation was impending he had wished Fisher to write him a letter explaining the Little Rock and Fort Smith affair, and had suggested what Fisher should say. At the bottom appeared the famous phrase, "Burn this letter." At one time Fisher wrote to him coldly, "Owing to your political position you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price." Again, early in the affair he had written Caldwell and Fisher expressing willingness to receive a "bedrock share" in the projected railroad.

A Dramatic Defense

Proctor Knott was chairman of the judiciary committee which did the investigating. Having read the Mulligan letters Blaine turned dramatically upon Knott and demanded to know whether he had not received a cablegram from Caldwell, then in Europe, corroborating Tom Scott's statement that the $75,000 of Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds bought by Union Pacific belonged to Scott and not to Blaine.

In fact, Knott had received such a cable on June first, and had kept it dark. Flabbergasted by Blaine's sudden attack, he shuffled around the point for some minutes. But Blaine was hot on the trail, and forced him to admit that he had received such a cable. At this admission Blaine's friends in the House burst forth with wild demonstrations which made the scene memorable, and many Republican newspapers next morning appeared to be under the impression that by convicting Proctor Knott of having suppressed the Caldwell cable, Blaine had triumphantly refuted the charge of having sold his bonds to the Union Pacific. All the same, the Republican National Convention nominated Hayes instead of Blaine. Though Tilden led Hayes in the popular vote by about 250,000, the Republican nominee was finally declared to be elected President.

Last winter and spring, while the senatorial investigations were going on, I read a good many impassioned statements to the effect that public confidence in our institutions and in the integrity of Government had been shaken to the foundations. Some senators said so, and some representatives and some editors and some orators. But some senators and representatives and editors are always shaking something or other to the foundations. It seemed worth while to turn back and see what had happened before.

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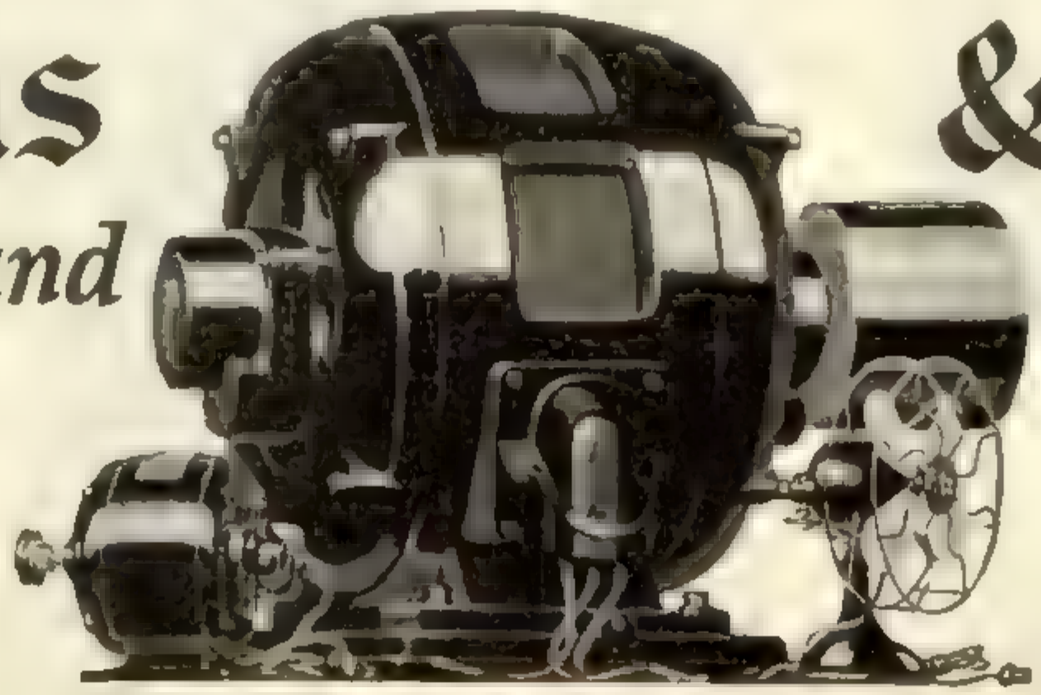

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THE SILVER CORNET BAND

(Continued from Page 11)

the Rochelle band graduated out of kidhood and we designed a coat of arms for the new bass-drum head, the "Rochelle" and "Band" were done in red-colored emblems, while between them gleamed the vivid picture of a cornet rampant. Everyone knew that meant "Rochelle Cornet Band." Why not? There were cornet bands in myriads of towns like Rochelle, and in towns of lesser degree.

Even in that awkward age for the rural American band, when there were twenty within twenty miles of Rochelle—the Sycamore Band, De Kalb Band, Kings Station Band, Monroe Center Band, Steward Band, Lee Band, Ashton Band, Franklin Grove Band, La Fayette Band, Oregon Band, and so on—they were all or nearly all silver cornet bands. Silver plating of brass band instruments was just coming into vogue. It was the era of the silver cornet band.

Then village bands began to slip. The props were kicked from under our band by the passing of the Rochelle Agricultural Fair. The fair grounds became a real estater's subdivision and the band lost its principal source of income. Other fairs were temporarily eclipsed by the motor-car craze. The torchlight processions of the national presidential campaign were abandoned about that time. That was a hard blow for all bands. For the political torchlight processions brought bands together in the home town, or in Dixon, Forreston and Rockford and other distant cities. Incidentally, they kept alive that delectable custom of serenading the successful local candidates for mayor and town council. Why, in one night of persistent serenading, our band once got as high as fifteen dollars cash and six boxes of cigars from the happy winners of the Rochelle political marathon! Then came the aforesaid slump.

And so for a while village banding was not so good. We of the Rochelle Cornet Band left the local musical field. The community bass drum and E-flat tuba rested dustily in the old town hall. Band uniforms, kept at home by the band boys, were lost. Some of the band boys stuck to the old-home town, clerking, farming or working at trades. Others of us scattered to foreign fields. Lloyd Ingraham, son of an actor, joined the Buchanan Comedy Company Band and Orchestra, playing six stage parts weekly and doubling in brass on the daily street parades. Will Gage Carey, still a poet, got a job as railroad mail clerk. Handsome Willis Calkins went on the road for a hardware house. I went windjamming with a circus band. The world wagged on. That was in the late 80's, about the time Warren Gamaliel Harding graduated from peck horn to helicon bass with the Marion Silver Cornet Band. Now witness what wonders time has wrought!

Wednesday Night in Rochelle

Should you happen into Rochelle, Illinois, almost any Wednesday night this summer you will find the Rochelle band discoursing effectively before enthusiastic thousands on Town Hall Square or in the new War Memorial Park. Band-concert night is a gala night. And our band is a symphonic band! The old title, cornet band, is *passé*. I doubt if there are a dozen cornet bands in America. They are now military, concert, symphonic or—in towns of the true interior where the biggest body of water is Buck Creek—marine bands. The latter title is reminiscent of the old Sousa Washington Marine Band. In proof of their marine character, these prairie-land or timber-town bands invariably play The Blue Danube or Over the Waves.

The Rochelle Symphonic Band of 1924 has thirty or more pieces, including flutes, piccolos, a saxophone quartet, a bevy of clarinets and a BB-flat bass or so. It also has the Baptist preacher doubling in saxophone and vocal solos, for we are becoming a singing as well as a playing nation. But what is more important, my old home-town band is no longer dependent for its existence upon the caprice of fortune as represented by two paid jobs each year or by the mendicant passing of the hat. The Rochelle Chamber of Commerce has seen to it that the annual city budget carries an item for the support of its band. The band has become a municipal institution. The weekly band concerts are attended by thousands of townsfolk and by other thousands of countryfolk, who come from miles around and chat in their motor cars or mingle chummily on the greensward. The Rochelle Symphonic Band is a going concern. So are thousands of other small-town bands.

The American small-town bands are gradually getting on a financially sound basis. For this let us give deserved thanks to Major George W. Landers, of Clarinda, Iowa. He put over the Iowa Band Tax Law, which permits any Iowa town or city of less than 40,000 inhabitants to tax itself for local band support. The tax is limited to two mills. Each town can vote this tax upon itself. Each of the 5000 citizens of Clarinda pays thirty-five cents a year for a long season of band concerts, held in its courthouse square during the warmer months and in the big armory when winter comes to Main Street. The band plays good stuff, too, with the soft pedal on the jazz.

The Iowa Band Tax Law has been on the statute books less than four years. Already 100 Iowa towns have elected to have such a regularly organized band supported by public taxation. A dozen other states have adopted the Iowa Band Tax Law or a variation thereof. Any town can discontinue this tax by popular vote. No town, so far, having voted this tax upon itself, has voted to discontinue it. Within a decade all the 10,000 small-town bands will become creditable permanent musical institutions. And the village band is the foundation—the beginner's school—of music in America.

Wind-Instrument Making

Perhaps some psychologist can tell us why a lusty youth bitterly resents an hour's sawing on a violin in the comfort of his study, but will cheerfully put his heart, soul, liver, and lights into an hour's practice with the other boys down in the band room. Perhaps the boy is intrigued by the prospect of a Main Street parade or concert in resplendent band uniform or is naturally gregarious. Or he may be the victim of inheritance. For from the days of Jericho and its trumpet-tumbled walls, the wind instruments have had the call in the juvenile mind on strictly stringed instruments.

Our musical standards have changed since the cornet was evolved from a conch shell, the trombone from a hollow thigh bone, the clarinet from a simple reed and the drum from the tom-tom. Of course, there are occasions when we think, mayhap, Shakspere was right when he used "noise" as a noun meaning a band of English musicians. But whether it be with the piccolo and flute, from which music is produced by blowing across an opening into a wooden tube, or pipe; the clarinets, oboes, bassoons and saxophones, from which music is produced by the vibration of a reed at the end of a wooden or metal pipe; or the cornets, altos, trombones, barytones and basses, from which music is produced by the vibration of the human lips at the end of a metal tube, the science of wind-instrument manufacture has kept step with the science of music and the skill of musicians.

Up to 1500 A.D. nearly all musical pipes were made of wood, hollowed out by boring through with a spit. Now complicated machinery in the hands of highly paid experts turns out tone-perfect wood wind instruments, while the tubes of the brass instruments are tapered and smoothed inside and out by patented processes, in one of which hydraulic pressure is the deciding factor. Incidentally, there are more than forty highly organized wind-instrument factories in the United States. Their total annual output hovers around the million mark, because the youth of the land goes in for band music first. The orchestra comes later—usually a lot later. Musical America got its start in the silver cornet band.

Many romances might be written around the silver cornet band. For instance, there is the romance of Hicksville, Ohio, and the Swilley House. Hicksville is on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad near the Indiana boundary. It has a population of about 2500—has had it quite a while. It is a regular rural community. The Swilley House is its hostelry. Mrs. Swilley, long its proprietor and manager, was the mother of the great American actress, Amelia Bingham. Amelia underwrote the Hicksville Boys' Band, while O. V. Hart, better known as Oz Hart, the jeweler, was the teacher.

Oz was a devotee of art as exemplified by band music. Sitting at his jeweler's Main Street window repairing a balky watch, Oz

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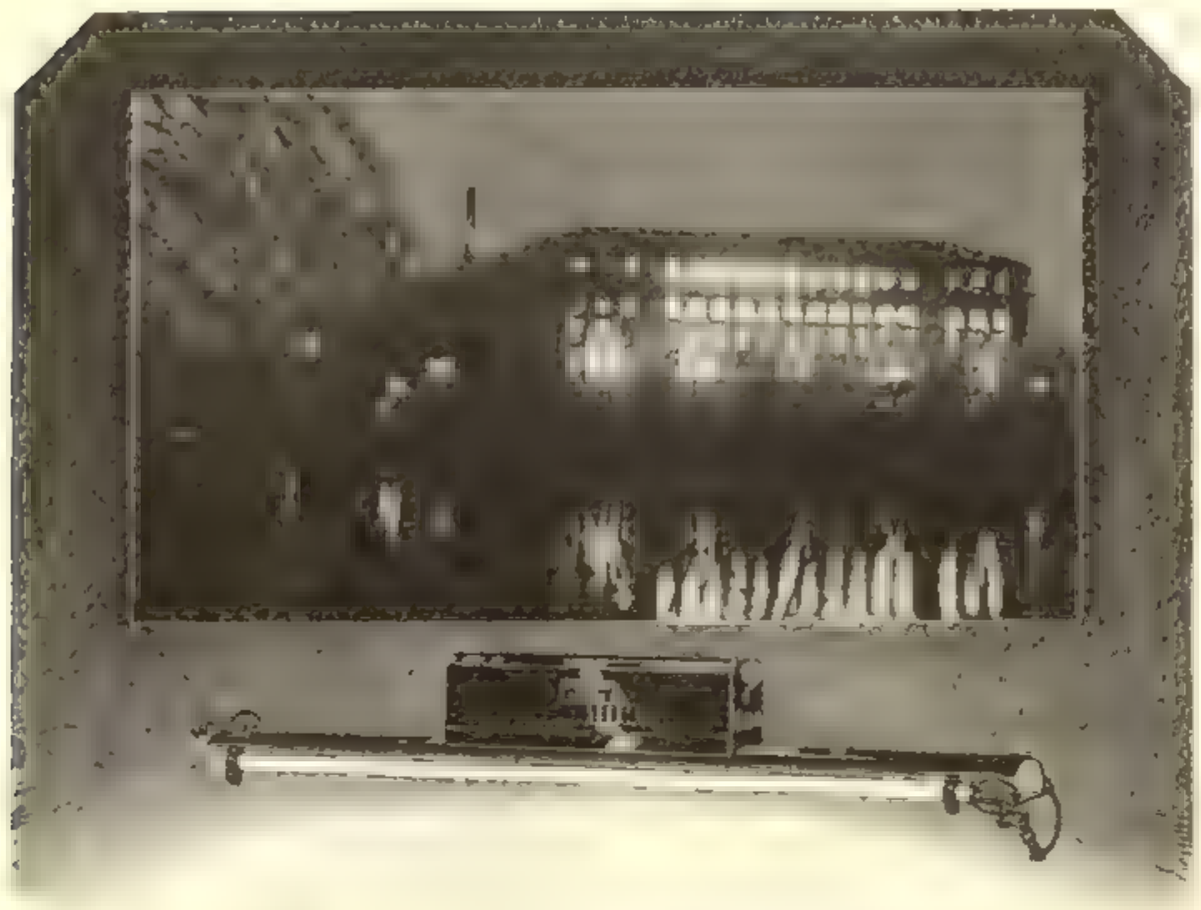

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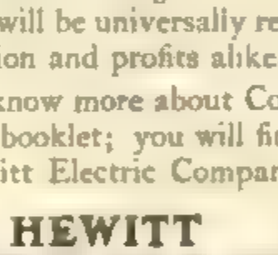

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would espy Hale Byers, now saxophonist with Paul Whiteman's orchestra, and Erk Greer, now one of New York's leading tuba players, idling the happy hours away; whereupon he would seize them or their kid companions and set them to practicing in the jewelry store's back room. He was a fiend on rehearsal, was Oz Hart. Hale Byers, who then played piccolo, sat directly under Oz Hart's baton and many a time had his skull whacked for nonattention or for slipping in a blue note. The Hicksville Boys' Band became the official Ohio state band and played in Columbus in bright red uniforms, each with a white heart embroidered on the left breast. Oh, halcyon days!

You should hear a bunch of Hoosier musicians, marooned in cramping New York, become sentimental about the old silver cornet bands of Indiana, especially about Fritz Schultess, the Swiss tuba player of the Garrett Band, whose boast was, "I can play the tune on the tuba and whistle the variations at the same time." Scoff not at this claim to superpower. Your Hoosier bandsman will cry you down. Or he will swiftly switch your attention to the tale of Bratcher Bradford De Marcus, whose saxophone now wails in excellent metropolitan circles, but who was known as Red back in Bloomington, Indiana. Red's father started him on the violin and the Carnival of Venice. After Red had played that tune six thousand times or so he deserted the violin for the alto and joined The Bloomington Silver Cornet Band. But when the Bloomington portable band stand was wheeled into action beneath the mainstem bright lights on a balmy spring night the swift flying June bugs mistook Red's topknot for some other flaming arc. They bombarded him and insisted on getting into his eyes when those eyes should have been on important quarter notes and demiquavers, so Red resigned, to court harmony in gay Manhattan.

There is the romance of Henry Waak, BB-flat bass player with the Vincent Lopez orchestra. When Henry was sixteen he walked into the office of the village soothsayer—who was also the shoemaker—of his native Aberdeen, South Dakota. He knew Henry's family history and he knew Henry.

"You will die of consumption in six months," the soothsayer declared.

Henry Waak, having walked right in, turned around and walked right out again—and purchased a discarded bass horn for six dollars. The village tinsmith soldered up the largest leaks in the tubing, then Henry hopped to it. He was soon promoted from the Aberdeen Boys' Band to the big band of the village, since which time he has become a bass soloist of renown. Today, twenty years after consulting the Aberdeen soothsayer, Henry Waak weighs 162 pounds—almost as much as I do—and is still strong enough to play the Sousaphone, the hugest bass horn extant. In twenty years he has produced 200,000 musical notes.

A Barber Doubling in Brass

The unwritten history of the silver cornet bands is filled with similar short stories. Our country is populous with standardized and officially supported village bands which are fed by boys' bands. If you drop into almost any small town in the country, and have difficulty in finding the secretary of the chamber of commerce, ask any barber about the local band and he will instantly become eloquent about Fred Spier's boy, who plays "an all-fired strong B-flat cornet in our kid band." For the small-town barber is an ardent patron of the arts. He is responsible for many a small-town band, as well as for the soul-soothing barber-shop chords. Long before the barber became a tonsorial artist, he practiced, during his leisure office hours, the art of wind-instrument music. A census of fifty old silver cornet bands would show thirty, each boasting a barber in its ranks. That's partly because barbers are in tune and in touch with the world and are facile and versatile.

If I remember correctly, it was while Fred Smithers, the leading barber, was playing barytone with the Wahoo, Nebraska, Silver Cornet Band, that Art Landers called Fred down because Fred was starting out on the Fourth of July parade with three days' beard besmudging his countenance. Whereupon Fred dropped out of the ranks, dropped into his barber shop, hastily plied the tools of his trade; and when the band had circumnavigated the block, dropped into the ranks again as smooth as a smelt. Not for nothing is the barber a good bandsman. But I was dwelling upon kid bands. I won't say there are ten thousand times ten thousand of them. But they are almost as thick as locusts in the proverbial seventeenth year. This applies to town as well as country.

As I write this, Edwin Franko Goldman—whose symphony orchestra in brass, officially known as the Goldman Band, gives sixty free open-air concerts each year in New York's Central Park to audiences of from 20,000 to 50,000—is preparing for the first annual grand contest for boys' bands on the Mall, Central Park. The contest is open to any organized juvenile band of thirty or more players resident within fifty miles of New York City. All participants must be under seventeen years, conductors excepted. No entrance fees are required. Each contestant will receive a 1924 contest button. The three best bands will be given prizes. This is only one of many boys' band contests.

Nearly all these American kid-band players are taught by the same professional teachers who teach the older bands in village, school or city. They are being given the right start on their musical careers. A great majority of them will some day play in the big bands.

School Band Tournaments

In June, 1923, the Music Industries Chamber of Commerce of the United States sponsored the first National School Band Tournament, in Grant Park, Chicago. Contestants came from distant high schools, grammar schools and military or preparatory schools. Six thousand dollars in cash and many instruments and medals were won by bands from Fostoria, Ohio; Council Bluffs, Iowa; Hyde Park, Chicago; New Castle and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Paw Paw, Michigan; Gary, East Chicago and Evansville, Indiana; Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Louisville, Kentucky, and Rockford, Illinois. Thousands gathered along Chicago's lake front to witness the contest and subsequent parade. The second annual National School Band Tournament is scheduled for this summer. This time the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and other public-spirited clubs are coöperating with the Music Industries Chamber of Commerce.

This time, also, there were preliminary state band contests during National Music Week, May fourth to tenth. Winners in these state contests will compete in sectional contests. The survivors will meet in the national contest. All these contests are under the auspices of the Music Supervisors' National Conference and the immediate direction of its Committee on Instrumental Affairs. This committee will have the coöperation of the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, which is an organization designed to suggest to the many other national and sectional organizations how some of our music money shall be spent.

It is estimated that between $20,000,000 and $150,000,000 is philanthropically devoted to music each year in our dollar-chasing country. A much greater sum is invested in professional salaries for musicians engaged on a strictly business basis. A large proportion of this great sum goes to pay bandsmen.

Though few, if any, orchestral organizations can finish a season without a heavy deficit, especially if they go on tour, we have had one or more bands touring this country at a profit since Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore made his first professional appearance forty years ago. The band is musical America's first love, and 75 per cent of our great bandsmen of today started with some silver cornet band.

The traveling-show bands have almost as much to do with inspiring the youthful small-town bandsmen as do the mature local musical organizations. There is a snap and dash about the circus, minstrel and dramatic tent-show band that peps up the most unimaginative town boy. And the standard of show bands has improved with the years.

When I finished my career as a circus bandsman by being fired, in 1894, from the Ringling Brothers' band, it was Bandmaster Billie Weldon who fired me. Peace to his ashes. I was fired because I had a sore lip. Almost every other cornetist of those days had a sore lip now and then. The customary exchange of greetings among cornetists was:

"Morning, Jack. How's your lip?"

(Continued on Page 116)

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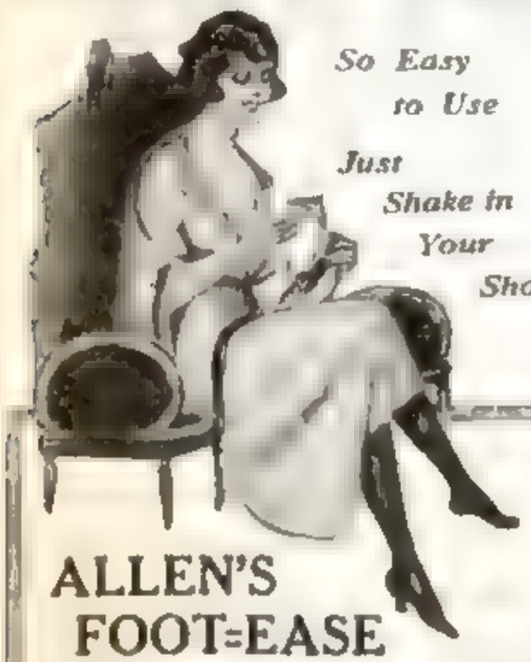

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Morning, George. Rotten. My lip's gone back on me."

There was nothing funny in this to the gentlemanly cornetists. A cornetist, or any other musician whose livelihood depends upon skillful playing of any mouthpiece instrument, such as cornet, alto, trombone, barytone and bass, cannot earn that living with a sore lip—not very long anyway.

Sore lips were as prevalent among the cornetists of my day as are sore noses among frogs kept too long in the bait box. That was because most of us cornetists depended upon pressure of the mouthpiece against the lips to get the higher tones. Hence when circus bands rode parade on top of springless band wagons, or village bandsmen rode on hayracks or marched over rough roads, the lips were often cut by the teeth and mouthpiece. Hours and days of subsequent lip vibration in the mouthpiece did the rest.

Such hours did for me on the Ringling show because no one had taught me the nonpressure system of cornet playing. Billie Weldon was just perfecting it. I give him credit for the discovery.

Other Columbuses may arise to claim the honor. Very good. There is glory enough for all. It revolutionized the playing of cornets, altos, trombones, barytones and basses.

Billie Weldon and his school taught that higher and lower tones on such instruments can be produced easily, without lip pressure, by merely contracting or loosening the lip muscles. The tauter the lips across the teeth the faster the lip vibrations and the higher the tone. High C became easily obtainable and the sore lip disappeared from band circles. As kids, we used to make a red-faced fight to hit high C—that is, the C above the staff—largely because certain show-band cornetists dwelt brilliantly upon that elevation. Now professional cornetists, such as B. A. Rolfe, Paris Chambers and Stephen Crane, can suspend a cornet on a string, and with lips barely touching the mouthpiece can pop five G's. Which means they can sound two G's below the staff, the G on the staff and two G's above the staff, all without pressing the lips against the mouthpiece. The expert cornetist now has a range of twenty-two full tones. The normal range in my day was seventeen full tones, from A below the staff to C above. Science has replaced brute force and there are no sore lips in banddom.

Circus Bands Looking Up

So when you hear Merle Evans, current bandmaster with the Ringling show, take his cornet in one hand and soar with it like the lark, don't feel sorry for him. That kind of soar will not bring the other kind. He can keep it up indefinitely. So can his thirty assistants, in their various capacities. They can also include in each daily program generous and well-rendered selections from Rossini, Tschaikowsky, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Litolff, Gounod, Massenet and Mendelssohn. Each day's work calls for six hours of good, hard, stiff playing, with many lightning changes of melody and tempo. Science makes this possible—science and better remuneration for circus musicians. In the old days a circus band consisted of twelve musicians each getting twelve dollars a week. A modern circus band consists of thirty musicians getting thirty-two dollars a week each. That isn't so much, but it is nearly three times twelve dollars.

After Billie Weldon blew me out of the circus business I went in for higher education at the University of Wisconsin. Ikey Karel, then a famous football halfback and now Judge John C. Karel, of Milwaukee, hunted me up. We organized the university's first official band, with Ikey as manager and me as director. Ikey and his athletic team mates valued the stimulant of music on or near the field of battle. Our first year's band had sixteen pieces. We had no drum major, so, on college drill days, I had to double as drum major during battalion dress parade. I also doubled as college cornet soloist. My repertoire was limited. I had just one encore, Asthore, a sad song, which I played on every possible and impossible occasion. Even now some old-timer occasionally runs across me and asks, with feeling, if I still play Asthore.

The passing years had left this part of my career rather hazy in my mind, until last summer when I was standing in front of the Minneapolis Athletic Club, waiting for a friend to pick me up, and a curly-haired chap greeted me by name.

"You don't remember me, do you?" he remarked pleasantly.

"Your face is familiar," I admitted.

"You fired me from the University of Wisconsin Band in 1897," he reminded me. And then I recalled that during that, my last year as director, the band had been placed on a credit basis, I had been given a salary and the rank of second lieutenant and had been forced to separate the musical sheep from the nonmusical goats. Even after that heroic operation it must have been a very bad band, for we were barely able to play simple pieces for football and baseball games and for the big balls in the college armory.

But you should see the University of Wisconsin Band now! It has moved up in the scale—no pun intended—along with the village bands.

There are 135 members of the current University of Wisconsin Band, about half of whom are, through selection, organized as the University Concert Band and half as the second band. The latter, as Conductor E. W. Murphy puts it, "is a feeder for the concert band and takes care of the rougher work demanded by the athletic and military departments." We were in luck to be able to do the rougher work in my day.

College-Student Bandsmen

All Wisconsin freshmen and sophomores who pass the tryouts and are accepted into the bands are given one credit each semester toward graduation. All juniors, seniors, special students and graduate students who pass into the concert band and who remain over in Madison to play for the commencement exercises are given thirty dollars, a refund of the yearly tuition fee.

The organization gives a bronze fob to each two-year man, a silver key or fob to each three-year man and a gold key to each four-year man who makes the concert band. Band rehearsals are of the same importance as recitations in any other subject. Public appearances are much like examinations.

"Much orchestral music," says Major Murphy, "adapts itself rather naturally for our large concert bands, and the playing of these symphonic works by bands both in and out of doors gets them before the people, thereby creating a desire on the part of the listener to hear these works presented by the symphony orchestras in the manner conceived by the composer.

"College-band members of today demand an opportunity to study and take part in the performance of the highest grade of music, and very soon after reaching the campus outgrow the desire to march the car tracks and blow the bells off their horns. Every man does his best to get into the concert band. To do so he must perfect his technic, tone and musicianship. That the people are interested in seeing how well these students accomplish their desire is attested by the fact that at one recent Sunday-afternoon concert more than 2000 people were packed into the university gymnasium and 300 were turned away. Years ago we abandoned the custom of playing concerts fortnightly at ten cents admission, for Madison is now visited by the finest symphony orchestras in America, and it has been considered wise for the band to take more time to prepare for public appearances and play up to audiences which are more critical and better informed each year.

"Along with the growth of the bands is the development of a department in the School of Music for the training of orchestra and band directors. Students are given a chance to become familiar with the routine of organizing and conducting musical groups and to write and arrange music for various combinations. These classes are granted two credits each semester. For a number of years our assistant band directors for our own bands have been trained in these classes."

Where our first band at the University of Wisconsin had, on good days, one tuba, two barytones, one trombone, three altos, three cornets, four clarinets and two drums, the combined university bands now have twenty-two clarinets, two piccolos, three flutes, two oboes, three bassoons, one alto clarinet, one bass clarinet, fourteen saxophones, eighteen cornets, twelve horns or altos, nine trombones, five barytones, eight basses and nine drums or other instruments of percussion. I get goose flesh at

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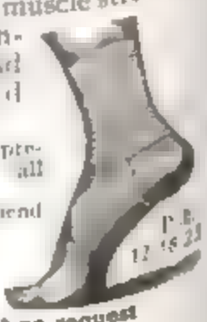

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the thought of trying to conduct a band like that!

And the stuff that University of Wisconsin Concert Band plays! Here's a simple program:

PURDY . . . . . On Wisconsin
WAGNER . . . . . Selection from the Opera Lohengrin
DELIBES. Pas des Fleurs Intermezzo from Ballet Naila
TSCHAIKOWSKY . . . . . Andante Cantabile from Symphony in E minor No. 5, Op. 64
MEYER-HELMUND . . . . . Serenade Rococo
HERBERT . . . . . Canzonetta, Op. 12, No. 4
WAGNER, Pilgrims' Chorus from Opera Tannhäuser
DRIGO. Serenade from Ballet Les Millions d'Arlequin
DELIBES. March and Procession of Bacchus from the Ballet Sylvia

The encores are characteristic military marches of different nations, comparable to the well-known American marches of Sousa, Paris Chambers, Panella, and others.

I mention the University of Wisconsin Band merely because I knew it, and because it and all other college bands are fed by village bands. There are dozens of other great American college bands, some larger, some smaller than that at Wisconsin, but nearly all organized as the village bands are rapidly being organized—on a permanent basis, with music for their main business. College boys in my day used to try to get into the Wisconsin band in order to get out of drill, or to make a trip with the football team, just as so many of the old silver cornet bands were recruited from the mass of young fellows at the crossroads who had plenty of time, a little money and a huge desire to leap into the local limelight.

Now, after the kidhood stage has passed, a boy or a man has to be something of a musician to make any band.

This even applies to the thousands of amateur bands, such as the police bands, postal bands, Elks' bands, Moose bands, Odd Fellows' bands, Woodmen's bands, and that great army of fraternal bands not here listed. One hundred and ten Shriners' bands were massed under the direction of John Philip Sousa in the American League Baseball Park, Washington, D. C., in June of last year. My great and glorious country has banditis, and I'm glad of it.

If there is any more interesting and elevating sport than tooting a horn or clarinet or pounding a drum in any kind of band, good or bad, I don't know where you will find it. We'd have a rotten time of it, in peace or war, without music. And music, with us, begins, for better or for worse, with the village band. Until the Boy Scout movement got under way it was about the only form of discipline our young boys enjoyed. Even in the old crude days when the silver cornet bands came and went, there were many bands in which some older though perhaps musically no wiser head exercised some sort of control—when such a leader would look sadly at some raw recruit and say, "Kid, you start tomorrow practicing that passage in the woodshed, and don't you come to rehearsal again until you can play it."

Woodshedding

Hence arose the custom of woodshedding. Thousands of our present prominent citizens got their start woodshedding at the operating end of a cornet or some wood wind instrument. Ask I. C. Speers, advertising magnate of Santa Monica, California, or J. D. Bunkerhoff, attorney of Garrett, Indiana, or almost any tenth man of middle age what he knows about woodshedding and he will smile sentimentally and say, "Those were the happy days!"

And then there were the annual volunteer firemen's tournaments, where the church ladies furnished coffee, sandwiches, fried cakes and pie, and the breweries, alas, furnished beer! And what would the old Decoration Days, Fourths of July, county fairs and old settlers' picnics have been without the village bands? On those peaceful, highly colored, musically adorned days the most thrilling spot in the world was the intersection of Main and Washington streets when the silver cornet band turned loose. They built us up, those silver cornet bands. From them came the village orchestras, the village singing societies, the love of music, without which any nation "is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

From those village bands also came the thousands of regimental bands which inspired our troops during the great World War. That war was largely responsible for the tremendous boom in the small and big town band business. Many an American boy went into battle stronger in body and soul because his regimental band had sent him to the front with Over There, America, The Star-Spangled Banner or some other national air in his ears. Back of the lines band music boosted the boys' morale. On the march it kept them going. Here at home it kept many a mother from weeping.

The influence of band music on the fighting man's morale has been recognized since historians began to write. From an able work by the English Francis Galpin, who is described on the title page as "M.A., F.L.S., Honorable Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Musicians," we learn that "The musical development of the human race has been divided by some writers into three stages. In the first our forefathers delighted themselves with the rhythmic beat of the drum, in the second they made merry with the cheerful strains of the pipe, and in the third they began to appreciate the subtle refinement of the stringed instruments."

Doughty Hornblowers

Most of us have not quite reached the third stage of refinement. We prefer to blow the pipe or its offspring, the horn. And as Mr. Galpin points out, "The office of the hornblower has from early times been considered honorable." Hornblowing frequently brought victory in war. Those of us who have Irish blood can point with pride to the second book of Polybius' History in which he says of the Roman legionaries and the Irish bands:

"The parade and tumult of the army of the Kelts terrified the Romans. For there were among them an infinite number of horns and trumpets, which, with the shouts of the whole army in concert, made a clamor so terrible and loud that every surrounding echo was awakened and all the adjacent country seemed to join in the horrible din." Other ancient historians supported Polybius in this confession.

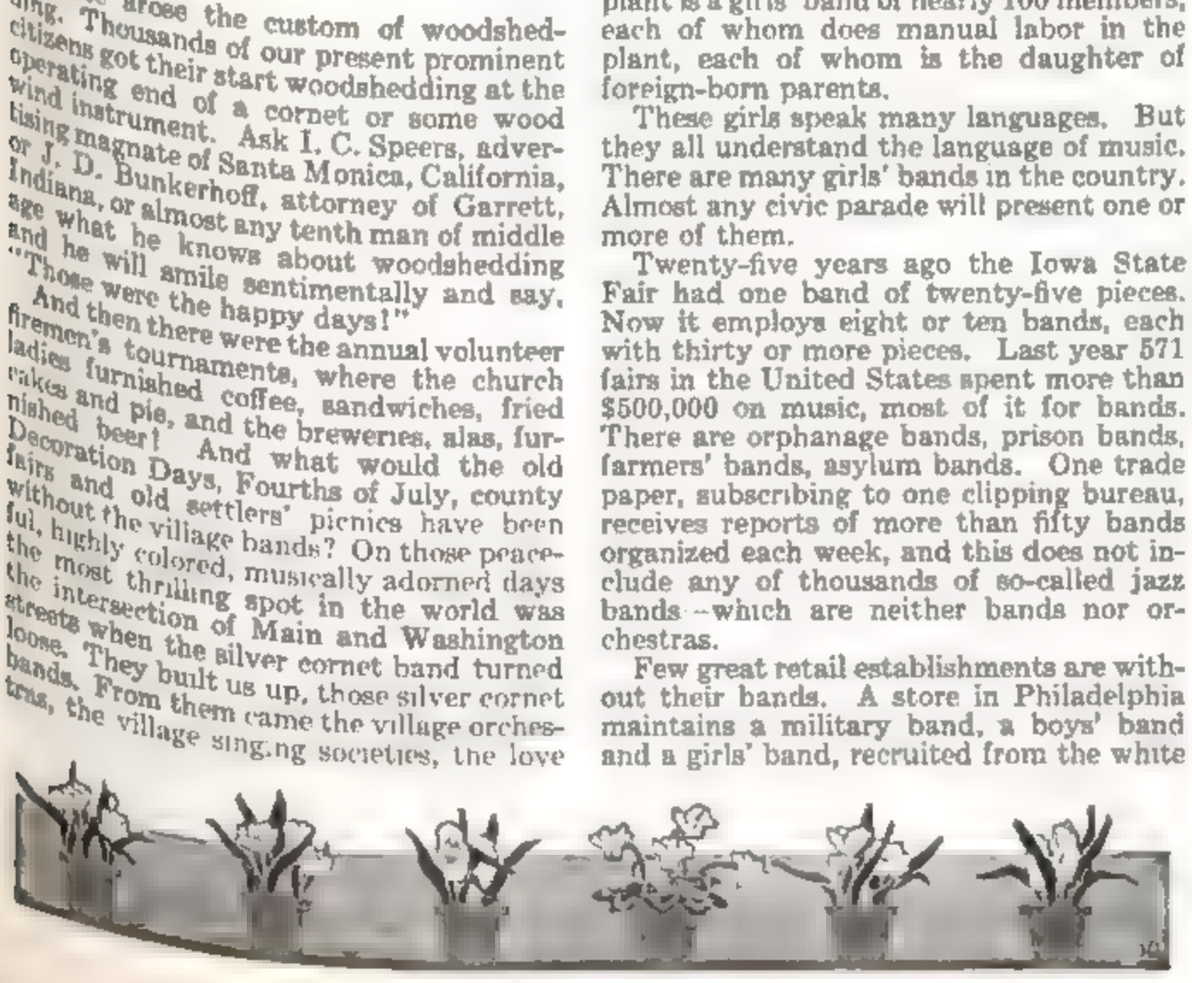
In time of war we revert to type. Can anyone in time of peace fail in respect for the full-chested police bands of New York, Boston, Chicago and other cities? Not if we recognize their potentiality.

Big business has harnessed the power of music. Thousands of our industries support employes' bands. They include many recruits from the silver cornet bands who are either not quite skillful enough to become professional musicians or who, after years of professional life, prefer to settle down in some factory town where they are assured steady wages for regular work and can augment their annual incomes by professional engagements. Armour and Company have in their Fort Worth, Texas, plant a band of 75 that compares favorably with the best bands in the Lone Star State. In the Armour and Company Chicago plant is a girls' band of nearly 100 members, each of whom does manual labor in the plant, each of whom is the daughter of foreign-born parents.

These girls speak many languages. But they all understand the language of music. There are many girls' bands in the country. Almost any civic parade will present one or more of them.

Twenty-five years ago the Iowa State Fair had one band of twenty-five pieces. Now it employs eight or ten bands, each with thirty or more pieces. Last year 571 fairs in the United States spent more than $500,000 on music, most of it for bands. There are orphanage bands, prison bands, farmers' bands, asylum bands. One trade paper, subscribing to one clipping bureau, receives reports of more than fifty bands organized each week, and this does not include any of thousands of so-called jazz bands—which are neither bands nor orchestras.

Few great retail establishments are without their bands. A store in Philadelphia maintains a military band, a boys' band and a girls' band, recruited from the white



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Louis Wersen is by no means an exceptional summer money-maker. Literally scores of our workers will make more than $100.00 a month; hundreds will make up to $1.50 an hour for spare time. Last summer, for example, Floyd Parks of New Jersey made nearly $600.00, *in exactly two months*. There's a mark for you to aim at!

employes, a colored band, and a boys' and girls' trumpet corps and bagpipe band.

In country and city the musical standard of American bands has improved with methods of maintenance and instruction. In the old days a few simple waltzes, quicksteps and galops, with a very modest overture, comprised the repertoire of the typical silver cornet band. Now you will find William Tell and Semiramide on the same programs with The Merry Wives of Windsor and Schubert's Serenade. Great crowds in New York and other city parks will remain, intent, throughout an evening of grand opera selections, including the coronation march from Meyerbeer's The Prophet; the overture from Wagner's The Flying Dutchman; the meditation from Massenet's Thaïs; excerpts from Verdi's Aïda; the procession of the knights of the Holy Grail from Wagner's Parsifal; the aria from Verdi's Traviata; the intermezzo from Leoncavallo's Pagliacci; the intermezzo from Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana and excerpts from Gounod's Faust.

This may seem like a pretty stiff dose of classical stuff for the proletariat to swallow, but it is taken at random from last season's programs of the Goldman Band concerts in Central Park, New York. There is hope for a nation when 25,000 or more New Yorkers can sit in straight-backed chairs and fight mosquitoes, or on unyielding turf and fight ants, just to hear good music. And in and out of New York, from Machias, Maine, to San Diego, California, and from Puget Sound to West Palm Beach, you can thank the vitality—sometimes a crude, discordant, rather pathetic vitality, but a vitality nevertheless—of the silver cornet bands, the village bands of America, for most of our increasing devotion to music.

Where are the village bands of yesteryear, our Rochelle Cornet Band in particular?

Ed Cleveland is, I think, living near Richland Center, Wisconsin. George England has become a successful produce merchant in Chicago. The last sight I had of Lloyd Ingraham was as the judge in the great motion picture, Intolerance, since which time Lloyd has become one of the big movie directors. Will Gage Carey is somewhere in revolution-torn Honduras. Willis Calkins is traveling in North Dakota or Minnesota. Elmer Countryman became a prominent banker before he died, a year or so ago. Fernando Palmer died years ago of spinal meningitis. I attended Clint Hartong's funeral at Rochelle last summer.

Two days before his death Clint stopped me in front of my old Rochelle home with "Do you ever play cornet any more?"

"Not guilty," I answered. "I threw my cornet into Lake Mendota just before I left college at Madison."

"You know," he continued wistfully, "I often think of the days when you and I used to play that duet for cornet and barytone, Bravo."

"I don't recall it," I confessed.

"It goes like this," he replied. He made several futile efforts to reproduce the old dulcet melody. "No use," he complained. "I can't whistle a tune since I got my false teeth."

The next night he was gathered to his fathers. And the Rochelle band didn't turn out for the funeral! So soon are the great forgotten!

But his soul—his bandsman's soul—goes marching on, as do the souls of other members of the old-time silver cornet bands who have passed to the other side.

As for the living, Johnny Bain, who graduated from alto—or peck horn, as we villagers loved to call it—to trombone and harp, is at home on his black-loam farm north of town. He has stopped blowing a horn, but you can hear him picking away at his harp on a quiet summer evening. Clam Oyster—whose real name is Clarence Eyster—contents himself with the violin, but he has a son playing cornet in the Rochelle band. Of all our real old guard, Arthur Lazier alone remains in the ranks. He still plays in the Rochelle band. He is an alto player now. But he has two sturdy sons who are corking good cornetists—a credit to Rochelle. And Wilbur McHenry, many times the mayor of my home town, could play a peck horn again if he were asked.

It is the fashion to make fun of the village bands. I suppose they are funny to lots of people. But I know we had a lot of fun in them, and our successors are having more fun than we had, and we would be in a pretty sorry national state if it had not been for our silver cornet bands.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

July 5, 1924

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

The Gate in the Wall—*Clarence Budington Kelland* . . . 5
Pep Letter No. 3—*Robert R. Updegraff* . . . 8
The Falling Bean—*George Kibbe Turner* . . . 12
The Taste of the Thumper—*H. M. Sutherland* . . . 14
Slide, Brains, Slide!—*Sam Hellman* . . . 16

ARTICLES

Gambling With Grief—*Samuel G. Blythe* . . . 3
Selling Yourself—*Kenneth Coolbaugh* . . . 10
The Silver Cornet Band—*Earl Chapin May* . . . 11
The Making of a Stockbroker—*Edwin Lefèvre* . . . 18
Teapot Domes of the Past—*Will Payne* . . . 23

SERIALS

The Pyramid of Lead (Fourth part)—*Bertram Atkey* . . . 20
Bill the Conqueror (Seventh part)—*P. G. Wodehouse* . . . 26

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 22
Short Turns and Encores . . . 24

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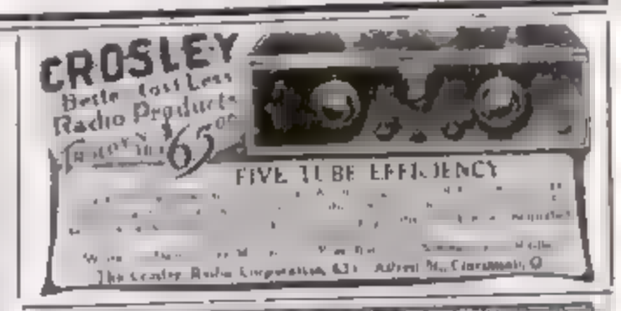

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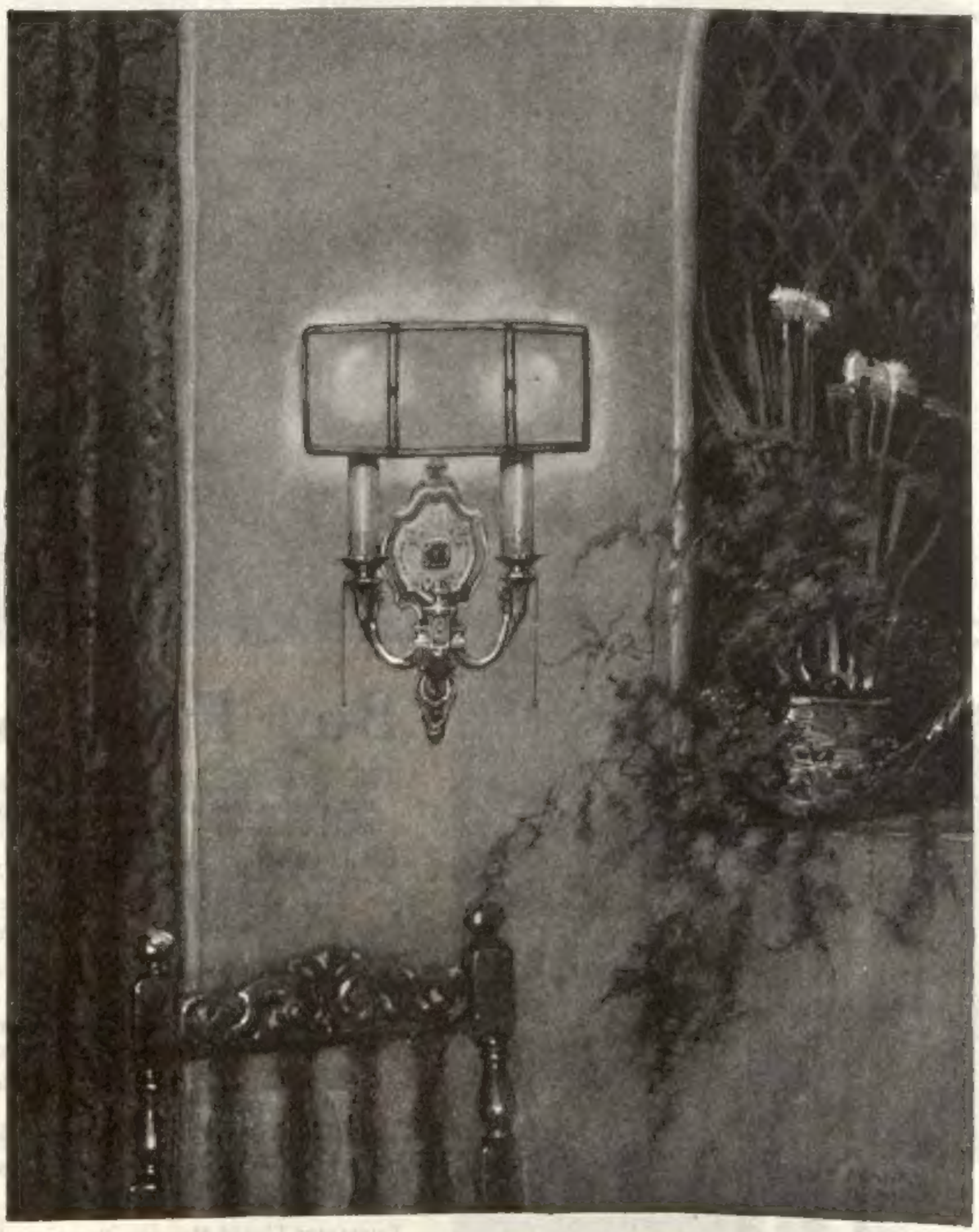

The red plush sofa has gone to join the base-rocker, the crayon enlargements of family photographs and the golden-oak parlor furniture as mementoes of a bygone age in the American home. Now the old fashioned "chandelier" is also on the way. The lighting equipment is coming into its own as a truly decorative factor in home furnishing. And Riddle Fitments have received a correspondingly wide acceptance as the present standard of home lighting.

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